

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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## A ROVING COMMISSION.

I.

ABOUT three weeks after the evacuation of Richmond by the rebels and its occupation by the Federal forces, I took quarters in a boarding-house in that city within a stone's throw of the Memorial Church, on Broad street. This house, which from the commencement of hostilities had been one of the best of its kind in the Confederate capital, was kept by a Virginia lady, who would not thank me for giving her name here, but whose exalted virtues and beautiful deportment so engaged my respect and admiration, as well as the grateful love of many and the cordial abiding friendship of all who knew her, that I cannot let even this occasion pass without remembering her in a few poor expressions of esteem. Loving her native State with the engrossing pride and devotion which distinguish the ladies of Virginia—the most romantic and sentimental women in the world—she had chosen her part in the disastrous experiment of Secession, not without many misgivings at first and many a tearful prayer, for she was as humbly as she was eminently pious; but convinced at last that her path to duty led in that direction, she consecrated to the "Cause," with a heart as bountiful as it

was brave, all that was most precious in her life and love—her fortune and the labor of her hands, her home and her children, the lives of two sons and all the fresh health and hopes of a charming daughter wasted in the disheartening uglinesses and tragedies of a soldiers' hospital, where she was one of the most indefatigable of the volunteer nurses. The mother, descending from her familiar circumstances of independence, domestic privacy and taste, and all the endeared surroundings of a happy home, resigned herself cheerfully, proudly, to the ungraceful drudgeries and soul-sickening thanklessness of a boarding-house in a city where bread was dearer than darling blood, and a laborer's coarse allowance a dainty feast for a family pampered in the lap of plenty; and so she and hers ate their portion in the sweat of their very hearts, well knowing that in the circle of their nearest friends were hundreds as tender and true as they, whose lot was harder than theirs, if not more bravely borne.

It must be confessed that this excellent lady was a "rebel" in the gravest sense of the term: in her solution of the solemn questions of rights and wrongs involved in that bloody struggle no provost-marshal's most delicate test-

paper could have detected the faintest trace of the technical "loyalty." There was something quite lovely in the sad and gentle fusslessness, a zeal ever modest and self-disparaging, with which she went about doing good, with work and alms and prayers, for the Cause that had glorified itself to her imagination and her faith; but the rebel part of her began and ended in a broad principle, as it had been defined to the satisfaction of her severe conscientiousness. To her the Cause was a noun of multitude, signifying many—its dignity not to be belittled by the brat-like personalities, the indiscriminate little hates, the vulgar little hallelujahs, the ferocious little prayers, the flippant little brava-does, the safe little risks, of the pretty little stoopids to whose impertinent and tedious conceit that Cause was but the cheap sensation of a gray feather and a photograph, a pair of spurs and a lock of hair; such as an unwholesome school-girl, with her heel out and her back hair down, might devour on the sly by a stolen candle-end, after sucking a hot pickle in a dark cupboard.

So the war hung heavy on her heart, and with all its ponderous sorrows and anxieties oppressed her patient life. The generous embrace of her Christ-like charity took to its broad *national* bosom friend and foe alike. Her resentment, occupied with the general barbarism of the great calamity, left the individual barbarian to her pity, which in its impartial offices was color-blind, knowing neither gray nor blue. In the wards for wounded and forlorn prisoners her beneficent presence was as familiar as by the cots of the flattered and comforted cripples of Lee or "Stonewall;" and if the last were always first in her prayers, the first were ever last on her conscience. The grateful memory of many a brave "Yank," once wounded and a captive, is Copperhead in its thought of her, and, when the Radical part of him would "Remember Andersonville," whispers to the Conservative part of him, Remember Mrs. Vudal!

Among the peculiar *protégés* of

Heaven and her was a confidential officer of the lately defunct War Department of the Confederate government, whose previous history and present circumstances had so engaged her interest that she had had him removed from the tedious, business-like "relief" of the hospital to the genial, home-like attentions of her own house. I had observed her going and coming often to and from the room adjoining mine, busy with those simple, touching cares that women are so ingenious to multiply and to vary for those whom suffering has made their children for the nonce; so, meeting her on the stairs once, her hands full of designing delicacies, such as betray into a reluctant tolerance of nourishment the feeble, peevish stomach that would revolt at coarser viands, I asked, "Who is my neighbor?"

"A rebel officer, to whom I would like to introduce you if you happen to be in the charitable mood."

"How should I not, since I dwell under the glamour of the most seductive of reconstructionists, my wayward sister?"

"So much the better for you, and the worse for me. But come with me now, and impart a share of your savage cheerfulness to a dead-beat enemy."

"What ails him?"

"It was brain fever, a frightful attack, brought on by excitement, anxiety, fatigue and exposure. Now it is general nervous prostration and sleeplessness, without delirium. When the doctors had to pronounce him out of danger at last—quite to their own astonishment, for they had proclaimed that he must surely die—he rose from his bed and rode straight to his place in the field, passing through the enemy's lines, and once through an army. But if you win his confidence—which I believe you may do with safety to him—he will tell you all about it; for he has all the loquacity of cerebral excitement, and eagerly, greedily, talks, talks, talks—taking refuge, I think, in his remembered realities of places and people and actual events, from the spectral tricks of both eye and ear that torment him

when left to himself. Of course he has never regained his wonted strength, and since the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee has been as helpless as a baby. But he is mending now: for several nights he has slept an hour or two—I had begun to fear he would never sleep again but in his grave—and in conversation you will find him coherent and accurate, though easily agitated. Let us see."

We found him in his invalid's chair, sunning himself at the window—a tall, shallow man of about forty, with dark hair and eyes, and heavy beard and moustache flecked with gray—emaciated, pale, weak and restless, his nerves all unstrung, the eager almost tremulous welcome with which he received us plainly betraying the relief he derived from our coming.

"Captain Maurice," said Mrs. Vudal, introducing me, "I have brought you here a kind, cheerful companion, who will lighten your captivity. He is not long from Washington and the North, and full of the sort of talk that will be a treat to you. He too is a good friend of mine; so you will both feel that there is no room for embarrassment or reserve between you; and I shall expect you to show your confidence in me by freely confiding in him, and to repay me for bringing you such a pleasant relief to your loneliness by being very entertaining yourself."

He bowed with a frank smile, and still holding my hand, said, "I am very grateful to you for coming, sir. An intolerable horror of being left alone is, I believe, the most distressing feature of my malady; so you may imagine how welcome I make any friendly visitor—how doubly, trebly welcome one who brings so delightful an introduction. It shall not be my fault if you do not feel at home here."

The name, Maurice, had a familiar sound to me, and now, as he spoke, the voice and expression helped me to recognize one whom I had met before the war in New York and Boston. Our friendship was established on a footing of frankness from that moment: both

of us had encountered on the Border adventures worth recalling, and now we exchanged stories. I have his permission to relate his.

By birth a Southerner, romantically bound, by ties of pride and love, to the soil and the people of Maryland and Virginia, where he had many relatives and friends in influential circles—a ready writer besides—he had been engaged by the editor of a leading Northern journal, devoted to the support of the government at Washington, to go South immediately after the fall of Fort Sumter, and on the strength of letters addressed to the master-spirits in Richmond by many of their most attached friends and active adherents, strongly recommending his plan as wise and helpful, and himself as trustworthy, to procure from the authorities at Richmond a passport to travel unchallenged through the South, to visit forts and camps, to accompany the army, and to witness battles from the Southern side of the field, as an avowed and honorable correspondent of the *Daily Enterprise*—it being understood from the start that his letters should deal strictly with facts, and facts alone, avoiding surmise and speculation, exaggeration and presumption; and that they should be submitted, without exception, to the nearest general commanding, to be by him purged of any perilous stuff they might contain, and then forwarded with military expedition to their destination.

Here was a scheme almost absurdly romantic and visionary in its conception, and yet, by those very elements, shrewdly devised and practicable in execution, because those qualities recommended it at once to a people eminently romantic and visionary, or at least adventurous, impulsive and generous. The Republican editor of the *Daily Enterprise* expected to find his advantage in this timely stroke of dashing journalism: the rebel correspondent had confidently provided for his in the exclusive and precious opportunities the engagement would afford him to approach Northern readers and thinkers (especially the

more conservative) through the columns of an able and popular journal of undoubted "loyalty," with chapter after chapter of a South-side history of military and political events, observed with conscientious eyes, and recorded on the spot with no mercenary pen; and so to do his possible to antidote, *on both sides*, the malign influence of purchased or partisan reporters—remote, ignorant and reckless traders in foregone conclusions and flippant ruin.

Maurice repaired to Richmond with a pocket full of such letters as his project seemed to call for, and the result was an unofficial general passport (what the Chinese would term a *chop*), written and signed by ex-Senator Mason, and emphatically endorsed by Governor Wise, in which the man and his mission were earnestly recommended to the confidence and aid of "all true Southern gentlemen in or out of the army;" and it was expressly stipulated that, as an honorable, undisguised and friendly correspondent of a leading journal of the North, he should be protected against suspicion, hindrance and insult; and that his letters, in undergoing censorship, should be subject only to the expurgation of facts not to be safely disclosed to the enemy ("that the republic might suffer no detriment")—not to interpolation or garbling for purposes not reconcilable with the truth of history.

He received this passport on the day the convention sitting in Richmond passed the ordinance for the secession of Virginia. Two days later "first blood" was drawn in Baltimore, in the resistance of an inflamed populace to the march of a Massachusetts regiment through their streets *en route* to the defence of the National capital. Here, then, was the curtain raised for the fierce drama of civil war, and to Baltimore, as the theatre appointed for its first representation, the anomalous correspondent of the *Daily Enterprise*, beginning at the beginning, returned in haste. When the train in which he had taken passage stopped at Alexandria, and an anxious and agitated crowd

pressed to the windows and platforms of the cars, hungry for news from Richmond, one of the most eager though most courteous among them approached Maurice as he sat at his window taking mental notes of the significant scene, and plied him with impetuous questions: Were the people confident and cheerful? How were they off for arms and ammunition? Who was organizing the cavalry? How much artillery could they bring into play? What did Wise say? Would Davis take the field? Had any new arrests been made? How was the news from Baltimore received? Had Maurice met with any frightened or disaffected persons?—"But I ask your pardon, sir: *perhaps you belong to the other side?*"

Maurice only smiled: he had received the broadside of interrogatories with iron-clad imperturbability, and an economical statement of the naked facts, as far as he knew them, without any gratuitous drapery of sentiments or sympathies. Neither the occasion nor the place was propitious for gushing confidences, and his own relations to both sides were so delicately innocent that he was peculiarly liable to be "spotted" by the secret agents of either. He was now on his way to Washington—this man might be a detective of the War Department—and in a few days would, he expected, be on his return to Richmond: the man might be a rebel spy—in either character likely to prove troublesome. With a silent and somewhat diplomatic bow, Maurice offered him two newspapers, the *New York Tribune* and the *Richmond Examiner*: the man accepted them with thanks, and retired opening the *Examiner*. The next moment a dozen eager voices cried, "Read aloud, Jackson! read aloud!"

Here, then, was Jackson—there was *that flag*. And Ellsworth was coming—martyr to martyr!

Arrived in Baltimore, Maurice reported without loss of time to the *Enterprise*—two letters from Richmond, one from Baltimore. Neither was printed. "What we want," wrote the editor, "is facts, not opinions."



MAURICE: "And what I have sent you is, not opinions, but facts. This unanimity, this enthusiasm, this revel of sacrifice, this mad strength,—these are God's or the Devil's hard facts. My opinions did not make them: your opinions cannot unmake them."

EDITOR: "Impossible, or, what is the same thing, unpopular. In view of the aggravated gravity of the situation—overwhelming rush of events—popular temper—considerations of expediency—never do—really don't see how we can," etc., etc.

And that was the end of it. But Maurice had made a discovery. It takes something more than God, Philosophy and the Indicative Mood to constitute a fact: there must also be both Belief and Convenience, else a fact in Richmond becomes a mere opinion in—well, say Hoboken.

We next find Mr. Maurice in Washington, corresponding from the reporters' gallery of the Senate Chamber for the boldest, ablest and most scholarly of all the "disloyal" journals of the Border. [I quote the epithet from the political phraseology of that period. Its technical application has been expanded since, so as to embrace almost everybody's opinion of almost everybody else.] Toward the close of the session he described with peculiar gusto the notable bout of intellectual wrestling between Senators Sumner and Breckinridge, in which the former narrowly escaped precipitation from a Tarpeian Rock of classical metaphor he had himself erected for the headlong flinging down of the latter. But the fate which just missed the illustrious Senator overtook the obscure reporter, and from that same rock he fell. The proprietors of the journal in which his letters appeared were promptly notified by a provost-marshal that their Washington correspondence was not appreciated at the War Department as an attractive feature in their prospectus, and that the summary suppression of their *Amateur Casual* was the only alternative to the suppression of the paper. So A. C. was suppressed; "but the small sop," he said,

"only served to put Cerberus on his voracity: they tossed the paper to him next, and then the editors, who for two years studied castellated architecture from the inside of a political stronghold."

Meantime, Maurice, who since his degradation from the reporters' gallery to the drudgery of a news-editor's stool had been allowed to run at large as game too small for a provost-marshal's hunt, had helped to recover the dead bones of the paper, and set it up again, under a new name, without record or traditions; but presently, like the carcass of Boucicault's "Phantom" on the peak of Snowdon, the moonlight of its imprisoned inspiration touched and warmed it, and its restless old ghost entered into it and stirred it, so that it had to be flung at last down into the darkest chasm of Injunction, where the light of free speech could never reach it.

Then Maurice was selected by a loyal publishing company, as a trained man of letters having peculiar access to the freshest and richest sources of unpublished information on both sides of the military line, by "Grapevine Telegraph" as well as "Underground Railroad," to collect and classify materials for a history of the war on the Border. On this work he was actively engaged for nearly two years, and during that time made numerous excursions, more or less adventurous, in pursuit of notes, not only to and fro between New York and Wheeling, but "through the lines" and into the two tiers of Virginia counties next south of the Potomac—without regard to their occupation by either army. Blue spirits and gray became alike familiar to him. Yesterday he rode with a Federal aide on a round of inspection; to-day he dines with a guerrilla colonel in a "Secesh" house in the Valley; to-morrow morning he will despatch his occasional letter, sure to be widely copied, to a leading Republican journal of the North; in the afternoon he will drop into a confidential mail-bag (with a spur on it) in the woods a note addressed to General Jeb. Stuart, asking that redoubtable equestrian star for a free ticket to his tent circus. He ac-

commodates anybody's guard with New York papers, exchanges rumors with anybody's foraging party, lights his pipe at anybody's picket-fire, chats with anybody's scout lolling in the saddle serenely, and coquets with the gushing communicativeness of anybody's wife or daughter fresh from the running of either blockade. The details of every raid were in his note-book.

What were his potential passports? On the Union side, his letters in *The Loyalist*, which he who scouted might read, together with certain convincing credentials from the editor of that omnipotent journal, the company who employed his historical exploitations, the manager of a rich and powerful corporation largely engaged in government transportation, a general in command of an important department, and an official in high authority at Washington. On the rebel side, his well-known adherence to their cause, his political antecedents, his past and present services, the confidence of several of their favorite officers, and the free-masonry of many personal friends advantageously distributed.

But—what will appear incredible to those who have not penetrated the political and social anomalies and enigmas of the war—his most confidential friends in the Confederate interest were not more positively assured of his sympathies with the rebel cause than were the "loyal" gentlemen whose purposes he served and whose protection he bore. To these, and to not a few officers of the Union army as well, he was known from first to last as an earnest but honorable rebel, who would surely avail himself of every warrantable occasion to serve the cause he believed in, but who would as certainly not ride upon their recommendation in pursuit of the desperate distinctions of a spy.

I said to him, with a meaning which I was not anxious to conceal, "This duplicate and involved experience, Captain Maurice, must have afforded you many tempting opportunities to take valuable military notes; and I presume I am to conclude that you availed your-

self of them. No doubt the Confederate leaders in the Valley were indebted to you for more than one successful raid."

He regarded me for a moment with an expression mixed of pride and mortification, and then replied with a certain modest gravity: "I have no right to expect that you should take my chivalry for granted, but I will meet your imputation with a case in point: One day, at the request of a prominent and venerable citizen—one who had personally known Jefferson and Madison, and who now, in the midst of a community almost unanimously devoted to the Confederate cause, and in a county frequently reoccupied by Confederate troops peculiarly embittered against Union citizens, was staunchly, intrepidly 'loyal,' at the cost of friends attached and happiness established for half a century—I rode into a town fortified and held by Federal troops, to endeavor to recover his granddaughter's riding-pony, which had been taken from his stable the night before by a scouting-party of New York cavalry, with the additional aggravation of insults and threats.

"The officer in command of the post received me with every demonstration of confidence and friendly consideration, and extended to me the kindest hospitality, introducing me cordially to his brother-officers, with whom I took wine and conversed with pleasure. In the afternoon he mounted me on one of his own horses, and rode with me around his defensive works (the disposition of which he explained to me) and through his lines, especially the cavalry and artillery, in search of the stolen pony and the thieves. My eyes, not in-expert, took clear notes of his strength, and especially of his weakness, which was very glaring. But we did not find the pony.

"The next day a daring scout of General Stuart made his way to my quarters, and informed me that General Imboden had planned an attack upon the town in question—that he had learned of my visit (which had been made very openly), and had no doubt that

such notes as I could give him would make the expedition an assured success.

"I replied that if the success of the attempt depended on my 'notes,' it must be abandoned or fail, because I had not any, and if I had, would positively not suffer them to be used for such a purpose; that the circumstances under which the visit was made rendered the results peculiarly *my* property; that when I should set up for a spy I should adopt the whole profession, title and disguises of a spy, with all of a spy's risks, emoluments and honors; and finally, that I believed I enjoyed, as I certainly coveted, the respect of General Stuart, and was in no humor to throw it, or the chance of it, away by an act of which a generous soldier, such as he, could entertain but one opinion."

A dash of humor, the practical joke of political adventure, occasionally spiced the *coups* of Captain Maurice, and imparted to them a piquancy quite original. Once at Winchester, meeting that same scout—a reckless young fellow, with a true passion for the half-military, half-sporting variety of exploit; cool, shrewd, restless, bold and vain, with a positive confidence in his own resources that carried him safely through many an escapade that would have cost a modester man his life or his liberty—Maurice proposed that they should make a trip together, for their common glory, to a certain city of several inhabitants in the United States of America; Gray, the scout, to place himself wholly in Maurice's hands and follow his lead, asking no questions and making no objections, but accepting the situation, without explanations or guarantees, as it might develop itself in due course of the adventure.

This rather sensational programme, mainly serious but partly playful, offered peculiar attractions to the scout, who seldom fashed himself with anticipations of danger, defeat or ridicule; and on the morning of the third day thereafter, having run the regular gauntlet of perils by guards and detectives, treacherous acquaintances or foolish friends, they found themselves in the

populous village aforesaid, and at the door of a private dwelling of the best class. Maurice rang the bell, and on being admitted by the servant who answered it (and who knew him), they were ushered into an office or library, which communicated by a folding door with a sort of breakfast-room, where on a small round table tea, toast, eggs and the morning papers were already waiting. As yet Maurice had uttered never a word of explanation, and Gray had asked never a question. Presently, a gentleman, very brisk and business-like, entered and welcomed Maurice cordially: "Where are you from this time? and when did you arrive?"

"From Dixie—last night. Let me make you acquainted with my trusty friend Mr. Gray—formerly scout to General Stonewall Jackson; at present acting in the same capacity for General Jeb. Stuart. Gray, this is Mr. Paul, the awful editor of that infernal *Loyalist*."

The next moment Maurice was shouting with laughter, for Gray had actually stepped back a pace, and with his alert gray eyes fixed keenly upon the editor instinctively thrust his hand under his coat and nudged the sleeping revolver at his back; while the astonished journalist first smiled inanely, in imbecile embarrassment, and then, suddenly flashing up with sparkling eagerness, raised his right hand to his temple, as if to take down the inevitable pen from the rack of his ear: he had found an item full of items.

Since poor John McLenan died where shall we find a pencil equal to the immense "situation" and expression of that tableau?

A few politic words from Maurice, accompanied by a familiar signal to Gray, reconciled whatever hostile elements remained, and after a comical shaking of hands the three sat down together in animated and unembarrassed chat, from which the editor and the scout, led by the correspondent, presently returned to the "muttons" of business. Mr. Paul had for a long time desired, and plotted in vain, to effect an arrangement by which he could make sure of receiving

full files of the Richmond journals with a regularity and despatch surpassing the most enterprising devices of his rivals, who had to make shift with picket exchanges (a paper for a plug of tobacco or half a pint of rum) and the government steam-packets, with all their uncertainties and interruptions. Here, then, was the very man for his need. Gray would undertake to make regular daily connections with Richmond, *via* the Virginia Central Railroad, the stage between Staunton and Winchester, and relays of nimble scouts (*both gray and blue*, with Maurice between) from Woodstock to Harper's Ferry, where the papers of the day before should be mailed every night on the through train; and at the same time to furnish "Our Special Correspondent" with exclusive items for his South-side letters to the *Loyalist* from all the camps and towns between Charleston and Richmond. On his part, the editor pledged himself to recognize both, if the necessity should arise, as agents in good faith of the omnipotent *Loyalist*, and in the event of the arrest of either to exert to the utmost his personal and political influence to procure his release. He would also provide Gray with a military passport, in regular form and from high authority, to go and come as a messenger and reporter extraordinary for the *Loyalist*. *All of which he did.*

Next day the *Loyalist* was especially rich in exclusive advices from Dixie, personal sketches of rebel leaders, anecdote and incident lively and romantic, gossip from rebel camps, and the Dixie business generally; but the War Department at Washington was not the wiser by a word of it, and not one of a hundred thousand greedy readers who sat down to breakfast that morning with their daily guide, philosopher and friend guessed that the Able Editor had sat down to breakfast the morning before with a Stonewall scout. If the circumstance had occurred in New York, the Able Editor would have "displayed" it, and charged that breakfast to the Enterprise department.

A letter from Mr. Paul to a certain

chief of staff, asking for the stipulated passport for Gray, was presented to an "acting adjutant-general" (the chief being absent) by Maurice in person, who boldly took his gay adventurer with him; and that same night they returned together to the field of their fascinating operations, armed with ample powers to pursue contraband knowledge under difficulties, and scout in partnership for Jeff. Davis and the *Loyalist*; but not before Gray had equipped himself afresh with the complete outfit of a scout—horse, saddle, bridle, blanket, boots, spurs and revolver; all so fine that it was as much as his life was worth to tempt with them the cupidity or insult the proud poverty of the seedy Cids who on broken-winded Baviecas held the Valley turnpike against all comers. These locomotive necessities of life, indispensable to the transportation and other office business of an army reporter at large, were afterward shrewdly forwarded to the care of a suspicious and superserviceable officer in command of a Federal guard at one of the most convenient approaches to "Mosby's Confederacy."

Shortly after midnight a train of cars stopped, for the express accommodation of a correspondent and a special messenger of the *Loyalist*, at a dark and lonely crossing far from any station. This was one of the fast-barred gates to the fair but forbidden garden of Dixie, and one company of infantry and one of cavalry lay before it, while the porter, with double-barred shoulder-straps and the key in his pocket, slept in a log-house hard by. To the Who-goes-there? of the sentry, our ingenious excursionists replied with a statement of just half their true character and business, and demanded to be taken before the officer in command of the post. By the spectral glimmer of a requisition "dip" that frowzy sleepy-head, leaning over the edge of his bunk, perused with much yawning and scratching and rubbing of his eyes the faces and papers of the strangers.

They were "all right," he said. "What could he do for them?"

"Pass them through his pickets immediately, and take strict care of their baggage—a valise and a carpet-bag—until they should come or send for them on the morrow."

"As they pleased. But he would earnestly advise them to share his quarters till daylight. There were rebels on the road. Gilmor had been on the rampage that afternoon within two miles of his outer picket; and as for Mosby's devils, they were everywhere all the time. At that hour *he* would not dare to go half a mile beyond his lines without his whole force. How far had they to go?"

"Four miles, and they would take their chances. *They were used to this sort of thing*, and their business admitted of no delay."

That was a blunder. Gray sees the danger, and instantly drawing a pocket pistol, says: "Ever indulge, captain? A little of the governor's old particular."

"Don't mind if I do, for once. Well, this is what I call—Guard, there!—Gentlemen, here's my respects.—Sergeant, pass these friends through the lines.—Sorry you must go. Keep a sharp lookout; and if you should change your mind, you'll find blankets here, and a cup of coffee in the morning."

By two o'clock, Maurice and Gray are sleeping sweetly in a Secesh bed, two of Mosby's lads are riding toward Berryville with a package of letters, and the good-natured captain is taking "strict care" of a miscellaneous assortment of the contrabandest kind of merchandise.

After breakfast the correspondent went a-scouting, and the scout went—corresponding. Horse, accoutrements, arms and baggage, all arrived in good time.

It was not long after this that Maurice was made the victim of a perilous practical joke. A Federal colonel, with whom his relations were very friendly, and whom he supposed to be in the secret of his "proclivities," because by tacit consent their talk never touched upon politics, persuaded him to attend

a tumultuous mass-meeting of Union men in Western Virginia to report to his paper the speech of a gallant general whom they alike held in cordial regard. The facetious colonel decoyed him to the speakers' stand, and under cover of the hubbub of music, cheers and Western declamation, presented him, without a word of warning, to the committee of arrangements and several editors as "the dashing correspondent of the *Loyalist*;" whereupon he was elevated bodily to the platform, and installed conspicuously in a front seat among the vice-presidents. Below him, in the concourse, were the upturned faces of some men from his native town, to whom his political antecedents were a familiar abomination, and on either side of him was a vociferous patriot, who, with lungs and heels and hands, exposed the suspicious silence of the interloper. The "dashing correspondent of the *Loyalist*" suddenly disappeared from the rostrum, and took refuge from that appalling storm of loyalty in the snug harbor of the colonel's office. His report of the old hero's inspiring oration was none the less faithful and flattering for having been telegraphed a little in advance of its delivery.

That mysterious fascination by which our direst disasters are endeared to us drew Maurice once more to the scene of his fall from Mr. Sumner's Tarpeian precipice of metaphor. The publisher of an irrepressible "rebel sheet" invited him to occupy, at least temporarily, the editorial chair, and he accepted. That was on a Saturday. On Monday morning he met, near the office of the provost-marshal, an odd little object, a mere lad in years and inches, but a veteran in martial service and a giant in exploit—painfully lame in both legs from repeated wounds, and in whose completed aspect harmlessness was so naturally asserted, and sympathy so confidently claimed, that the sharpest detective would as soon have thought of arresting a crippled lamb. This was one of the most romantically reckless of guerrilla scouts, the particulars of whose desperate predicaments and ho-



cus-pocus extrications would constitute a story unsurpassed in stirring passages by any personal experience of the war. This ubiquitous apparition informed Maurice that his paper had just been suppressed and himself drafted. Forthwith, accoutred as he was, without baggage, funds or a farewell, the special correspondent of the *Loyalist* took the underground train for Richmond.

## II.

"In all this time, Captain Maurice," I asked, "did you never stand in fear, as you were certainly in danger, of political arrest or military capture?"

"Never once," he replied, "so long as I kept my health, and that cheerful confidence which is a part of my vigorous constitution and nervo-sanguine temperament. The dash of peril with which my escapades were spiced was most agreeable to my taste, natural and cultivated, for exceptional adventure. In the course of a life more than commonly eventful, and a various experience of surprises and sudden 'situations' and trying predicaments, encountered in a remote and barbaric war, I had been introduced to danger under forms so often dramatic, and with surroundings so often picturesque, that now it offered me, in place of its repulsive aspects, the real charm of romantic acquaintance and stirring association. The occasions which called up reinforcements of self-possession and keen wits were accepted by me as mere intellectual encounters, rich in the true *gaudia certaminis*; and if I often wonder now that I did not come to grief in many a 'tight place' in which I found myself unwarmed, it is certain that I then reposed without a tremor in that audacious self-sufficiency which was at once the cause and the consequence of my repeated extrications. So confidently did I count on a bold show of wits, however desperately I might be surrounded, that from first to last I never once wore a weapon. Unarmed I have passed openly through two armies and many reconnoitring detachments of the

enemy; and unarmed have been challenged by prowling parties of my quick-tempered friends on ambuscaded roads and in picketed woods at night. I was safest without that rash, presumptuous fool, Six-shooter."

But he did *not* keep his health: it broke down under the combined weight of excitement, anxiety, the painful tension of a vigilance for ever on the strain, loss of rest, nervous exhaustion, and, more than all, the excessive heat of the season (for it was approaching midsummer, and he had never quite recovered from a fierce sun-stroke by which he had been prostrated ten years before). Worn-out, like a raw recruit, by the forced march of his own mind, he straggled to the rear, and was left disabled and bewildered within the enemy's lines.

Still, he made a desperate dash to get through. He was in an important Border town—one which the strange vicissitudes of its military fortune have rendered historic. Just now the place happened to be garrisoned by Union troops, who held it by a tenure as uncertain as if Early were the occupant and Sheridan demanded possession. Eternal vigilance was the price of the liberties they took, and every comer or goer, man, woman or child, was tried by the ordeal of a most jealous inquisition; for Imboden was supposed to be "somewhere," and Mosby was known to be everywhere, and Hunter, it began to be whispered, was nowhere: indeed, the movements and plans of the last-named chieftain were the subject of so much unsanguine and diffident speculation that certain aides of tender age, facetious and flippant critics of the situation, used to describe General Sigel's "Reserve" as the one that General Hunter's expectations were always mentioned with.

It is not difficult to imagine that for a gay deceiver who united in his own person the offices of special correspondent to the *Loyalist* and amateur aide to General Jeb. Stuart, such a place afforded neither room nor opportunity for strategical coquetry: the position was too crowding: there was what Mr.

Artemus Ward might term *too much situation*.

"How happy could he be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

and Captain Maurice would have been embarrassed with his riches if he had not presently come very near being disembarrassed of his life.

He had taken the precaution to provide himself with a letter from a gentleman high in the confidence of the government, introducing him to Colonel Blank of General Anonymous' staff as the spirited correspondent of the *Loyalist*, who over the signature of "Walker" had so emphatically recorded another colonel's distinguished services.\* Captain Maurice desired to repair with all practicable expedition to the "front" (which in "Walker's" dictionary meant Richmond *via* General Hunter), and any facilities which it might be in the power and inclination of Colonel Blank to afford him—such as a horse, for example, and a cavalry escort, there being much rampaging Mosbyness abroad—would be set down to the account of public service as well as private favor by the Gentleman High in the Confidence of the Government.

Colonel Blank was all that could be desired in the emergency. He forthwith placed a horse at the command of the "spirited correspondent," and assured him that he should have the escort so soon as a strong scouting-party that was then out had returned and reported their adventures.

No doubt they had met with adventures, for they never returned to report them. After waiting two days, the colonel detailed another and stronger party to go in search of them—a portion to make for the front and constitute the correspondent's escort. But by that time Maurice was wild with brain fever:

\* That colonel was thereupon made a brigadier-general—a promotion which ought to have received the unqualified approval of General Lee. And it was mainly owing to the pertinacious appreciation of "Walker" that a certain general who, some time before, had been suspended for incompetence, was restored to an important command—a measure of justice which must have afforded lively satisfaction to Stonewall Jackson.

for nine days he never closed his eyes; two surgeons reported him "as good as dead;" and it was well for him that his treacherous ravings, which were busy with the part he had played, were good-naturedly construed by two kind Union officers, who watched by him day and night, as the incoherent babble of delirium. On the tenth day, under the conjuration and the mighty magic of a Southern woman's skill and tenderness, he was charmed into a deep, unbroken sleep, in which he lay almost without life for twenty-four hours. Then he arose in his right mind, but nervous and alarmed, took straightway to the road, and in twenty minutes was knocking at one of the gates (so familiar to him) of "Mosby's Confederacy," to which nothing less than the strongest passports and the oath of allegiance were supposed to be the "open sesame." These gates were like the big and little holes which the unphilosophical philosopher cut in the bottom of his door to afford passage to his old cat and her kitten. Washington and Alexandria, Harper's Ferry, Point of Rocks and Martinsburg were the great holes through which many an old gray cat stole in and out on rebel secret-service; while through lesser holes, such as this, countless sly kittens made contraband excursions.

This time the keys were carried by a little round, red-faced captain, very apoplectic and sinister and implacable, who would have arrested a corpse and administered the oath to a babe unborn. To the short-winded provost-marshalry of his inquisition—with its Who are you? and Where did you come from? and Who do you belong to? and Whereabouts are you bound to?—Maurice replied comprehensively by simply presenting his papers. Ten minutes later, with an unconditional passport in his pocket to go and come without restriction of time or bounds, and with the little round, purple captain's wheezy invitation, pressed with the most obsequious determination of blood to the head, to avail himself freely of all the aids and information "head-quarters"

could afford, our "Amateur Casual" was riding down into Dixie behind an ox-team, driven by a man who entertained precisely the same opinion of the little purple captain that the little purple captain expressed of him—namely, that he was too big a fool to do any harm.

About five miles from head-quarters Maurice found hospitable welcome at the house of a zealous and influential Secessionist; and there, in a clover-field, he also found, to his equal surprise and delight, a fine horse he had left there nearly a year before. This precious quadruped had been presented to him by two companies (cavalry and infantry) of Union veterans, who at that time constituted the provost-marshal's guard at the post now commanded by the little round purple captain, in grateful remembrance of certain favors, more or less important, which it had been in his power to render them. For example, they had just constructed a little hamlet of snug log huts, and were preparing to go into comfortable winter-quarters, at a post which afforded them the inestimable advantages of regular correspondence with their families and a daily mail of Eastern and Western newspapers, to many of them rapid and regular transportation to and from their homes, to all a pleasant foraging-ground (which still yielded many little luxuries), a steady current of supplies from without, and a ready channel of escape in case of raids, when they heard that their good, easy captain was to be superseded for his lack of uneasy badness, and themselves transferred to a preposterous mountain-top, where young eagles were the only poultry and balloons the only mail-bags, and the only railroads inclined planes with a breakneck grade. So they petitioned Maurice to write to the general, with whom his relations were friendly and very pleasant, and, presenting the case in the light most favorable for them, persuade him, if possible, to revoke the order if it had already gone forth. At the same time, oddly enough, the leading rebel families residing near the post, hearing of the threatened change, besought Maurice to

make the effort for *their* sakes, on the ground that the intercourse, so long continued and growing more and more familiar, between soldiers and citizens, had led to the establishment of an understanding comparatively peaceful and mutually forbearing. They dreaded the "new broom" that would inevitably "sweep clean" their barns and stables, pig-styes, hen-roosts and dairies. The soldiers had discovered the policy of moderation, the citizens the policy of civility and good-humor, and each party the policy of keeping on fair terms with the other; for the soldiers could any day "clean out" the citizens, and the citizens knew it; and the citizens could any night have the soldiers "gobbled up," and the soldiers knew it. "Leave us King Log," said the citizens, "lest King Stork and a worse thing befall us." "Let us pay cash on delivery for the pigs and chickens," said the soldiers, "lest Mosby and Gilmor draw on us at sight."

So Maurice wrote to the general (he was a general with a policy), and the order was revoked. Thence the steed—which in a neighborhood where blind horses, and horses with the heavens, and horses with the stringhalt, commanded a premium, had remained for almost a year in the unimpaired enjoyment of sight, wind and limb, surviving innumerable small raids and requisitions. Both sides knew that it was Maurice's horse, and both sides let it alone: it was enough for "Yanks" that it belonged to the correspondent of the *Loyalist*: it was enough for "rebs." that it belonged to "Walker."

One night, very late, a Federal scout rode up to the cottage where Maurice was lodging, and delivered to him a pencil note from the officer in command of the squad: it informed him that rebel cavalry in force were on the road within three miles of that house, and that if he thought it advisable to get out of danger the "bearer of this" would provide him with a fast horse and conduct him to the post. That same night a guerrilla officer, noted for his ubiquity and his daring, sent him word from the house of a near

neighbor that he (M.) was in instant peril of arrest, and had better come to the guerrilla camp without delay. Maurice thanked both and stayed where he was.

Toward the last of June, 1864, this Amateur Casual mounted his gift-horse, which he could hardly have looked in the mouth without laughing, and rode down to the heart of Mosby's Confederacy on a scout for self and "Walker." The items he gathered had a sensational flavor, and moved him to retrace his ride with haste. As he approached the farmhouse where he was billeted, he found the road blocked with the artillery and wagons of an army just halted, and to reach his quarters he had to shoulder his way through a jostling force of four thousand, in infantry and cavalry, commanded by a gallant Irish officer, whose proficiency in all the accomplishments and graces of a knightly soldier reflected back upon the Union arms more than the honor he derived from them.

That night they encamped on "the place," and their guards were in field and orchard and garden, with orders to let no one pass the lines without leave from the general; so that Maurice's host and all his household were close prisoners within their own gates. Next morning the farmer sent a request to the general for permission to visit him at his head-quarters. Early in the forenoon a young staff officer came with a very kind invitation and the necessary pass. At the same time he inquired for a Mr. Maurice, correspondent of the *Loyalist*, who, the general had been informed, was lodging there. On being introduced to "the cheeky subjick of this skech," he presented the compliments of the general, who would be happy to see Mr. M. in his tent, if it might be agreeable to him to accompany his friend. Of course the invitation was accepted with pleasure, and the two were shortly in the presence of one of the bravest soldiers and gentlest gentlemen in the Union army.

The farmer's business was to ask protection for his barn, stables and stand-

ing corn. The general promptly granted him a double guard. In less than forty-eight hours a sharp battle was fought around that house, and the Union forces retreated; but the rebel farmer was none the poorer for their visit—not even by so much as a pig or a chicken or an ear of corn.

The general had been reading, when his visitors came, some military work newly published, and he spoke at first very gracefully of books. Then the talk turned on the great history of the war, that is to be, but not in our time—of the materials of which it must be composed, the contributions of many thousands of honest if not unbiased witnesses, and how they must be gathered; and he told Maurice of a diary he had kept since the day he had first buckled on his sword for the Union—no day without its line; doing his visitor the honor to promise that he would read to him certain curious passages from it, though it contained, he said, so much that was strictly *personal* and private, especially in the nature of military criticism, that it would ill become him to expose it to other eyes than those of his wife, for whose entertainment, in fact, it had been exclusively kept.

When Maurice moved to take his leave, the general pressed him to remain and dine with his mess, tempting him with "new potatoes, buttermilk and strawberries;" but the ingenious "Walker" contrived to excuse himself, pleading a slight indisposition, conscious as he was of a strong *draft* on his back. But he first procured the general's promise that he would come, with all his staff, and dine with the family at the farmhouse "day after tomorrow, at two o'clock."

"Day after to-morrow," at sunrise, Early's advance-guard, under Bradley Johnson, took the camp by surprise, and charging clear through it, drove the stampeded Union troops pell-mell; but their general, self-possessed and full of resources, rallied them promptly, and, making a stand on rising ground on the right and in the rear of the farmhouse, they accepted battle. The fight

raged fiercely from eight o'clock until about one. The farmhouse lay just midway between the hostile lines, and artillery and skirmishers were hotly engaged across and around it. Shells flew "fast and furious" directly over it, and now and then one exploded in the nearest field, or even in the garden or barnyard. "As the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres of the plain" surged forward or fell back, now the gray party, now the blue, were in the house; and the farmer's brave wife, pale and silent, but stirring and full of pity, now cut a bloody sleeve from a groaning rebel on the front porch, now gave a cup of water to a fainting Yankee at the well. Once a young captain on the Federal general's staff rode up to the back parlor window and invited the correspondent of the *Loyalist* to take refuge in their lines; but hardly had he leaped the garden fence on his way back before Maurice went to conduct a Confederate surgeon up the front stairs to where a guerrilla officer lay with a bullet in his shoulder. At one time the wounded quite crowded the cellar, whither they had to be removed for safety; for the rebel sharpshooters were making a screen of the house, and had loop-holed the negro huts, thus provoking the Yankee general to shell the building; besides, it was a frame house, and there was every reason to fear that it would presently be riddled by the thick-flying shots of both lines: Maurice's bedroom had already been traversed by a ball or two. In a corner of the cellar the slaves of both sexes and all ages were huddled, silent and trembling. Two shuddering but intrepid women, all unused to scenes of ugly violence, knelt among the wounded, here stanching dreadful blood, there closing dying eyes. Out of the garret window a hospital flag, made of an old yellow skirt, was hung. On the dusty grass of the lawn a few friendly enemies, in gray and in blue, lay white and cold and stark.

The general did not dine with the correspondent of the *Loyalist* that day; and the night was near at hand when

he should lie dead in General Breckinridge's camp, and rebel officers should pay him generous honors. "But it is to be hoped," says Maurice, "that his diary still lives for the sake of history and General Hunter."

The Union general did not dine at the farmhouse that day, but many a rebel private supped there that night; for Early and Breckinridge and Gordon and Wharton and Rodes and Pegram and McCausland and Gilmor were on their way to Maryland and Pennsylvania, and the way to Richmond was clear for Maurice.

At Winchester he narrowly escaped arrest by the Confederate authorities so lately installed. A few superserviceable simpletons and grannies, who had heard of his connection with the *Loyalist* and with the Northern publishing company already mentioned, talked of calling a meeting of citizens to decide his status, and would have had him detained; but Gray, the scout—his partner in the mysterious guerrilla-*Loyalist* imbroglio (which, I am told, is the newspaper phrase for that style of adventure)—happened to be in town, and the provost-marshal happened not to be afflicted with spy-on-the-brain; so Maurice was pronounced sound, and with the regular passport in his pocket went on his way rejoicing. In three days he was in Richmond, and in four weeks he was back again in "Mosby's Confederacy," in the double capacity of special correspondent for the *Disloyalist* and on special service for the rebel War Department, with extraordinary authority to "pass beyond the Confederate lines into the enemy's country, and to go and come at pleasure—or only subject to such restrictions as the general commanding in the Valley might, in his views of military expediency, think it wise to impose."

Taking the cars to Staunton, where he was charged with the delivery of a War Department mail, and the stage thence "for Winchester or the army," by way of Mount Crawford, Harrisonburg, New Market, Mount Jackson, Woodstock, Strasburg and Kernstown,



he found Early in camp about five miles beyond Woodstock, near Round Hill, and Sheridan (with nearly double the effective force of the rebels) in front, near Strasburg and Cedar Creek.

By daybreak next morning the Yankees were falling back in the direction of Winchester, their line of retreat marked by the smoke of burning barns and mills. Early was close upon their heels, with Breckinridge, Gordon, Wharton, Rhodes, Pegram, Lomax, Gilmer and McCausland as before—the accomplished Colonel King in command of the artillery. The march from Strasburg to Shepherdstown was a succession of cavalry and artillery engagements, brief but brisk. The Federal force retired fighting, making stands more or less pretentious, and presenting a front more or less formidable, at first between Kernstown and Winchester, and afterward at Smithfield, between Smithfield and Charlestown, at Kearneysville, between Kearneysville and Shepherdstown, and so on to the river. The losses on both sides were by no means trifling, especially at Smithfield and Kearneysville. Maurice served as a sort of volunteer aide on the staff of a distinguished general whose part in these small but spirited affairs was a very active one, and who afforded the amateur the opportunity he sought of observing the several actions on the nearest view. Among the skirmishers at Smithfield, a shell bursting almost under the belly of his horse covered him with dust and smoke, and a Yankee sharpshooter near Charlestown touched the lock of hair upon his temple.

On that occasion General Early got the credit (especially among the ladies of Winchester and Smithfield) of "driving the Yankees;" but if he did not then see that there was more of strategy than necessity in that "precipitate retreat," he must have realized the fact before the 20th of September, 1864. It is, however, reasonable to suppose that he was at no time deceived on this score; for, having seen the enemy to Halltown and the river, he did not stay

to glorify himself, but forthwith began to retrace his steps.

All this while, it must be remembered, Maurice had never quite recovered from his brain fever; his strength was grievously impaired, and these fresh excitements, exposures and fatigues brought him to the verge of a relapse. Sleep began to abandon him again: all night long he sat staring by the camp-fire and peopled the shadows with phantoms; to nod for a moment in his saddle as he marched was his only taste of slumber; he began to have waking nightmares, and to confound certain fantastic tricks that his eyes and his ears played him with the grim realities around. The surgeons told him he must rest or die, and they sent him back to Richmond. He rode as far as Woodstock, and halted there to rest his limbs, if not his weary eyes. As he sat in the porch of the hotel a party of young ladies across the way sang, in the moonlight of a peaceful summer evening, a song of Stonewall Jackson that Maurice himself had written in the days of Antietam—a song with which every camp and village in the Valley has rung again and again. Little did those rebel damsels think, as they delivered the chorus with such loving heartiness, that they were indebted for their rough but rousing burst of soldiers' balladry to one who listened so near, a lonely and suspected stranger, watched and threatened by a self-appointed committee of vigilance.

On the morrow, Maurice rode on to Staunton, where he left his horse and took the cars for Richmond. Arriving at Gordonsville by the way-train at ten o'clock at night, he sought the nearest hotel, hoping against hope that sleep might come to him. Before day he rose unrefreshed to take the early train. No sooner was he seated in a car than a sergeant came with a guard and arrested him. In vain did he demand an explanation, the grounds of his detention, the nature of the charge against him. "He would be informed of all that at the proper time." In vain did he produce his special commission and passport, besides other credentials of the

most fortifying character. That was only the more suspicious. "How did he come by papers so unusual?" From four o'clock in the morning until nearly two he was held a close prisoner, between two guards with fixed bayonets, in the public room of the hotel—the *bête noir* of Gordonsville, a show for the semi-official loafers of the place. The guards—apparently respectable and sensible men, who were not slow in guessing that some one had blundered—were civil and even kind, but they were only guards. At last came the long looked-for order—the provost-marshal was at his office, the sergeant would attend with his prisoner. Some one had telegraphed to Richmond, and the reply was conclusive: besides, the prisoner was no stranger to the provost-marshal—they had been introduced to each other by "a mutual friend" more or less celebrated.

You see, it was all a coincidence, a queer case of mistaken identity. A telegram had been received from the War Department the night before, ordering the arrest of a spy who would be found on the way-train which should arrive about ten o'clock. "He must be thrown into the town jail, and strictly held until further orders." Then came a particular description of the man, with which Maurice's appearance and manner so strangely corresponded that it was as if the correspondent of the *Disloyalist* had been arrested by mistake for the correspondent of the *Loyalist*. And that was the end of the affair: to decorate a Gordonsville lamp-post for the entertainment of semi-official loafers was a consummation not reserved for our Roving Commissioner.

In Richmond again, and refreshed, Maurice resumed his correspondence with the *Loyalist*, with the full knowledge and approval of the highest authorities in several departments of government, and strictly on the principles and terms accepted and commended by Senator Mason and Governor Wise in the first month of the war. Questions of paramount importance in civil and military policy, such as should temper

the course, hasten the conclusion and enrich the results of the war—questions which it was all important to present for the consideration of Northern minds through the columns of a journal established in Northern confidence and acceptable to Northern prejudices—were earnestly and honestly discussed, together with a frank statement of the facts that mainly bore upon them, in letters written by Maurice, approved by President Davis, addressed to the editor of an influential political journal of the North, and forwarded through secret channels by a confidential officer of the political custom-house. But that gentleman's subordinates on the Border, green to the business of inspectors of contrabandry, and instructed to pass invoices of secret service strictly as per sample, with triumphant stupidity intercepted and detained every letter but two: they could not see how a correspondent of the *Loyalist* could live an hour in Richmond, much less how he could be trusted, patronized, and even invested with authority and a dangerous discretion, by the government. So they proceeded to accumulate evidence against him in the shape of a semi-weekly series of despatches having all the infernal properties of autographic nitro-glycerine.

"This department of the public service," said Maurice—"or, to speak more justly, one particular branch of it—was managed with such astounding stupidity, insincerity and disorder that it became, in the estimation of every intelligent and earnest officer, a nuisance and an incubus, to be neither tolerated nor got rid of. It is to be hoped that the Yankee detectives, who were said to be running the machine on their own account, made it pay; for every regular and permanent spy in Richmond who earned his salary by attending to the public offices knew that it was of no use to any one else, except perhaps a few young ladies who imported their corsets and waterfalls from New York."

One of Maurice's epistolary failures found its way into the columns of a leading journal, where it appeared, with-

out change of address, as an intercepted letter, and excited not a little curiosity and speculation in certain circles of Washington as well as Richmond.

About this time a prominent correspondent of a first-class Northern paper was a prisoner in the Libby; and the correspondent of the *Loyalist*, being supposed to know something about him by personal acquaintance or professional reputation, was consulted officially as to the expediency whether of holding or releasing him. Maurice eagerly seized the chance to press for his release, not merely on the particular score of his exceptional fairness and decorum as a journalist, but on the broader ground of privilege and immunity for the class he represented, as "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time," and therefore to be well used—not strictly according to their desert, but much better, and after the honor and dignity of the Confederate government.

In connection with this case, Maurice was invited, by an officer attached to the Bureau of War, to state all he knew (and he happened to know very much) in favor of a certain kind-hearted Union general, a recent prize, who shared the correspondent's captivity. Metaphorically, Maurice carried the general's record—and a very handsome record it was—where Count Gurowski is commonly supposed to have worn the political history of Europe—in his breeches' pocket; and he immediately produced enough of it to serve as a strong argument for the prisoner's prompt exchange. Both those gentlemen were on their way home within a fortnight.

At last Sheridan suppressed Early in the Valley. General Breckinridge—who, like Gordon, had long enough

submitted to the reckless quackery of a man to whom either was abundantly competent to impart clear military ideas, and confirm them by successful execution—was called to the capital to undertake (but quite too late to conduct to a success) Mr. Davis' programme of the war. Thereupon, Maurice was authorized to effect new arrangements to procure certain supplies of a more or less chemical nature—when the 3d of April, 1865, arrived very suddenly, and looking from his window he perceived that the chemicals would not be needed. A negro regiment was marching up Broad street, with a star-spangled banner, to the tune of "Kingdom Comin'."

As Maurice sat in stunned resignation and surveyed the significant scene, the natural Moral of a story that General Breckinridge used to tell in the Valley must have dawned upon his mind like a new political birth-day:

Once upon a time there was a Poll-Parrot in a great Tin Cage, and it could not Get Out. One day the Good Lady who owned both the Cage and the Parrot heard some one screaming Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! as if in great Alarm and Distress. So she ran in the direction of the Cries, and found they proceeded from the Great Cage. And Well they Might! For there, on top of the Cage was an Awful Black Cat, with its back up, glaring down in Fury at the Parrot; and there, on the bottom of the Cage, lay the Parrot, on the flat of its back, staring up in Terror at the Black Cat, fending off with its feet, and crying Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! Then the Good Lady called off the Awful Black Cat, and immediately the Poor Parrot exclaimed, Thank God! Thank God!—which was a Parable.

## THE APPIAN WAY.

WRITTEN IN THE SHADE OF CASALE ROTONDO.\*

HERE slumbers Rome, among her broken tombs,  
 A funeral highway stretching down the past,  
 With few inscriptions, save the constant blooms  
 By kindly Nature on these altars cast.

The dust of glory all around me lies,  
 The ashes of dead nations and their kings:  
 I hear no voice save what from out the skies  
 The lark shakes down from his invisible wings.

Where slept a Cæsar, now the owlet hides—  
 A silent spirit till the day has fled:  
 Here gleams the lizard, there the viper glides—  
 The steadfast guests of the patrician dead.

A funeral aspect fills the whole campaign—  
 Their tomb-like flocks the distant mounds disclose:  
 Like scattered blocks of granite on the plain,  
 The dove-hued oxen Virgil sang repose.

The cities seated on surrounding mounts,  
 Or what were cities, glimmer on the steeps  
 Like cemeteries, and the fancy counts  
 In vain their dead for whom no mortal weeps.

Cæcilia's Tomb looks west to Hadrian's Mole  
 In widowed silence: eastward, nameless, gray,  
 Stripped of her marble, art-embellished stole,  
 The matron Mausoleum of the Way

Sits with her crown of olives, robbed of all  
 Save meek endurance and her vernal dome:  
 Her grandeur tells of Rome before its fall,  
 Her shattered splendor speaks of modern Rome.

The broken masses quarried from her base  
 To house a boor upon her head are thrust,  
 Where dreamful sloth looks down upon the race  
 Of heroes gone to history and dust.

All Rome to-day sits on the buried past,  
 Her later walls with sculptured blocks are flecked:  
 The spoilers toiled for ages fierce and fast,  
 Then left the rest to ruin and neglect.

\* Casale Rotondo, six miles beyond the Porte San Sebastiano, is the largest, and, with the exception of the Cæcilia Metella, which it resembles, the best-preserved, monument of this ancient street of tombs. It is supposed to have been erected to Messala Corvinus, the friend of Horace. On the summit of this immense sepulchre is a farm-house, a stable and a small olive-orchard.

And still beneath their tread what wonders lie!—  
Brave statues of the godlike and their gods,  
And columns that might corridor the sky,  
While scarce a spade upturns the shallow clods.

Unearth their marble wonders, with their high  
Immortal lessons, to awake men here,  
And elsewhere to arrest, as they sweep by,  
Ambition's armies in their mad career.

Who to their chariots chain the fiery team  
Of elements to gain the realms of gold,  
Let them behold the more enduring dream  
Of Amphion-sculptors in the days of old.

Exhume these silent teachers from the dust,  
And then— But hold! I see around me strewn,  
O'er miles and miles of ruins, a thick crust  
Of shattered remnants in dark ages hewn

For wanton pastime or for kilns of lime!  
The very mortar in St. Peter's wall  
Hath had its votaries in that grand old time  
When Poesy and Art o'erlorded all.

But that is past. What sound is this I hear  
More than the lark's? As from a mournful lyre  
A weird, complaining murmur fills my ear:  
I look above, and lo! the æolian wire

Sings in the wind. It is the lightning's track  
Stretching o'er sepulchres, which serve for posts;  
And yonder the swift train weaves forth and back.  
Thou highway of the dead! where are thy ghosts?

The electric fire that reaches Rome to-day  
May give at best a poor galvanic thrill—  
The train that streams along the iron way  
May bring but mourners to the sevenfold hill:

All this may be, but still within me burns  
The prayerful dream and hope that even I  
May see her rise above her funeral urns,  
And throw her long-worn sackcloth bravely by.

There is a sad necropolis in the heart,  
A street of buried loves and joys and dreams,  
Where nest the night-owls, which will not depart,  
But hide the deeper when the daylight beams.

And if a bird of hope sings overhead,  
Whooping to pleasures near or far away,  
They only wait the darkened hour to spread  
Their secret wings and swoop upon their prey.



With many sighs breathed o'er these funeral heaps  
I sit like Marius — not above the wall  
Of ruined greatness, but my spirit weeps  
O'er shattered fanes, where few are left to fall.

There are to whom whole days of light are given,  
And fruitful seasons of unclouded joy,  
But not to me since through my childhood's heaven  
I wandered out a songful-hearted boy,

Seeking the unscythed orchard with the bees—  
A little taller than the clover then,  
With light hair blown like wings upon the breeze—  
Long ere I knew the stubble-world of men.

But this is vain; and yet the heart will sigh,  
At times adown her dark sepulchral way,  
Even when, as now, without a cloud the sky  
Is full of song that glorifies the day.

And surely on these shrines of pain and care  
Some chords of pleasure, stretching from abroad,  
Reach to the soul's deep citadel, and there  
Bring messages of progress, peace and God!

Thus there is good in all, and over all,  
And e'en 'mid tombs some pleasure finds a place;  
And sympathies, that followed from our fall,  
On scenes like this may shed a soothing grace.

So, 'mid these tumuli of long-gone years,  
A fruitful sadness on the spirit beams—  
A calm content to lie where all are peers  
When called, and sleep that sleep which knows no dreams.

It matters little where our dust is laid;  
But if there be a choice beneath the dome  
Of Heaven's high temple, lay me in the shade  
Of cypress boughs which guard the dead in Rome.

And yet I love my country none the less:  
My faith fulfills her prophets' grandest dream,  
And when death woos me to his cold caress,  
My hovering soul shall watch her course, supreme

In spite of traitors and ambitious fools,  
Who threaten ruin to our soaring towers!  
The Master-Builder works with many tools  
When He erects a building such as ours.

Who would destroy to profit by the spoils  
Are sturdy laborers in the eye of God:  
The mad aspirant on his ladder toils,  
Forgetting that he also bears a hod.

The great and good have bled to make us free:  
 Our rainbow banner, by their hands unfurled,  
 Waves o'er the new-born nation, yet to be  
 The mother of a liberated world.

Her Appian Way shall be the road to Fame,  
 And lined with many a Christian spire and dome:  
 Her arch triumphal, reared in Freedom's name,  
 Shall lead mankind to nobler marts than Rome!

T. BUCHANAN READ.

May, 1870, ROME.

### LOUIE.

THE great river was flowing peacefully down to the sea, opening its blue tides at the silver fretting of the bar into a shallow expanse some miles in width, a part of which on either side overlay stretches where the submerged eel-grass lent a tint of chrysoprase to the sheathing flow, and into which one gazed, half expecting to see so ideal a depth peopled by something other than the long ribbons of the weed streaming out on the slow current—the only cool sight, albeit, beneath the withering heat of the day across all that shining extent. Far down the shores, on the right, a line of low sand-hills rose, protecting the placid harbor from sea and storm with the bulwark of their dunes, whose yellow drifts were ranged by the winds in all fantastic shapes, and bound together by ropes of the wild poison-ivy and long tangles of beach-grass and the blossoming purple pea, and which to-day cast back the rays of the sun as though they were of beaten brass. Above these hills the white lighthouse loomed, the heated air trembling around it, and giving it so vague and misty a guise that, being by itself a thing of night and storm and darkness, it looked now as unreal as a ghost by daylight. On the other side of the harbor lay the marshes, threaded by steaming creeks, up which here and there the pointed sails of the hidden hay-barges crept,

the sunshine turning them to white flames: farther off stood a screen of woods, and from brim to brim between swelled the broad, smooth sheet of the river, coming from the great mountains that gave it birth, washing clean a score of towns on its way, and loitering just here by the pleasant old fishing-town, whose wharves, once doing a mighty business with the Antilles and the farther Indies, now, in the absence of their half dozen foreign-going craft, lay at the mercy of any sand-droger that chose to fling her cable round their capstans. A few idle masts swayed there, belonging to small fishers and fruiters, a solid dew of pitch oozing from their sides in the sun, but not a sail set: a lonely watchman went the rounds among them, a ragged urchin bobbed for flounders in the dock, but otherwise wharves and craft were alike forsaken, and the sun glared down on them as though his rays had made them a desert. The harbor-water lay like glass: now and then the tide stirred it, and all the brown and golden reflections of masts and spars with it, into the likeness of a rippled agate. Not one of the boats that were ordinarily to be seen darting hither and yon, like so many water-bugs, were in motion now; none of the white sails of the gay sea-parties were running up and swelling with the breeze; none of the usual naked and natatory

cherubs were diving off the wharves into that deep, warm water; the windows on the seaward side of the town were closed; the countless children, that were wont to infest the lower streets as if they grew with no more cost or trouble than the grass between the bricks, had disappeared in the mysterious way in which swarms of flies will disappear, as if an east wind had blown them; but no east wind was blowing here. In all the scene there was hardly any other sign of life than the fervent sunbeams shedding their cruel lustre overhead: the river flowed silent and lonely from shore to shore; the whole hot summer sky stretched just as silent and lonely from horizon to horizon; only the old ferryman, edging along the bank till he was far up stream, crossed the narrower tide and drifted down effortless on the other side; only an old black brig lay at anchor, with furled sail and silent deck, in the middle channel down below the piers, and from her festering and blistering hull it was that all the heat and loneliness and silence of the scene seemed to exude—for it was the fever-ship.

It was a different picture on the bright river when that brig entered the harbor on the return of her last voyage, to receive how different a welcome! But pestilence raged abroad in the country now, and the people of the port, who had so far escaped the evil, were loth to let it enter among them at last, and had not yet recovered from the recoil of their first shock and shiver at thought of it in their waters—waters than which none could have fostered it more kindly, full as they were in their shallow breadth of rotting weeds and the slime of sewers. Perhaps the owner of some pale face looked through the pane and thought of brother or father, or, it may be, of lover, and grew paler with pity, and longed to do kind offices for those who suffered; but the greater part of all the people hived upon the shores would have scouted the thought of going out with aid to those hot pillows rocking there upon the tide, and of bringing back infection to the town, as much as

though the act had been piracy on the high seas. And they stayed at home, and watched their vanes and longed for an east wind—an east wind whose wings would shake out healing, whose breath would lay the destroying fever low; but the east wind refused to seek their shores, and chose rather to keep up its wild salt play far out on the bosom of its mid-sea billows.

Yes, on that return of the last voyage of the brig the stream had swarmed with boats, flags had fluttered from housetops and staffs, piers and quays had been lined with cheering people, all flocking forth to see the broken, battered little craft; for the brig had been spoken by a tug, and word had been brought to the wharves, and had spread like wildfire through the town, that, wrecked in a tempest and deserted by the panic-stricken crew, the steadfast master and a boy who stood by him had remained with her, had refitted her as best they might when the storm abated, and had brought her into port at last through fortunate days of fair weather and slow sailing. The town was ringing with the exploit, with praise of the noble faithfulness of master and boy; and now the river rang again, and no conquering galley of naval hero ever moved through a gladder, gayer welcome than that through which the little black brig lumbered on her clumsy way to her moorings.

But though all the rest of the populace of the seaport had turned out with their greetings that day, there was one little body there who, so far from hurrying down to shore or sea-wall with a waving handkerchief, ran crying into a corner; and it was there that Andrew Traverse, the person of only secondary importance in the river scene, rated as a boy on the brig's books, but grown into a man since the long voyage began,—it was there he found her when the crowd had let him alone and left him free to follow his own devices.

"It's the best part of all the welcome, I declare it is!" said he, standing in the doorway and enjoying the sight before him a moment.

"Oh, Andrew," cried the little body with a sob, but crouching farther away into the corner, "it was so splendid of you!"

"What was so splendid of me?" said he, still in the doorway, tall and erect in the sunshine that lay around him, and that glanced along his red shirt and his bronzed cheek to light a flame in the black eyes that surveyed her.

"Standing by him so," she sobbed—"standing by the captain when the others left—bringing home the ship!"

"It's not a ship—it's a brig," said Andrew, possibly too conscious of his merit to listen to the praise of it. "Well, is this all? Ain't you going to shake hands with me? Ain't you glad to see me?"

"Oh, Andrew! So glad!" and she turned and let him see the blushing, rosy face one moment, the large, dark, liquid eyes, the tangled, tawny curls; and then overcome once more, as a sudden shower overcomes the landscape, the lips quivered again, the long-lashed eyelids fell, and the face was hidden in another storm of tears. And then, perhaps because he was a sailor, and perhaps because he was a man, his arms were round her and he was kissing off those tears, and the little happy body was clinging to him and trembling with excitement and with joy like a leaf in the wind.

Certainly no two happier, prouder beings walked along the sea-wall that night, greeted with hearty hands at every step, followed by all eyes till the shelter of deepening dusk obscured them, and with impish urchins, awestruck for once, crying mysteriously under their breath to each other, "That's him! That's the feller saved the Sabrina! That's him and her!" How proud the little body was! how her heart beat with pleasure at thought of the way in which all men were ready to do him honor! how timidly she turned her eyes upon him and saw the tint deepen on his cheek, the shadow flash into light in his eye, the smile kindle on his lips, as he looked down on her—glad with her pride and pleasure, strong,

confident, content himself—till step by step they had left the town behind, wandering down the sandy island road, through the wayside hedge of blossoming wild roses and rustling young birches, till they leaned upon the parapet of the old island bridge and heard the water lap and saw the stars come out, and only felt each other and their love in all the wide, sweet summer universe.

Poor Louie! She had always been as shy and wary as any little brown bird of the woods. It was Andrew's sudden and glorious coming that had surprised her into such expression of a feeling that had grown up with her until it was a part of every thought and memory. And as for Andrew—certainly he had not known that he cared for her so much until she turned that tearful, rosy face upon him in welcome; but now it seemed to him that she had been his and he hers since time began: he could neither imagine nor remember any other state than this: he said to himself, and then repeated it to her, that he had loved her always, that it was thought of her that had kept him firm and faithful to his duty, that she had been the lodestar toward which he steered on that slow homeward way; and he thanked Heaven, no doubt devoutly enough, that had saved him from such distress and brought him back to such bliss. And Louie listened and clung closer, more joyful and more blest with every pulse of her bounding heart.

After all, sudden as the slipping into so divine a dream had been, it had need to be full as intense and deep, for it was only for a little while it lasted. A week's rapt walking in these mid-heavens, where earth and care and each to-morrow was forgotten, and there broke in upon them the voice of the Sabrina's owner seeking for Andrew Traverse.

Of course such conduct as that of one who preferred to do his utmost to save a sinking ship rather than seek safety with her flying crew, was something too unusual to go unrewarded: it must be

signalized into such a shining light that all other mariners must needs follow it. And if the sky had fallen, Andrew declared, he could have been no more surprised than he was when he found himself invited with great ceremony to a stately tea-drinking at the house of the owner of the Sabrina. "Now we shall catch larks," said he; and dressed in a new suit, whose gray tint set off the smoothness of his tanned cheek with the color sometimes mantling through the brown, he entered the house with all the composure of a gentleman used to nothing but high days and holidays. Not that either the state or ceremony at Mr. Maurice's required great effort to encounter with composure—trivial enough at its best, wonderful though it was to the townsfolk, unused to anything beyond. But Andrew had seen the world in foreign parts, and neither Mr. Maurice's mansion-house and gardens, nor his gay upholstery, nor his silver tea-service, nor his condescending manners, struck the least spark of surprise from Andrew's eyes, or gave them the least shadow of awe.

"This is some mistake," said the owner graciously, after preliminary compliment had been duly observed. "How is it that you are rated on the books as a boy—you as much a man as you will ever be?"

"A long voyage, sir, slow sailing and delays over so many disasters as befell us, three years out in the stead of a year and a half—all that brings one to man's estate before his reckoning."

"But the last part of the time you must have done able seaman's service?"

"The captain and I together," said Andrew with his bright laugh. "We were officers and crew and passengers, cox'n and cook, as they say."

"A hard experience," said Mr. Maurice.

"Oh, not at all, but worth its weight in gold—to me, at least. Why, sir, it taught me how to handle a ship as six years before the mast couldn't have done."

"Good! We shall see to what purpose one of these days. And you have

had your share of schooling, they tell me?"

"All that the academy had to give, sir."

"And that's enough for any one who has the world to tussel with. How should you like to have gone through such hard lines, Frarnie?" turning to his daughter, a pale, moon-faced girl, her father's darling.

"Were you never afraid?" she asked in her pretty simpering way.

"Not to say afraid," answered Andrew, deferentially. "We knew our danger—two men alone in the leaky, broken brig—but then we could be no worse off than we were before; and as for the others—"

"They got their deserts," said Mr. Maurice.

"The poor fellows left us in such a hurry that they took hardly any water or biscuit; and at the worst our fate could not be so bad as theirs, under the hot sun in those salt seas."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Maurice, who loved his own ease too much to like to hear of others' dis-ease. And to turn the conversation from the possible horrors into which it might lapse, he invited his guest out into his gardens, among his grapehouses, his poultry and his dogs. It was a long hour's ramble that they took there, well improved on both sides, for Andrew of course knew it to be for his interest to please the brig's owner; and Mr. Maurice, who prided himself on having a singularly keen insight into character, studied the young man's every word and gesture, for it was not often that he came across such material as this out of which to make his captains; and to what farther effect in this instance he pursued his studies might have been told, by any one keener than himself, through the tone of satisfaction with which, on re-entering the parlor, he bade his daughter take Andrew down the rooms and tell him the histories of the surprising pictures there. For Mr. Maurice, one of the great fortunes of the seaport, being possessed by a mania of belief that every youth who cast tender eyes



upon his daughter cast them not on her, but on her future havings and holdings, had long since determined to select a husband for her himself—one who evinced no servile reverence for wealth, one whom he could trust to make her happy. "And here," he said, "I am not sure but that I have him."

When Andrew went in to see Louie a moment on his way home that night, he was in great spirits over the success of his visit, and, dark as it was, made her blush the color of the rose over the low doorway where they stood when he asked how she would like to go captain's wife next voyage. And then he told her of Mr. Maurice's scrutiny and questioning, and the half hint of a ship of his own to sail some day, and of the pale-faced Miss Frarnie's interest, and of the long stroll down the parlors among the pictures, the original of one of which he had seen somewhere in the Mediterranean, when he and a parcel of sailors went ashore and rambled through the port, and looked in at a church, where, in the midst of music and incense and a kneeling crowd, they were shearing the golden locks off of young girls and making nuns of them. And Andrew forgot to tell of the way in which Miss Frarnie listened to him and hung upon his words: indeed, how could he? Perhaps he did not notice it himself; but if he had had a trifle more personal vanity, and had seen how this pale young girl—forbidden by a suspicious father much companionship with gallants—had forgotten all difference of station and purse, and had looked upon him, nobly made, handsome, gay, knowing far more than she did, much as upon a young god just alighted by her side a moment,—if Andrew had been aware of this, and had found any words in which to repeat it, then Louie might have had something to startle her out of her blessedness, and pain might have come to her all the sooner. But since the pain would have been as sharp then as at any future time, it was a pitying, pleasant Fate that let her have her happiness as long as might be. For Louie's love was a different

thing from the selfish passion that any clown may feel: she had been happy enough in her little round of commonplace satisfactions and tasks before Andrew came and shed over her this great cloud of delight—happy then just in the enjoyment of that secret love of hers that went out and sought him every night sailing over foreign sunlit waters, and hovered like a blessing round his head; and now that he had come and folded her about and about with such warm devotion, it was not for the new happiness he gave her that she loved him, but in order to make his own happiness a perfect thing; and if her heart's blood had been needed for that, it would have been poured out like water. The pale-faced Frarnie—if question could be of her—might never know such love as that: love with her could be a sentiment, a lover one who added to her pleasure, but a sacrifice on her part for that lover would have been something to tell and sing for ever, if indeed it were possible that such a thing should be made at all.

So day by day the spell deepened with Louie, and for another week there was delightful loneliness with this lover of hers—strolls down through the swampy woods hunting for moss to frame the prints he had brought home uninjured, and which were to be part of the furnishing of their future home; others across the salt meadows for the little red samphire stems to pickle; sails in the float down river and in the creeks, where the tall thatch parted by the prow rustled almost overhead, and the gulls came flying and piping around them: here and there, they two alone, pouring out thought and soul to each other, and every now and then glancing shyly at those days, that did not seem so very far away, when they should be sailing together through foreign parts; for Louie's father, the old fisherman, was all her household, and a maiden aunt, who earned her livelihood in nursing the sick and attending the dead, would be glad to come any day and take Louie's place in the cottage.

At the end of the week, Mr. Maurice

sent for Andrew to his counting-room; and after that, on one device or another, he had him there the greater part of every day, employing him in a score of pleasant ways—asking his advice as to the repairs of the Sabrina, taking him with him in his chaise jogging through the shipyard, where a new barque was getting ready for her launching, examining him the while carefully from time to time after his wont; at last taking him casually home to dinner with him one day, keeping him to tea the next, and finally, fully satisfied with the result of his studies in that edition of human nature, giving him the freedom of the family as much as if he had been the son of the house.

"I've some plans ahead for you, my boy," said he one day with a knowing shake of the head; and Andrew's innocent brain began to swim straightway between the new barque and the Sabrina.

"Look at him!" said Mr. Maurice to his wife one evening as Andrew walked in the garden with Miss Frarnie. "My mind's made up about him. He's the stuff for a sea-captain, afraid neither of wind nor weather nor the face of clay—can sail a ship and choose her cargo. He's none of your coxcombs that go courting across the way: he's a man into the core of his heart, and as well bred as any gentleman that walks; though Goodness knows how he came by it."

"These sea-coast people," said his wife, reflectively (she was inland-born herself), "see the world and learn."

"Well, what do you say to it? I don't find the flaw in him. If Heaven had given me a son, I'd have had him be like this one; and since it didn't, why here's my way to circumvent Heaven."

"Oh, my dear," said the wife, "I can't hear you talk so. And besides—"

"Well? Besides what?"

"I think it is always best to let such things take their own course. We did."

"Of course we did," laughed Mr. Maurice. "But how about our fathers and mothers?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Maurice, "not to force things."

"And who intends to force them? It's plain enough the young fellow took a fancy to our Frarnie the first time he laid eyes on her, isn't it?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Maurice again, "that if Frarnie should have the same fancy for him, I don't know that there'd be any objection. He is quite uncommon—quite uncommon when you consider all things—but I don't know why you want to lead her to like any one in particular, when she has such a nice home and is all we have."

"Girls will marry, Mrs. Maurice. If it isn't one, it will be another. So I had rather it should be one, and that one of my own choosing—one who will use her well, and not make ducks and drakes of her money as soon as we are gone where there's no returning, and without a 'thank you' for your pains. Look at them now! Should you imagine they thought there was any one else on earth but each other at this moment? They're fond of each other, that's plain. They'd be a remarkable-looking couple. What do you think of it?"

"Frarnie might have that India shawl that I never undid, to appear out in," said Mrs. Maurice, pensively, continuing her own reflections rather than directly replying. "And I suppose we needn't lose her really, for she could make her home with us."

And so the conspiracy advanced, its simple victims undreaming of its approach—Louie sighing faintly to think she saw so little of Andrew now, but content, since she was sure it was for his best interest to make the friendship of the Sabrina's owner; Andrew fretting to see how all this necessary submission to superiors kept him from Louie, but more than half compensated with the dazzling visions that danced before his eyes of the Sabrina in her new rig—of the barque coming down for her masts and sails from her launching.

The Sabrina had been so badly injured by her disasters that it took much more time to repair her than had at first been thought. "I'm going to stand by

the old brig," said Andrew to some one—by accident it was in Mr. Maurice's hearing. "But if I'd known it was going to take so long to have her whole again, I should have made a penny in taking a run down the bay, for I had an offer to go second mate on the Tartar."

"I'll go one better than that," said Mr. Maurice then. "Here's the Frarnie, nearly ready to clear for New Orleans and Liverpool, with your old captain. You shall go mate of her. That'll show if you can handle a ship. The Sabrina won't be at the wharf till the round voyage is over and the Frarnie coming up the stream again. What say you?"

Of course what Andrew said was modest thanks—what he felt was a rhapsody of delight; and when he told Louie that night, what she said was a sob, and what she felt was a blank of fright and foreboding. Oh what should she do? cried the selfish little thing—what should she do in the long, long, weary days with Andrew gone? But then in a moment she remembered that this was the first step toward going master of that craft in which her bridal voyage was to be taken. "And what a long step it is, Andrew!" she cried. "Was the like of it ever known before? What a long, long step it would be but for that bitter apprenticeship when you and the captain brought the wreck home!"

"Ay," said Andrew, proudly: "I served my time before the mast then, if ever any did."

"And I suppose with the next step you will be master of the Sabrina? Oh, I should so like it!"

"I don't know," said Andrew, more doubtfully than he had used to speak. "I'm afraid the owners will think this is enough. This is a great lift. I'll do my best to satisfy them, though; for I'd rather sail master of the Sabrina than of the biggest man-of-war afloat."

"We used to play round her when we were children," said Louie, encouragingly. "Don't you remember leading me down once to admire the lady on her stern?—like a water-witch just gilded

in the rays of some sunrise she had come up to see, you said."

"Yes; and we used to climb her shrouds, we boys, and get through the lubber-hole, before we could spell her name out. She's made of heart of oak: she'll float still when the Frarnie is nothing but sawdust. We used to watch for her in the newspapers—we used to know just as much about her goings and comings as the owner did. Somehow—I don't know why—I've always felt as if my fate and fortune hung upon her. It used to be the top of my ambition to go master of her. It is now. I couldn't make up my mind to leave her when the others did that cruel morning after the wreck; and when the captain said he should stay by her, my heart sprang up as if she had been a living thing, and I stayed too. And I'd rather sail her than a European steamer to-day—that I would, by George!"

"Oh, of course you will," said the sympathizing voice beside him.

"I don't know," said Andrew again, more slowly and reflectively. "I've the idea—and I can't say how I got it—that there's some condition or other attached to my promotion—that there's something Mr. Maurice means that I shall do, and if I don't do it I don't get my lift. It can't be anything about wages: I don't know what it is!"

"Perhaps," said Louie, innocently, and without a glimpse of the train her thoughtless words fired—"perhaps he means for you to marry Frarnie!" laughing a little laugh at the absurd impossibility.

And Andrew started as if a bee had stung him, and saw it all. But in a moment he only drew Louie closer, and kissed her more passionately, and sat there caressing her the more tenderly while they listened to a thrush that had built in the garden thicket, mistaking it for the wood, so near the town's edge was it, and so still and sunny was the garden all day long with its odors of southernwood and mint and balm; and he delayed there longer, holding her as if now at least she was his own, whatever she might be thereafter.

As he walked home that night, and went and sat upon the wharf and watched the starlit tide come in, he saw it all again, but with thoughts like a procession of phantoms, as if they had no part even in the possible things of life, and were indeed nothing to him. How could they have any meaning to him—to him, Louie's lover? What would the whole world be to him, what the sailing of the Sabrina, without Louie? And then a shiver ran across him: what would Louie be to him without the sailing of the Sabrina! for that, indeed, as he had said, was the top of his ambition, and that being his ambition, perhaps ambition was as strong with him as love.

But with this new discovery on Andrew's part of Mr. Maurice's desires, Andrew could only recall circumstances, words, looks, hints: he could not shape to himself any line of duty or its consequences: enough to see that Mr. Maurice fancied his simple and thoughtless attentions to Frannie to be lover-like, and, approving him, looked kindly on them and made his plans accordingly; enough to see that if he should reject this tacit proffer of the daughter's hand, then the Sabrina was scarcely likely to be his; and that in spite of such probability, the first and requisite thing in honor for him to do was to tell Mr. Maurice of his marriage engagement with Louie, and then, if the man had neither gratitude nor sense enough to reward him for his assistance in saving the brig, to trust to fortune and to time, that at last makes all things even. As he sat there listening to the lapping of the water and idly watching the reflected stars peer up and shatter in a hundred splinters with every wash of the dark tide, he could not so instantaneously decide as to whether he should make this confession or not. "What business is it of Maurice's?" he said to himself. "Does he think every one that looks at his scarecrow of a daughter—" But there he had need to acknowledge to himself his injustice to Miss Frannie, a modest maiden who had more cause to complain of him

than he of her, since he had done his best to please her, and her only fault lay in being pleased so easily. She was pleased with him: he understood that now, though his endeavors to enlist her had been for a very different manifestation of interest. Perhaps it flattered him a little: he paused long enough to consider what sort of a lot it would be if he really had been plighted to Frannie instead of Louie. Love and all that nonsense, he had heard say, changed presently into a quiet sort of contentment; and if that were so, it would be all the same at the end of a few years which one he took. He felt that Frannie was not very sympathetic, that her large white face seldom sparkled with much intelligence, that she would make but a dull companion; but, for all that, she would be, he knew, an excellent housewife: she would bring a house with her too; and when a man is married, and has half a dozen children tumbling round him, there is entertainment enough for him, and it is another bond between him and the wife he did not love too well at first; and if she were his, his would be the Sabrina also, and when the Sabrina's days were over perhaps a great East Indiaman, and with that the respect and deference of all his townsmen: court would be paid to him, his words would be words of weight, he would have a voice in the selection of town-officers, he would roll up money in the bank, and some day he should be master of the great Maurice mansion and the gardens and grapehouses. It was a brilliant picture to him, doubtless, but in some way the recollection of two barelegged little children digging clams down on the flats when the tide was out, with the great white lighthouse watching them across the deserted stretches of the long bent eel-grass, rose suddenly and wiped the other picture out, and he saw the wind blowing in Louie's brown and silken hair and kissing the color on her cheeks; he saw the shy sparkle of her downcast eyes, lovely and brown then as they were now; and as he stood erect at last,

snapping his fingers defiantly, he felt that he had bidden Mr. Maurice's ships and stocks and houses and daughter go hang, and had made his choice rather to walk with Louie on his arm than as master of the Sabrina.

It was a good resolution; and if he had but sealed it by speaking next day to Mr. Maurice of his engagement, there would not have been a word to say. But, though he valiantly meant to do it, it was not so easy, after all, as he had thought, and so he put it off for a more convenient season, and the season did not come, and the day of sailing did. And the outfit that went on board the Frarnie was made and packed by the hands of Mrs. Maurice and her daughter—such an outfit as he had never dreamed of; such warm woollens for the storms, such soft linens for the heats, such finery for port, such dainties and delicacies as only the first mate of the Frarnie could think to have. And as for Louie, it was no outfit, no costly gift of gold or trouble either, that she could give him: she had nothing for him but a long, fine chain woven of her own hair, and she hung it round his neck with tears and embraces and words that could not be uttered and sighs that changed to sobs, and then came lingering delay upon delay, and passionate parting at the last. But when the crew had weighed anchor and the sails were swelling and the waves beyond the bar crying out for them, Miss Frarnie and her mother could still be seen waving their handkerchiefs from an upper window; and half blind with the sorrow and the pain he choked away from sight, and mad with shame to think he had found no way but to accept their favors, Andrew felt that their signal must be answered, and sullenly waved his own in reply; and then the pilot was leaving the barque, and presently the shore and all its complications, and Louie crying herself sick, were forgotten in the excitement of the moment and its new duties.

"Didn't say a word of love to Frarnie, eh?" remarked Mr. Maurice in answer to his wife's communications that even-

ing. "A noble lad, then! I like him all the better for it. He shall have her all the sooner. He won't abuse our confidence: that's it. He'll wait till he's bridged over the gap between them. The first mate of a successful voyage is a better match for my daughter than the boy who stayed by the Sabrina, brave as he was. He's fond of her? Don't you think so? There's no doubt about that? None at all! All in good time—all in good time. I'll speak to him myself. They're going to write to each other? I thought so."

Short as the trip was that the Frarnie made in that favorable season, it seemed to Louie an interminable period; but from the cheerful, hopeful smile upon her lips no one would ever have known how her heart was longing for her lover as she went about her work; for the little housekeeper had quite too much to do in keeping the cottage clean, the garden weedless, the nets mended, to be able to neglect one duty for any love-sick fancies it might be pleasant to indulge. From morning till night her days were full in bringing happiness to others: there was her father to make comfortable; there were the sick old women, of whom her aunt brought word, to concoct some delicacy for—a cup of custard, to wit, a dish of the water-jelly she had learned how to make from the sea-moss she gathered on the beach, a broiled and buttered mushroom from the garden; there were the canaries and the cat to be cared for, and the dog that Andrew left with her to feed and shower caresses on; and there was the parrot's toilet to be made and her lesson to be taught, and the single jars of preserves and pickles and ketchups to be put up for winter, and the herbs to be dried: there were not, you may see, many minutes to be wasted out of that busy little life in castle-building or in crying. One day there came a letter with Victoria's head and the Liverpool stamp upon it: she knew it by heart presently, and wore it next her heart by night and day; and even if she had known that Miss Frarnie Maurice received one in the same handwriting by



the same mail, it would hardly have made much difference to her; and one day the Sabrina, all freshly coppered and painted and repaired, with new masts and sails, and so much else that it was not easy to say what part of her now represented the old brig, came round to her old wharf and began to take in cargo. Louie ran down one evening with her father, and went all over her from stem to stern, only one old sailor being aboard; and she could have told you then every rope from clew to ear-ring; and, as if it were all the realization of a dream, a thousand happy, daring thoughts of herself and Andrew then filled her fancy like birds in a nest; and so swiftly after that did one day flow into another for Louie that the Frarnie lay in the mid-stream once more before she had more than begun to count the days to that on which her Liverpool letter had promised that she should see its writer come walking into her father's cottage again.

But she never did see him come walking into her father's cottage again. That promised day passed and the night, and another—a long, long day that seemed as if it would never quench its flame in sunset, and a night that seemed as if it would never know the dawning; but the threshold of the fisherman's cottage Andrew Traverse crossed no more.

For Mr. Maurice, on his notable errand of circumventing Heaven, had been ahead of Fate, and had gone down on the pilot-boat to meet the Frarnie—with no settled designs of course, but in his own impatient pleasure; and, delighted with the shipmaster's report and with the financial promise of the voyage, the cargo, the freights, and ventures and all, had greeted Andrew with a large-hearted warmth and after a manner that no churl could withstand; and unwilling to listen to any refusal, had taken Andrew up to the mansion-house with him the moment the ship had touched the wharf.

"You don't ask after her?" said Mr. Maurice when they were alone in the chaise together. And knowing well enough what he meant, Andrew blushed

through all his bronze—knowing well enough, for had he not gone below in a mighty hurry and tricked himself out in his best toggery so soon as he understood there was no escape from the visit? Louie would have been glad enough to see him in his red shirt and tarpaulin!

"Oh, you scamp!" said Mr. Maurice, quickly then detecting the blush. "Don't say a word! I've been there myself: I know how you're longing to see her; and she's been at the window looking through the glass every half hour, the puss!"

"Mr. Maurice," began Andrew, half trembling, but wholly resolved, he thought—although it must be confessed that with time, and distance, and Frarnie's effusive letters and flattering prospects on the other hand, Louie's image was not so bright at that moment as it had been at others, and for that very reason Andrew was taking great credit to himself for his upright intentions—credit enough to tide him over a good deal of baseness if need were,— "Mr. Maurice—" he began; and there he paused to frame his sentence more suitably, for it was no easy thing to tell a man that he was throwing his child at one who did not care for her, and that man the disposer of his fortunes.

But Mr. Maurice saved him any such trouble. "I know all you're going to say," he exclaimed. "I understand your hesitation, and I honor you for it. But I'm no fool, and there's no need to have you tell me that you want my Frarnie, for I've known that long ago."

"Mr. Maurice!"

"Yes, I have," answered the impulsive gentleman. "Mrs. Maurice and I talked it over as soon as we saw which way the wind lay; but of course we decided to say nothing till we were sure, quite sure, that it was Frarnie and not her prospects—"

"Oh, sir, you—"

"Tush, tush! I know all about it now. But it becomes a father to be wary," continued the other, taking the words from Andrew's lips in spite of himself, and quite wary enough not to



mention that in Frarnie's easily-excited favor a young scapegrace was very likely to supplant Mr. Andrew if things were not brought to a point at once. "It was my duty to look at all sides," he said, without stopping for breath. "Now I know you, and I see you'd rather give the girl the go-by for ever than have her think you wanted her because she was her father's daughter, and not some poor fisherman's."

"Indeed, indeed—" began Andrew again, leaning forward, his cheeks crimson, his very hands shaking.

"Of course, my boy," interrupted his companion as before—"of course. Don't say a word: you're welcome to her at last. I never thought I'd surrender her to any one so freely; but if I were choosing from all the world, Andrew, I don't know any one I'd choose sooner for my son. She's a sensible girl, my Frarnie is, at bottom. We know her heart: it's a good heart—only the froth of all young girls' fancies to be blown off. And the Sabrina always was a pet of mine, and, though I've said nothing of it, I've meant her for Frarnie's husband this many a day." And before Andrew, in his flurry and embarrassment and bewilderment, could enunciate any distinct denial of anything or avowal of anything else, the chaise was at the door, and Mrs. Maurice was waiting for him with extended hands, and Frarnie was standing and smiling behind, half turned to run away. And Mr. Maurice cried out: "Captain Traverse of the Sabrina, my dear! Here, Frarnie, Frarnie! none of your airs and graces! Come and give your sweetheart an honest kiss!" And Andrew, doubting if the minister were not behind the door and he should not find himself married out of hand, irresolute, cowardly, too weak to give up the Sabrina and that sweet new title just ringing in his ears, was pushed along by Mr. Maurice's foolish, hearty hand till he found himself bending over Frarnie with his arm around her waist, his lips upon her cheek, and without, as it seemed to him, either choice or volition on his part. But as he looked up

and saw the portraits of the girl's grandfathers, where they appeared to be looking down at him stern and questioning, a guilty shame over the wrong he was doing their child smote him sorely: he saw that he had allowed the one instant of choice to slip away; the sense came over him that he had sealed his own doom, while a vision of Louie's face, full of desolation and horror, was scorching in upon his soul; and there, in the moment of betrothal, his punishment began. He stole down to the Sabrina's wharf that evening, after the moon had set, and looking round to see that it was quite forsaken at that hour, he took from his neck a long, slender hair-chain to drop over into the deep water there; but as he held the thing it seemed suddenly to coil round his hand with a caress, as if it were still a part of Louie's self. He stamped his foot and ground his heel into the earth there with a cry and an oath, and put the chain back again whence he had taken it, and swore he would wear it till they laid his bones under ground. And he looked up at the dark lines of the brig looming like the black skeleton of an evil thing against the darkness of the night, and he cursed himself for a traitor to both women—for a hypocrite, a craven, a man sold to the highest bidder. Well, well, Captain Traverse, there are curses that cling! And Louie sat in the gloom at the window of the fisherman's cottage down below the town, and sighed and wondered and longed and waited, but Captain Traverse went back to the Maurices' mansion.

It is one of the enigmas of this existence how women forgive the wrong of such hours as came to Louie now—hours of suspense and suffering—hours of a misery worse than the worm's misery in blindness and pain before it finds its wings.

At first she expected her lover, and speculated as to his delay, and fretted to think anything might detain him from her; and now she was amazed, and now vexed, and now she was forgiving the neglect, accusing herself and making

countless excuses for him ; and now imagining a thousand dire mishaps. But as the third day came and he was still away—he who had been always wont to seek her as soon as the craft was made fast to wharf—then she felt her worst forebodings taking bodily shape: he was ill, he had fallen overboard, he had left the vessel at Liverpool and shipped upon another, and a letter would come directly to say so; or else he had been waylaid and robbed and made away with: not once did she dream that he was false to her—to her, a portion of his own life!

How it was with him there were numberless ways in which she might have discovered, for every soul of her acquaintance knew Andrew, and must be aware of the fact if he were missing or ailing, or if any other ill chance had befallen him. But as often as she tried to address one or another passing by the window, her voice failed her and her heart, and she asked no questions, and only waited on. A life of suspense, exclaims some one, a life of a spider! And when we are in suspense, says another, all our aids are in suspense with us. Day after day she stayed continually in the house, looking for him to come, never stirring out even into the garden, lest coming she might miss him. Night after night she sat alone at her window till the distant town-clocks struck midnight—now picturing to herself the glad minute of his coming, the quick explaining words, the bursting tears of relief, the joy of that warm embrace, the touch of those strong arms—now convinced that he would never come, and her heart sinking into a bitter loneliness of despair.

It grew worse with her when she knew that he was really in the town, alive and well; for, from the scuttle in the roof, by the aid of her father's glass, she could see the Sabrina, and one day she was sure that a form whose familiar outlines made her pulses leap was Andrew himself giving orders on the deck there; and after that she tortured herself with conjectures till her brain was wild—chained hand and foot, unable to

write him or to seek him in any maidenly modesty, heart and soul in a ferment. Still she waited in that shuddering suspense, with every nerve so tightly strung that voice or footfall vibrated on them into pain. If Andrew, in the midst of the gayeties by which he found himself accepted of the Maurices' friends, was never haunted by any thought of all this, his heart had grown stouter in one year's time than twenty years had found and left it previously.

But Louie's suspense was of no long duration, as time goes, though to her it was a lifetime. A week covered it—a week full of stings and fevered restlessness—when her father came in one day and said bitterly, thinking it best to make an end of all at once: "So I hear that a friend of ours has been paid off at last. Captain Andrew Traverse of the Sabrina is going to marry his owner's daughter Frarnie. Luck will take passage on that brig!" And when Louie rose from the bed on which she lay down that night, the Sabrina had been a fortnight gone on her long voyage—a voyage where the captain had sailed alone, postponing the evil day perhaps, and at any rate pleading too much inexperience, for all his dazzling promotion, to be trusted with so precious a thing as a wife on board during the first trip. He had not felt that hesitation once when portraying the possibilities of the voyage to another.

It was not a long illness, Louie's, though it had been severe enough to destroy for her consciousness both of pain and pleasure. Her aunt had left other work and had nursed her through it; but when, strong and well once more, she went about her old duties, it seemed to her that that consciousness had never returned: she took up life with utter listlessness and indifference, and she fancied that her love for Andrew was as dead as all the rest. The poor little thing, laying this flattering unction to heart, did not call much reason to her aid, or she would have known that there was some meaning in it when she cried all day on coming across an old daguerreotype of Andrew. "It isn't

for love of him," she sobbed. "It's for the loss of all that love out of my life that was heaven to me. Oh no, no! I love him no longer: I can't, I can't love him: he is all the same as another woman's husband." But, despite this stout assertion, she could not bring herself to part with that picture: he was not in reality quite the husband of another woman, and till he was indeed she meant to keep it. "He is only promised to her yet, and he was promised first to me," she said for salve to conscience; and meanwhile the picture grew so blurred with conscious tears, and perhaps with unconscious kisses, that it might have been his or another's: Miss Frarnie herself, had she seen it, could not have told whose it was.

Notwithstanding all the elasticity of youth, life became an inexpressibly dull thing to Louie as the year wore into the next—dull, with neither aim nor object, the past a pain to remember, the future a blank to consider. She could live only from day to day, one day like another, till they grew so wearisome she wondered her hair was not gray—the pretty hair that, shorn from her head in her illness, had grown again in a short fleece of silky curls—for it seemed to her that she had lived a hundred years. And because troubles never come alone, and one perhaps makes the other seem lighter and better to be borne, in the thick of a long winter's storm they brought home her father, the old fisherman, drowned and dead.

Captain Traverse knew of the old fisherman's death through the newspapers that found him in his foreign ports—not through Miss Frarnie's letters, for she knew almost nothing of the existence or non-existence of such low people; and therefore, conjecture as he needs must concerning Louie's means of livelihood now, there was no intelligence to relieve any anxiety he might have felt, or to inform him of the sale of the cottage to pay the debt of the mortgage under which it was bought, or of the support that Louie earned in helping her aunt watch with the sick

and lay out the dead: he could only be pricked with knowledge of the fact that he had no right to his anxiety, or to the mention of her name even in his prayers—if he said them.

Poor little Louie! A sad end to such a joyous youth as hers had been, you would have said; but, in truth, her new work was soothing to her: her heart was simply in harmony with suffering, with death and desolation, and by degrees she found that comfort from her double sorrows in doing her best to bring comfort to others which it may be she could never have found had she been the pampered darling of some wealthy house. Often, when she forgot what she was doing, Louie made surmises concerning Frarnie Maurice, wondering if she were the noble thing that Andrew needed to ennoble him—if she were really so strong and beautiful that the mere sight of her had killed all thought or memory of an older love; trying to believe her all that his guardian angel might wish his wife to be, and to acknowledge that she herself was so low and small and ignorant that she could only have injured him—to be convinced that it was neither weakness, nor covetousness, nor perjury in Andrew, having met the sun, to forget the shadows; wondering then if Frarnie cared for him as she herself had done, and crying out aloud that that could never be, until the sound of her own sobs woke her from her forbidden dream. But at other times a calm came to Louie that was more pathetic than her wildest grief: it was the acquiescence in what Providence had chosen for Andrew, cost herself what it might—it was the submission of the atom beneath the wheels of the great engine.

It is true that as, late in the night, when all the town was asleep and only silence and she abroad, she walked home by herself from some deathbed whose occupant she had composed decently for the last sleep, she used to wish it were herself lying there on that moveless pillow, and soon to be sheltered from the cruel light by the bosom of the kindly earth. For now, as she

passed the birches softly rustling in the night wind, and hurried by, she remembered other times when she had passed them, and had stopped to listen, cared for, protected, with Andrew's arm about her; and now, as the clocks, one after another, remotely chimed the hour, the sound smote her with a familiar sweetness full of pain; and now, as she came along the sea-wall and saw the dark river glimmering widely and ever the same, while its mysterious tide flowed to meet the far-off spark of the lighthouse lantern, she recalled a hundred happy hours when she and Andrew in the boat together had rocked there in soft summer nights, with sunset melting in the stream and wrapping them about with rosy twilight; or those when whispers of the September gales swelled the sail, and the boat flew like a gull from crest to crest of the bar; or those when misty sea-turns crept up stream and folded them, and drowned the sparkle of the lighthouse and the emerald and ruby ray of the channel lights, and left them shut away from the world, alone with each other on the great gray current silently sweeping to the sea—times when she knew no fear, trusting in the strong arm and stout heart beside her, before the river had brought death to her door; when the whole of life seemed radiant and rich—times that made this solitary night walk trodden now seem colder and drearier and darker than the grave—that made her wish it ended in a grave.

And so at length the year slipped by, and spring had come again, and the sap had leaped up the bough and burst into blossom there, and the blood had bubbled freshly in the veins of youth, and hope had once more gladdened all the world but Louie. With her only a dull patience stayed that tried to call itself content, until she heard it rumored among the harbor-people that the Sabrina was nearly due again, and with that her heart beat so turbulently that she had to crush it down again with the thought that, though Andrew every day drew nearer, came up the happy climates of southern latitudes and spread his sails on favoring gales for home, he only

hastened to his wedding-day. And one day, at last, she rose to see a craft anchored in the middle channel down below the piers, unpainted and uncleaned by any crew eager to show their best to shore—a black and blistered brig, with furled sails and silent deck; and some men called it the fever-ship, and some men called it the Sabrina.

As the news of the brig's return and of her terrible companion spread through the town, a panic followed it, and the feeling with which she was regarded all along the shore during that day and the next would hardly be believed by any but those who have once been in the neighborhood of a pestilence themselves. Exaggerated accounts of a swift, strange illness, by many believed to be the ancient plague revived again and cast loose through the land from Asiatic ships, had reached the old port; and aware that they were peculiarly exposed by reason of their trade, small as it was, the people there had already died a thousand deaths through expectation of the present coming of the fever already raging in other parts. Hitherto, the health-officers, boarding everything that appeared, had found no occasion to give anything but clean papers, and the town had breathed again. But now, when at last it spread from lip to lip that the fever lay at anchor in mid-channel, knees shook and cheeks grew white, and health-officer and port-physician, in spite of the almost instantaneous brevity of their visit to the infected vessel, were avoided as though they were the pestilence themselves, and not a soul in all the town was found to carry a cup of cold water to the gasping, burning men cared for only by those in less desperate strait than themselves, and who, having buried two-thirds of their number in deep-sea soundings, were likely to be denied as much as a grave on shore themselves; while to Mr. Maurice, half wild with perplexity and foreboding and amazement at Miss Frannie's yet wilder terror,—to him the red lantern hung out by the brig at nightfall magnified itself in the mist into a crimson cloud where with wide

wings lurked the very demon of Fever himself.

Not a soul to carry the cup of cold water, did I say? Yes, one timid little soul there was, waiting in a fever of longing herself—waiting that those who had a right to go might do so if they would—waiting till assured that neither Frannie Maurice nor her parents had the first intention of going, though affianced husband and chosen son lay dying there—waiting in agony of impatience, since every delay might possibly mean death,—one little brave and timid soul there was who ventured forth on her errand of mercy alone. The fisherman's old boat still lay rocking in the cove, and the oars stood in the shed: Louie knew how to use them well, and making her preparations by daylight, and leaving the rest till nightfall, lest she should be hindered by the authorities, she found means to impress the little cow-boy into her service; and after dark a keg of sweet water was trundled down and stored amidships of the boat, with an enormous block of ice rolled in an old blanket; a basket of lemons and oranges was added, a roll of fresh bed-linen, a little box of such medicines as her last year's practice had taught her might be of use; and extorting a promise from the boy that he would leave another block of ice on the bank every night after dark for her to come and fetch, Louie quickly stepped into the boat, lifted the oars, and slipped away into the darkness of the great and quiet river.

When, three days afterward, Captain Traverse unclosed his eyes from a dream of Gehenna and the place the smoke of whose torment goes up for ever, a strange confusion crept like a haze across his mind, tired out and tortured with delirium, and he dropped the aching lids and fell away into slumber again; for he had thought himself vexed with the creak of cordage and noise of feet, stived in his dark and narrow cabin, on a filthy bed in a foul air, if any air at all were in that noisome place, reeking with heat and the ferment of bilge-water and fever-

smell; and here, unless a new delirium chained him, a mattress lay upon the deck with the awning of an old sail stretched above it and making soft shadow out of searching sun, a gentle wind was blowing over him, a land-breeze full of sweet scents from the gardens on the shore, from the meadows and the marshes. Silence broken only by a soft wash of water surrounded him; a flake of ice lay between his lips, that had lately been parched and withering, and delicious coolness swathed his head, that had seemed to be a ball of burning fire. The last that he remembered had been a hot, dry, aching agony, and this was bliss: the sleep into which he fell when waking from the stupor that had benumbed his power of suffering—a power that had rioted till no more could be suffered—lasted during all the spell of that fervid noon sun that hung above the harbor and the town like the unbroken seal of the expected pestilence. A strange still town, fear and heat keeping its streets deserted, its people longing for an east wind that should kill the fever, yet dreading lest it should blow the fever in on them; a strange still harbor, its great peaceful river darkened only by that blot where the sun-soaked craft swung at her anchor; a strange still craft, where nothing stirred but one slender form, one little being that went about laying wet cloths upon this rude sailor's head, broken ice between the lips of that one, moistening dry palms, measuring out cooling draughts, and only resting now and then to watch one sleeper sleep, to hang and hear if in that deep dream there were any breathing and it were not the last sleep of all. And in Louie's heart there was something just as strange and still as in all other things throughout that wearing, blinding day; but with her the calm was not of fear, only of unspeakable joy; for if Andrew lived it was she that had saved him, and though he died, his delirium had told her that his heart was hers. "If he dies, he is mine!" she cried triumphantly, forgetting all the long struggle of scruple and doubt, "and if he lives, he shall



never be hers!" she cried softly and with that inner voice that no one hears.

And so the heat slipped down with the sun to other horizons, coolness crept in upon the running river's breast with the dusk, dew gathered and lay darkly glittering on rail and spar and shroud as star by star stole out to sparkle in it; and Andrew raised his eyes at length, and they rested long and unwaveringly on the little figure sitting not far away with hands crossed about the knees and eyes looking out into the last light—the tranquil, happy face from which a white handkerchief kept back the flying hair while giving it the likeness of a nun's. Was it a dream? Was it Louie? Or was it only some one of the tormenting phantoms that for so many burning days had haunted him? He tried in vain to ask: his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; he seemed to be in the power of one of those fierce nightmares where life depends on a word and the word is not to be spoken. Only a vision, then: he closed his lids thinking it would be gone when he lifted them, but he did not want it to be gone, and looked again to find it as before. And by and by it seemed to him that long since, in a far-off dream, he had gathered strength and uttered the one thought of his fever, "Louie, what do you do now?" and she had answered him, as though she thought aloud, "I stroke the dead;" and he had cried out, "Then presently me too, me too! And let the shroud be shotted heavily to bury me out of your sight!" And he was crying it out again, but while he spoke a mouth was laid on his—a warm, sweet mouth that seemed to breathe fresh spirit through his frame—his head was lifted and pillowed on a breast where he could hear the heart beneath flutter like a happy bird, and he was wrapped once more in slumber, but this time slumber sweet as it was deep.

Morning was dawning over the vessel's side, a dream of rosy lustre sifting

through the purple and pearly mist, behind which the stars grew large and lost while it moved away to the west in one great cloud, and out of which the river gleamed as if just newly rolled from its everlasting fountains,—morning was dawning with the sweet freshness of its fragrant airs stealing from warm low fields, when Andrew once more lifted his eyes only to find that tranquil face above him still, that happy heart still beating beneath his pillowed head. "Oh, Louie," he sighed, "speak to me—say—have I died?—am I forgiven?—is this heaven?"

"To me, dear—oh to me!" answered she with the old radiant smile that used to make his pulse quicken, and that, ill as he yet was, reassured him as to his earthly latitude and longitude.

"And it was all a dream, then?" he murmured. "And I have not lost you?" He raised his wasted hand and drew from his breast the little hair chain that he had hidden there so long ago. "It was a fetter I could not break," he whispered. "I wrote her all about it long ago. I wrote her father that he should have his vessel back again—and I would take my freedom—and not a dollar's wages for the voyage would I ever draw of him. But I should never have dared see you—for—oh, Louie—how can you ever—"

"Hush, hush, dear!" she breathed. "What odds is all that now? We have our life before us."

"Only just help me live it, Louie."

"God will help us," she answered. And as she spoke a sudden rainbow leaped into the western heaven as if to seal her promise, and as it slowly faded there came a wild salt smell, an air that tingled like a tonic through the veins: the east wind was singing in from sea, bringing the music of breaker and shore, and the fever was blasted by its breath throughout the little Sabrina.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



## FLORIDA:

## HOW TO GO AND WHERE TO STAY.

IF you are an invalid and love life and wish to get well, go on horseback. The seat of health is the saddle, and a dyspeptic or consumptive should be like an Arab, always on horseback. He may ride into health. As horses are scarce and high in Florida, a health-traveler had better take a horse with him or buy one in Southern Georgia.

On horseback you can go anywhere, and you will find it far better, both cheaper and pleasanter, than to travel by public conveyance and to live at hotels. You will be better treated too, and have more amusement and recover health sooner.

The people are hospitable: they entertain strangers gladly; and although you will find rough fare, and even coarse accommodations, you will be well received. The common people—Cracker people they are called—will give you shelter and a share in their grits, potatoes and molasses; and if a charge is made, it will be only a light one.

It is best to avoid the towns, however, especially the hotels. Florida innkeepers are generally sharks: they follow the advice given in *Marmion* ("Charge, Chester, charge!"), and charge you double price for what they do not furnish once. I have come to the conclusion, from full observation, that a Florida innkeeper never goes to heaven. You will anywhere in the country find some one who will take you in, and yet not "take you in;" and if you know how to use your tongue and can tell the news, you will be cheaply and gladly entertained.

In most parts of the country crime is almost unknown, and the doors have no fastenings. There is nothing to steal: the people are not industrious, but they are peaceable. A traveler's

life and purse are safe: Floridians are too lazy to get angry. It will be best to avoid the settlements of negroes, however: they are great thieves, though not active ones. Cattle are scarce in such regions: a hungry negro will go out into the bush, shoot down a beef, cut off as much as he can carry home, and leave the rest for the buzzards. These birds are the only detectives I saw in Florida: they always inform you of your loss, and let you know where to find what is left of the carcass. The theft, however, is always laid on the alligators.

In some parts you will never see a black face. A large stream of emigration has come in during the last few years from Georgia and South Carolina, avowedly to get away from the negro. These neighborhoods are delightful places to visit.

To go quickly and comfortably, however, to Florida, go by steamer; or go by rail to Charleston, and then take steamer among the islands that line the coast: although in salt water, you are on a river, and free from sea-sickness. I recommend the sea-voyage from New York or Baltimore: it is cheaper, and you have a chance, and a hope too, of being sea-sick. Indeed, the best thing for most invalids going to Florida for health is a comfortable attack of sea-sickness. After it is over an invalid is ready to receive all that comes: he can take in new impressions. I prescribe it as a good preparatory exercise. Any land, even Florida, will look like heaven after a man has paid tariff to that old heathen, Neptune.

You can go by rail, however; yet there is one disadvantage—you travel by night. It is true there are sleeping-cars. In the one I was in there were many travelers of both sexes, and when I found that I should have to sleep with

four women, I could not stand it. Modesty and ill-health alike forbade, and I went, very much disgusted, into another car. I like the human face divine and the female voice delightful, but when women begin to snore, I am disgusted; and there is a gamut of voices in a sleeping-car of mixed sexes that is enough to run a Benedict mad, and make any man forswear marriage and determine to remain a bachelor all his life.

An invalid may stay at Fernandina or Jacksonville or Green Cove Spring, or go on to Pilatka or St. Augustine, or wind up his journey at Enterprise on Lake Monroe, and find enjoyment at either place.

In going to Florida it is well not to have your expectations raised too much. It is not always and everywhere the land of flowers. I was disappointed sadly, and so will you be if you go there with high anticipations. I am almost prepared to say that there is nothing good in it except the climate: that is up to any praise. Florida is merely the tail-end of this country; and as that appendage is chiefly ornamental, being useful only to brush off flies and other insects, so does this ornament merely serve to brush away the annoyance of ill-health.

Remember, that there are no natives in Florida except alligators and a few newly-born babies: it is a land of strangers, and one where strangers meet. I found men from every State and Territory in the Union traveling or settling there. East Florida would seem to have been made late on Saturday night: a little sand remaining on the hands of the Maker was brushed off hastily, and thus Florida came into existence. As is the land, such are the inhabitants—pretty much the scrapings of creation. Some day the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico will get into a quarrel, will rise and rush together, sweeping over this sand-strip, and Florida will be washed away; or subterranean waters will burst up, and this waterquake will shake everything into chaos: it is a mere reef covered with sand.

I would again recommend the invalid traveler to get a horse and traverse the country. It is true that horses are scarce and high in this country; that is, high in one sense, for in regard to size they look like mere ponies, and are called marsh-turkeys. Small, round-bodied, with slender legs and a long tail for a fly-brush, the Florida horse will bear any weight and go any distance. He ambles along with a short, quick step that does not tire the rider, and yet devours many a mile of road between sunrise and sunset. He is hardy too, easy to keep, and if grass cannot be had (for he is generally unacquainted with hay, and turns up his nose in great disgust when you offer him such stuff), he can find his own meal in the nearest pond or swamp. He will wade or swim out, put his head under water as though fishing, bite off the long water-grass and fill himself with fresh food; then come forth satisfied as to his appetite and very much refreshed by his bath. And he fools the flies at the same time! Get such a fellow, and he will carry you as far in a day as you care to ride.

You had better not take a dog, unless you dislike him and want to lose him: he will feed the first alligator you meet in fording a stream. Alligators are remarkably attached to anything canine, and always receive it with an open expression of countenance. Indeed, the rider should be on his own guard, and if he has anything dogmatic or puppyish about him, he should leave it at home. The alligator, though a very discriminating animal, might mistake the biped for his resemblance, and his attentions would be no joke. However, these creatures are seldom troublesome, except to dogs, and there is more amusement in shooting at them than danger from their attacks.

I will speak of some of the natives of Florida before undertaking the country.

*Snakes.* These are not so numerous as might be expected. I saw very few, and only two rattlesnakes, fourteen feet

long—I mean, taken together. The alligators destroy them.

Although snakes are few in Florida, I have no doubt that if a man should have *delirium tremens* there he will see snakes enough. That kind can be seen even in Ireland. My opinion about St. Patrick has always been that he was a great temperance reformer—an ancient Father Matthew—who abolished the use of liquor, and so reformed the habits of the nation that, delirium from drink being prevented, no one was able to see serpents in the Green Isle. However, he never went to Florida, and it is curious that in some parts of this State to take a drink is called "to kill a snake." I saw a good many snakes killed, and am inclined to think that the phrase arose from some wormy individual needing a vermifuge who had found the miserable whisky in common use a remedy for his disease. Florida whisky is mean enough to kill anything.

*Alligators.* These aboriginal inhabitants of the river and swamps are always called 'gaitors in Florida parlance, owing to a pleasant habit they have of embracing a fellow's leg and biting it off when he ventures to be too sociable by entering their company without an invitation. They are very numerous and very ugly. Just imagine a black, slimy-looking lizard from ten to twenty feet long, and you have him exactly. A dirtier, nastier-looking creature can be seen nowhere. He is odoriferous too—the wrong way. Where they are often hunted and much shot at, alligators become very timid and shy, and avoid men instinctively. In wilder parts of the country they are sometimes fierce and troublesome. As they crowd the banks of the rivers, travelers have fine sport in shooting at them, and even boast of killing a great many: indeed, to hear the accounts of the cockneys when they come down the St. John's River, you would expect to find the stream covered with the floating carcasses of dead 'gaitors. I have allowed, reckoning from these reports, at least ten alligators every day to each traveler who carries a gun; and as there are about eight

thousand of these every winter in Florida, one can imagine what the slaughter should be, according to these voracious travelers' tales: at the same time the number of the alligators has not sensibly diminished; so that there is a mistake somewhere. Either the shooters lie—under a mistake, or the alligators, finding out what is required of them, have agreed to breed up to the necessary quantity, and keep up the number of these aboriginal inhabitants, in order that the supply may equal the demand.

In truth, the creature is very hard to kill: in three days' journey on the St. John's I saw some three hundred shots fired, and only one alligator killed outright. He was struck in the eye: his brain was penetrated, and he lay like a log. Another was made very sick by a ball in the neck, and has had a stiff neck ever since. It generally requires about his own weight in lead to kill one. Of course, when waked up from his sleep in the mud by a bullet glancing off his coat of mail, the 'gaitor plunges into deep water, and the rejoicing traveler counts him as killed. This explains the immense mortality recorded. When wounded they always resort to the water-cure.

Some of the old rascals rather like to be fired at: they are used to it, and seem to know that it amuses the strangers, while it don't hurt them. They will get out of the way in the slowest and laziest manner, and cock their eyes up at you with the sauciest, most independent look, as though they felt certain of their own powers and contemptuously doubtful of yours.

They are not sociable creatures: I have seen hundreds, and never two of them together. Each one of the big fellows will have his own stretch of river-shore or his own side of a pond, or the whole of it if a small one, and allow no intrusion by others of his kind. I have often heard the negro steersman call out, "Get your guns: dar's de place where de big 'gaitor lives;" and there he would be, sure enough—monarch of all he surveyed.

Alligators are tenacious of their rights

of ownership. If another trespasses, there is a big fight, generally ending by the stronger eating the weaker. Of course, the conquered has the right to digest his quarrel in the stomach of the conqueror, or to continue to disagree with him by not digesting and giving him the colic, but they never renew the dispute openly. During the mating season they fight furiously, and have been found after one of these terrible nocturnal combats dead on the shore with an arm or leg bitten off.

The female piles up in the swamp a mass of mud and leaves for a nest, that the sun's heat may hatch her eggs. She is then peculiarly savage, and will attack anything. A friend of mine found one of these nests, and standing on it employed himself in raking out the eggs and throwing them against a tree, much to the detriment of the young unhatched alligators, who had not been consulted. There was another party, however, who thought that she had a right to an opinion in the matter, and that was the female alligator. A rustle in the bushes, a rush, and then a big pair of jaws belonging to an eighteen-footer were heard snapping between his legs. She was so mad that she missed her aim. My friend is a slow man—I never saw him even walk fast—but on this occasion he did not wait to apologize: there was then exhibited some of the tallest jumping, tumbling and running ever seen in Florida or anywhere else.

The female alligator will not allow the male to approach her nest. He has a gluttonous habit of eating all the eggs, thus necessitating her laying more, which she does not like to do. So, whenever she catches him in that neighborhood, she thrashes him on general principles—he either has done mischief or intends it: at any rate, he is meddling in domestic matters and deserves snubbing. I am told that it is really amusing to see the big bully stick his tail between his legs and sneak off, the very image of a henpecked husband, after one of these conjugal scoldings. He is not by any means a model

husband; and although he takes his thrashing kindly, he revenges himself by watching until the eggs are really hatched, and then eats up as many of the causes of the family dispute as he can catch. Young alligators don't like to know their own fathers.

I heard of but few instances where these creatures have attacked grown men: they are fond of children, and show their attachment to the offspring of other people as they do to their own. In one instance, where a man on horseback was crossing a ford he was seized by the leg, but when his dog plunged in, the alligator left his leg to take the more delicate morsel. In another instance, an alligator struck at a mule pulling a cart, and bit out two spokes from one of the wheels, leaving a tooth sticking in one as a memento of the visit. He hurried off with great speed, on the lookout, I suppose, for a dentist.

Gaitors like dogs, pigs and young darkies. The dog is a special favorite. The whine of an alligator is easily mistaken for that of a puppy, and may mislead a young and inexperienced dog. A wise Florida dog will not go boldly down to the water to drink: he learns by experience after having been eaten once or twice. If the shore is open, he will draw all the alligators to one place by barking, and then scamper off to some other place where the coast is clear; or he will creep down to a moist spot, tail down, body crouched, eyes skinned and ears up, pushing his paws before him slowly to feel the water, lapping it without noise, and then sneaking away again.

The alligator has his uses: near every house you find more or less swamp, and in every swamp more or less alligator. I heard one lady complain very much because some traveler had killed her alligator. He lived near, and killed snakes, frogs, young wild-cats and other varmints: thus he earned his board, and was consequently protected; besides this, he was useful in preventing young children from straying too far from home.

This worthy creature is very much

maligned, however: every theft of cattle is laid on his slimy back, and that even when the animal is found in the woods and the entrails carefully taken out and left behind. His eyes are on the top of his head, and it is curious to see the creature swimming along with only his eyes floating above the surface. He comes ashore to sleep in the sunshine, and, paying attention to his sleep, becomes so dead to all sound that a steamboat may come alongside: then his astonishment when a bullet wakes him up, and the hurried way in which he scuffles into the water, are sometimes very ludicrous.

*Hogs.* I don't mean the biped animal, although these can be found in Florida as everywhere else: I mean the genuine porker. He is very useful in every new settlement, especially in a brush country like Florida, for he destroys snakes, frogs, young alligators and other varmints, besides acting as a general scavenger. I regard the hog as a national institution: our prosperity as a people is bound up in him, the great immigration to our shores being mainly due to the abundance of hog and hominy among us.

In such a country as Florida the hog is a necessity. When De Soto marched his army through this land, he had another army of hogs driven along. Thus he not only secured certain food for his men, but a quiet resting-place at night also, the hogs eating up every serpent or frog that might have disturbed their repose. Lord Bacon, that learned Hog, knew the value of this animal, and being a man of taste adopted for his crest a hog, with this inscription as the motto: *Mediocra Firma*; which might be liberally translated, The middling is the best. And although Noah cursed Ham, and the devil did get into a herd of swine, it has not spoiled the bacon.

Florida would be a land of snakes if it were not for this animal. He is fond of them, and shows his affection by eating all he can catch. The sound of the rattlesnake is music in his ears. He rushes up at once, setting up his bristles—so that when the serpent strikes

he gets a mouthful of tooth-brush—puts his foot on his neck, thus getting his head in chancery, and then proceeds to eat him, consuming him just as a lawyer will an estate; and there is no appellate court to his jurisdiction. The snake may remonstrate by wriggling as much as he pleases: he is nevertheless eaten up alive, and never is troublesome afterward.

The chief enemy of the hog when young is the alligator, who is as fond of him as he (the hog) is of serpents. When larger grown his chief assailant is the free negro, of whom the Florida hog has an instinctive abhorrence. Indeed, some hogs will run from a black face just as the chickens out West will from a circuit-rider. It is well known that when one of these itinerant venders comes into a settlement some old hen will give a squawk, just as she does when a kite appears, and every eatable chicken will run off and hide, and have to be hunted down with terriers. So it is with the sensible hogs in some parts of Florida: they run or stand according to the color of your visage.

Another enemy is the bear: he is found abundantly in the swamps, and although food is plenty he is very fond of hog, and has no Hebrew objection to a dinner of swine-flesh. His mode of preying on the hog, however, is very foolish, and leads to his discovery. He first catches his hog (or somebody else's) by the hind quarters, and then proceeds to eat him: of course the hog squeals, and this brings out everybody and the dogs to know what is the matter; so that Bruin can rarely go the whole hog and make a full meal. A hunter told me that he had taken a hog thus killed, sliced him down and filled up the cuts with strychnine, in the hope that the bear would come back and commit suicide. He did come back, ate the hog, strychnine and all, and escaped, although hunted and followed next day by dogs and men.

*Blind Mosquitoes.* On some parts of the St. John's there is an insect of this name which rivals the famous lice of Egypt, and is believed to be a lineal



descendant of that terrible plague. These insects do not sting, but their number is uncountable myriads. During the month of June they rise from the swamps and streams, from the whole surface of the river, from every place that is damp, and fill the very air and infest every place. If a fire is lighted they will fly into it in such numbers as to put it out. They will extinguish lamps and candles; fly into the open mouths of the people, so that it is dangerous to yawn; fly up against the walls of houses and fall down in masses to decay, and cover the decks of steamers, to be swept off like dust and cinders. They are everywhere present and everywhere a nuisance; for if they don't sting, they do smell, loudly, strongly and lastingly. The stench from their lying in heaps is horrible, as unlike cologne as possible; and indeed the price of that article always rises when they appear. The only thing tolerable about them is that they do not last long. The stinging insect, although a great pest, is desirable compared with them.

None of these are winter pests, and in summer the mosquito serves a good purpose in a hot climate. Fever is apt to prevail, but the loss of blood and the counter-irritation produced by the mosquito are beneficial in preventing such a result of the climate. Besides, the unceasing scratching is a necessary exercise for persons not otherwise inclined to undergo much exertion. These are the benefits derived from stinging insects in hot climates; so nothing has been made in vain, and Noah was justified in preserving this class of animals in the world's ark.

*Birds.* Most persons imagine Florida to be really a flowery land, and that the whole country blooms with beauty and resounds with song. The description will apply only to spots: there is much of gloomy desolation, many swamps, many large sandy tracts covered with pine forests, many regions burdened with the most intolerable brushwood. And yet flowers do grow abundantly, and with the slightest care

can be cultivated to the fullest luxuriance. Nowhere will labor be so well rewarded, and nowhere can so much beauty be created if man will toil. When Adam was employed in Paradise we are informed that he gave names to all the animals, but I am sure that it was Eve who named the birds and flowers. Every class of both can be found in Florida, and some are peculiar to the soil and climate.

You have, of course, the wild fowl in abundance — ducks and geese, swans and cranes, sea-gulls and gannets — sufficient in some places and at certain times to hide or at least cloud the sun. You have the wild turkey in plenty, and also that other turkey which proved too much for Prince Achille Murat, who was a first-rate cook as well as a good hunter, and boasted that he had cooked and eaten, and that he liked, every kind of bird except one: "Zat was de turkey-boozard: I have tried him cook every way, and I do not like him, no matter how he is cook."

The paroquet is found in flocks, and sometimes in cages. It is a beautiful bird when seen dashing about among the green leaves and bright blossoms, with its brilliant plumage glistening in the sun; and it is also very good in a pie. But from its music may we be delivered: it sounds worse than a young beginner practicing Italian operas on an untuned piano. A cageful of paroquets is a comical sight: they are perpetually quarreling, cursing and swearing at a great rate, then making up in the most affectionate manner, and then commencing to quarrel again. The only way to keep them quiet is to cook them.

The beautiful red-bird is much sought after. I met a party of Germans regularly engaged in trapping them: they were shipped to Europe to exchange for canaries.

Mocking-birds are abundant and troublesome in summer. They are very fond of grapes, always taking their wine in pills, and there is in and about St. Augustine quite an extensive grape culture, which renders it a very



popular place in the season of ripening. Many invalids go there to use the grape-cure for consumption or dyspepsia during that season, and the mocking-birds are formidable rivals to the invalids. Probably they employ the grapes as a preventive. All the thin-skinned, delicate kinds are great favorites of theirs, and it is precisely these kinds that are most cultivated. The birds disapprove of the Scuppernong, and discourage its cultivation, because the skin is so tough that they cannot penetrate it, and the people accommodate themselves to the fancy of the birds. However, they remonstrate by shooting them; and one old fellow with no music in his soul informed me that he had killed nearly three hundred of these singing nuisances the preceding summer. Of course, the birds try to pay for their grapes by music, but this kind of coin is not considered current in St. Augustine, and such notes as they make are deemed worse than counterfeit among the grape-growers. The bird is, however, considered rather a dissipated character, and sets a bad example to the young people. I have always thought that a young man who can sing well is in great danger of falling into bad company, and is likely to acquire wild habits; and this bird is a case in point. He forages about, singing in his neighbor's vineyard while he robs him, until the berries of the Pride-of-China tree are ripe, and then he proceeds to have a regular frolic, acquires a habit of intoxication and gets as drunk as a lord. It is curious to see a flock of these birds at this time. They become perfectly tipsy, and fly round in the most comical manner, hic-coughing and staggering just like men, mixing up all sorts of songs, and interrupting each other in the most impudent manner, without any regard to the politeness and decorum that usually mark the intercourse of all well-bred society, whether of birds or men. They will fly about promiscuously, intrude on domestic relations, forget the way home, and get into each other's nests and families, just like the lords of creation. After the berries are all gone and the

yearly frolic is over, they look very penitent, make many good resolutions, join the temperance society, and never indulge again until the next season comes round and the berries are ripe once more.

I do not think that naturalists have noticed this peculiarity, and I have the honor of calling their attention to my interesting contribution to natural history. I believe that this habit is peculiar to birds that sing, just as wine and song go together among men. It is only another proof that wine is a mocker. Probably the great power of this songster was first self-discovered in this manner: some clever bird found out the secret of song by getting very boozy on berries, and set the example to his fellows. Some feathered Bacchus is doubtless still remembered in the groves as the first introducer of music and wine. And I doubt not that if we could comprehend their language we should find that the birds still chant his praises in a joyful chorus, regularly transmitted from generation to generation. Why should not birds have their traditions, and hand down in song the history of their race? Their chronicles are probably more veracious than our own.

There are many other birds: the varieties are too numerous even to mention. The reader may exercise his own imagination, leaving out only the snow-bird and the condor.

The large brown curlew is a very pleasant bird on the table. He is as large as a young chicken and very shy. The sportsman watches on the shore in the evening as the birds fly homeward, digs a hole in the sand, lies down in it and waits for a shot. He sometimes, however, catches rheumatism as well as birds, and then is very apt to forswear a curlew diet.

There is also a large white crane, five feet in height and with a tremendous sweep of wing—strong enough, too, to break a man's arm if he should attempt to seize the bird when wounded. The only part eaten is the breast, which corresponds in muscular development with

his powerful wing. Kill the bird, skin it with one knife and cut out the flesh with another: you cannot distinguish the taste from venison. Two knives are used, because of the disagreeable fishy odor and taste which lie in the oily skin.

But the most beautiful thing that flies

in the Florida woods is the humming-bird. In the summer and among the flowers it looks like a floating gem of the most exquisite jeweler's work. Nothing can exceed its beauty, and no one can describe it.

J. P. LITTLE.

### THE REAL CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

THE time has come when reflecting minds in our country are busy in extracting instruction from our late war and its immediate results. Such a period of review ensues on all great historical events: in our case it is marked and instructive.

What strikes us as most wonderful and impressive is the facility with which the South has adapted itself to the effects of a revolution which, it had been persistently prophesied, was to destroy Southern society. This is a lesson for the whole country, and one of great significance. Few persons comprehend the degree in which the social system is susceptible of change without any loss of vitality, although a similar vigor is constantly exhibited in the life of the individual, which so often preserves its integrity and shows its elasticity even in the strangest vicissitudes of fortune. This phenomenon is conspicuously exhibited in the present condition of the South. Before the war, if one had attempted in a company even of reflecting men in the South to argue on the hypothesis of the extinction of slavery and the elevation of the negro to the status of a citizen, he would have been told that such a condition of things would be simply impossible—that we could no more argue upon its occurrence than upon that of the skies falling. It would be the annihilation of the South, said all its sociologists. "Slavery is the corner-stone of the society and civilization of the South," declared Alexander

H. Stephens. Free the negro, endow him with civil equality, destroy "the peculiar institution," and the whole structure of Southern society would tumble about our ears, chaos would come again, and the barbarous African would turn the country into a wilderness and sit among the ruins of our deserted marts.

Well, the negro has been freed, the things feared have been done, and yet the skies have not fallen in the South. We of that section live pretty much as before: we buy and sell, and go on in a routine of life but little different from what it was formerly, except that there is a real increase of prosperity; the cannibal "freedman," who was to stalk amid the ruins of Charleston and New Orleans, is at work in the fields; society is not dead or chaotic, or even "agonized;" and, in short, the people of the South, taken in the mass, have derived only advantage from a change which, according to their wise men and the newspapers, was to lay their country in ruins and strew it with the storms of revolution and anarchy.

It is a truth pregnant with meaning, and full, as the writer thinks, of the happiest influences on the political problems of the day, that the South was never more prosperous than she is at the present time. This truth has been denied in the newspapers, or admitted only with equivocation, but there are figures and facts which leave no doubt on the point. The traditional king of

Southern industry—Cotton—after having been uncrowned by the financial folly of the Confederacy, has remounted his throne. The fears entertained but a short time ago that England in her Indian possessions would be able to compete successfully with the cotton product of America are already banished from the Southern mind; and the last statistical exhibit shows that for seventy pounds of inferior cotton grown in India the best lands of the South produce a full bale. The last year's crop of this staple in the South was 2,700,000 commercial bales, or 3,000,000 bales of 400 pounds each, equal in value to three hundred millions of dollars. In the same year the tobacco crop of the South amounted to 225,000,000 pounds, valued at thirty-seven millions of dollars; the rice crop to 55,000 tierces, being an increase of 20,000 over that of the preceding year; and the sugar crop to 80,000 or 85,000 hogsheads, against 37,647 in 1867. It is reported that sugar estates on the lower banks of the Mississippi which had been sold for fifty thousand dollars have paid for themselves by a single crop. Credit has been restored to a people who but a few years ago were banished from every money exchange in the world, and advances are now made to Southern producers with a confidence equal to any they ever commanded before the dark days of the war. Many of the Southern States are paying off their debts. Within the last year, South Carolina has paid an internal revenue tax of two and a half millions and a State tax of one million, and has greatly reduced her debt. Production has been stimulated beyond all precedent. In 1869, Virginia sold one hundred thousand tons of her products, while her mines of iron, coal, lead, copper and gypsum are said to be yielding more satisfactorily than ever before. The "discovery" of the South as a new country is significantly said to have been the most remarkable result of the war. New resources have come to light. Three of the most distinguished scientific men of the United States recently united in the published

statement that the mineral deposits in South-western Virginia—a newly-discovered treasure in an obscure corner of a single State—were sufficient in value to pay off the whole national debt. In South Carolina there has been discovered a vast deposit of phosphate of lime underlying the whole city of Charleston, sixty feet below the streets, and extending through large districts around, which is calculated to be a mine of unlimited wealth, as furnishing a fertilizer for the cotton-fields, and which is already being shipped coastwise and to Europe. Throughout the South a system of internal improvements has recently been inaugurated that was scarcely dreamed of before. Twenty great railroads are being constructed in the two Carolinas, Georgia and Florida; while Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama have about forty new lines under way. The negro is becoming more and more satisfactory as a workman; while the immigration of whites is bringing in skilled labor of various kinds, and laying the foundation of manufacturing industries heretofore unknown in the South.

The first impression produced by this picture of the prosperity of the South is that the hardships and disorders of "reconstruction" must have been greatly overstated, and that little reliance is to be placed upon partisan assertions in regard to oppressions practiced by the government on the one hand, and persecutions carried on by unsubdued rebels on the other. True, it has not been uncommon in history that a rank prosperity has bloomed upon the bloody crust of battle-fields, or that life has reveled in material enjoyments under a political system loaded down with oppressions or disfigured with disorders. But, then, such conditions are to be traced to exceptional causes, the like of which we cannot discover in the South. There has been no accidental importation of wealth there, no discovery of an "El Dorado," no unexpected turn of a channel of trade, or any of those various

accidents which have enriched nations otherwise suffering under misgovernment or political calamities. What there is of prosperity in the South is the visible fruit of industry, and stands entirely on the basis of her own resources. In such a case, the degree of prosperity exhibited above, and extending from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, is wholly inconsistent with a state of severe political oppression or of civil turbulence, and by a simple logic that cannot be resisted it excludes the theory that "reconstruction" has been to the South such an evil and calamity as some politicians and railing journals would have us believe.

The writer, as a Southern man, could say much of the unnecessary violence of "reconstruction" and of the great injustice of some of its details, but he perceives that there are lights as well as shades in the subject, and by bringing out the first he believes that he may enlighten some of his own countrymen who have not yet thought fairly and soberly on the subject, and point the way to that regeneration of our national politics with which the present times are pregnant.

In the first place, then, all candid Southern men might be called upon to reflect how greatly in point of oppression "reconstruction" has fallen below their own expectations. Measured by their own declared anticipations, "reconstruction" has been a miracle of generosity. In the last year of the war, so desperate to the South, the *Richmond Examiner* published a series of articles exhibiting what were thought the unavoidable consequences to the South should she abandon the contest and surrender her arms. Those articles were, by a mistake, attributed to the present writer: they were in fact written by John Mitchel, the Irish exile; and a proposition was made by some merchants of Richmond to raise funds in order to publish in pamphlet form this prefigurement of "reconstruction," and to circulate it gratuitously through the armies and amongst the Southern people, for the purpose of exciting them to efforts

of desperation which might save the tottering Confederacy. Let any candid Southern man read those articles now, find there the *Southern* estimate of "reconstruction," and then look around him and compare the actual realization with the prediction. "A fate worse than death" was prophesied for the men, women and children of the South. The gallows would be erected in every neighborhood; cities would be razed; "the murmuring James, red with flame and blood, would flow hereafter past mounds of gore-clotted cinders;" exile would be the choice of those who had the alternative of escape from the wrath to come; confiscation would do its pitiless work in every home; the negro would glut a savage vengeance, with dismay, death and solitude in his train; and the "leaders" of the Confederacy were to be dragged into some supposed amphitheatre at Washington, saying, "*Ave! Caesar Imperator: morituri te salutant!*" This classic touch was suggested by an engraving that hung in Mr. Daniel's well-furnished editorial room.

Here the writer may be permitted to say that he has seen much, overmuch, in "reconstruction" to condemn. The exaggerated anticipations of wrong can be no excuse for whatever there has been of real injustice, however that injustice may have fallen below the fears of the victim. The writer begs to say that he is opposed to military government, because it is unconstitutional; he is opposed to negro suffrage, though only in the sense in which he is opposed to universal suffrage; and he is opposed to all license in the construction of the Constitution, for the plain reason that it is a step toward the accumulation of power in the governing and the loss of liberties in the governed. Yet, as a candid observer, he cannot be insensible to the great contrast between the notion which the Southern mind had formed of "reconstruction"—in some instances in the utmost sincerity and with almost judicial deliberation—and the realization of it as exhibited to-day in the actual con-

dition and prospects of the South; and in this contrast he cannot help seeing a cause for gratitude, or at least for some abatement of those hostile feelings which have too violently possessed some people in the South, and made them affect tones of indignation which are as grotesquely extravagant as they are essentially insincere. Not a single life has paid the penalty of taking up arms against the government throughout a land which the people of the South themselves had thought would be planted with the instruments of the hangman's craft; not a single confiscation has been enforced beyond the hope of remission, although Southern oracles had declared that no rebel's home would be left him after the war—that all rights of property in the South would be resolved into "the free-farm system, by which every Yankee was to be endowed with rich lands fruitful in cotton, rice and tobacco;" not a single negro has attempted reprisals upon his former master without being pursued and punished like any other criminal, although it had been prophesied that the freed victim of slavery would have full license to slay and steal; not a single citizen of the South, whatever authority, military or civil, has been placed over him, but enjoys the protection of that government which we had been told, if it did not slay or imprison him, would at least outlaw him; not a man who bore arms against the Union has been condemned to that exile which it had been said would be the general lot of the Southern people, except the few who would fawn for mercy; and, to crown the column of moderation, even the chief of the rebellion himself, instead of being immured in a dungeon or eating "the bitter bread of banishment," is permitted to reside unmolested in his native State, or to travel abroad when so disposed. These things must be considered. The world—even the most civilized part of it—is not so fruitful of examples of moderation after wars which have greatly taxed the resources and tried the patience of the victors, that we may treat with indifference the

aspects of clemency which the North has exhibited after a war that was, in her opinion at least, tainted with rebellion, and which laid upon the nation a debt of nearly three thousand millions of dollars.

But in opposition to these views it is said—and it is to be observed that a certain English journal is very persistent in this line of argument—that the emancipation of the negro and its consequences constitute an injustice more bitter and oppressive than gibbets and confiscations—that while these latter penalties might be more conspicuous, and might be dramatically exposed before the eyes of a people, yet the burden put upon the whole body of Southern society by the elevation of the black man is really more onerous and oppressive than sentences, even to the extremity of death, passed upon hundreds of rebellious leaders, or wholesale confiscations which might at least be repaired in the progress of time. Now, to this there is an unanswerable reply, taken from the mouth of the South itself. If any testimony has come up to us from the South the volume of which is overwhelming and the sincerity of which is unquestionable, it is that the people there have parted with slavery with the smallest regret; and indeed with such experience already of the happy consequences of its abolition that they would not restore it if they could! This testimony is unimpeachable: it is direct, general, and evidently sincere. Surely the South should be her own judge of the pain inflicted upon her by the loss of slavery; and when she freely and persistently assures us that she has little cause for regret for the former "peculiar institution," how can we magnify the emancipation of the negro into a calamity exceeding all other penalties which a conquered people have been usually called upon to pay?

But, say they who persist in this line of argument, it is not so much the setting free of the negro of which the South has to complain, as that he has been made a citizen and a voter, and given a place in the political affairs of the



country. We know that negro suffrage has been the subject of a violent outcry in Southern newspapers. But there are few considerate, thinking men in the South who have not been already led into a different tone of thought on this subject by the obvious reflection that negro suffrage was the logical, inevitable consequence of negro emancipation—that it was the necessary supplement of this reform. But what is curious, and does not appear to have yet been considered even by the most diligent and candid of Southern inquirers, is that a theory of the Democratic party itself has enforced the logical *sequitur* of negro suffrage. The Dred Scott decision is yet a standard authority in the Democratic party, and, although a judicial utterance, no one will deny that it has acquired all the force and significance of a party principle. It has been inserted in Democratic platforms—it has been repeatedly referred to as authority in their forums. Now, in that decision Chief-Justice Taney held language so remarkable that it is amazing it has so long escaped analysis, and that politicians of our time have not paused upon its deep significance. He said: "The words 'people of the United States' and 'citizens' are synonymous terms, and mean the same thing. They both describe the political body who, according to our republican institutions, form the sovereignty, and who hold the power and conduct the government through their representatives. They are what we familiarly call the 'sovereign people,' and every citizen is one of this people and a constituent member of this sovereignty. The question before us is, Whether the class of persons described in the plea in abatement compose a portion of this people and are constituent members of this sovereignty? We think they are not, and that they are not included, and were not intended to be included, under the word 'citizens' in the Constitution, and can therefore claim none of the rights and privileges which that instrument provides for and secures to citizens of the United States. On the contrary,

they were at that time considered as a subordinate and inferior class of beings, who had been subjugated by the dominant race, and, *whether emancipated or not, yet remained subject to their authority*, and had no rights or privileges but such as those who held the power and the government might choose to grant them."

In this accurate and unequivocal language we are told that the negro is not a citizen; and, further, that if freed he would be left a *nondescript over whom the white man might exercise authority by title of superiority of race, if by nothing else!* The proposition is startling, but as clear as noonday. It is astonishing that it should have escaped observation so long, and that its significance has remained wholly unnoticed in a controversy in which the parties have been so hot and so quick to discover whatever arguments might be brought forward on either side. Here we are told unmistakably that the negro if freed would yet be inferior in his rights to the man enjoying citizenship, and that that inferiority would be left to work his subjection anew to the white man. By so conspicuous a confession we have, then, the Democratic party bound to the proposition that the ballot had become a necessary protection of the negro, a necessary qualification of that condition already past dispute—viz., that he was to be made really and in fact *free*. As such a necessary protection no just man in the South will grudge the ballot to the negro, having once made up his mind to the concession of his freedom. The concession to vote is really no larger than the concession to be free: the one by implication carries with it the other, and this by Democratic reasoning and on Democratic authority.

As to the necessity of the ballot to protect the negro and to complete the work of emancipation, we are not left in any doubt by fact any more than by theory. The black man, left as the *nondescript* described by Judge Taney, might easily be reduced to forced labor under a new name, and the spirit of slavery revived; and it is well known



that after the war an attempt was actually made in some of the Southern States to "whip the devil around the stump" under the laws of vagabondism and special punishments, and that in North Carolina negroes were sold at the court doors to serve for a term of years, and even for life, as the penalty of offences imputed to them. Such evasions are infamous to the last degree—so infamous that honorable people of the South should not and would not object to see a security erected against them for all time. If we of the South sincerely accede to the freedom of the negro, it is idle to object to the franchise necessary to secure and complete this freedom.

We have here, too, some lessons from history. The germ of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States is found, curiously enough, in the Institutes of Justinian—a fact which may interest some of our historical scholars, besides giving them some new views of the wisdom of the measure. "The slaves," says Gibbon, "who were liberated by a generous master immediately entered into the middle class of *libertini*, or freedmen, but they never could be enfranchised from the duties of obedience and gratitude: whatever were the fruits of their industry, their patron and his family inherited the third part, or even the whole of their fortune if they died without children and without a testament. Justinian respected the rights of patrons, but his indulgence removed the badge of disgrace from the two inferior orders of freedmen: whoever ceased to be a slave obtained without reserve or delay the station of a citizen."

The noblest efforts which the South is now making are those to accommodate herself to the changes which have become necessary at the very foundations of her society; and the necessity and wisdom of these efforts are coming to be understood by her people. The ambition of her youth, and the old unextinguished chivalry of the South (which is as real as ever, and only awaits occasion to publish itself in new ways to

the world), may easily be turned into the channel of such efforts if the maturer thinkers of the community would take pains to direct them. Such a tendency is far removed from that mean expediency which goes under the fit name of "dirt-eating:" the two differ *toto celo*. It is hard to say which of the two extreme dispositions in Southern politics is more odious—that which cringes before the shrines of Washington City, courts occasions of humiliation and supplicates new burdens to show its willingness to bear them, or that which nurses petulant recollections of the old *régime*, and is never done with its stereotyped denunciations of "the Yankee." Equally removed from both these dispositions is a noble middle ground to be cultivated by the true Southerner, which may be briefly described by that much-abused and much-misunderstood phrase of "accepting the situation"—accepting its necessities, seeing in it what there is of good as well as of evil, acknowledging chastisement where chastisement has been beneficial, and binding up broken fortunes in the resolution to commence that new phase of the public and social life which is already seen, from what has taken place in the South up to the present time, to be possible, and even easy.

At this time the South is the most interesting part of the American Union, because of the visible commencement there of a reform in political sentiment, growing directly out of the great changes resulting from the war. The famous Jefferson-Madison Resolutions of 1798 founded the school of State Rights, which the South in the late war endeavored by force of arms to maintain. These resolutions were a declaration that the Federal government was a contract *between* the States, put in direct opposition to the doctrine that it was a government erected *over* the States. There was thus a development of parties divided by a radical difference going to the very basis of the government itself. Hence the violence of party feeling that has disordered and defaced so much of our past history,

the exasperation proceeding from a difference so irreconcilable, and the absolute impossibility for any one to change his party without incurring the most odious imputations upon his character and motives.

In England it is remarkable that the state of parties, no matter what have been its moments of excitement, has been founded on differences as to the measures and tone of an administration, rather than as to the constitution and nature of the government; and the consequence has been that the comparative limitation of their political questions has always contained a principle of accommodation, and has admitted of a change of parties by public men without infamy or disgrace. The poet-politician Leigh Hunt, who lived to experience the wisdom and benefits of each of the two great political parties of England, has said—and with a deeper philosophy than we have space here to develop—"Every party has a right side and a wrong. The right side of Whiggism, Radicalism, or the love of liberty, is the love of justice, the wish to see fair play to all men, and the advancement of knowledge and competence: the wrong side is the wish to pull down those above us, instead of the desire of raising those who are below. The right side of Toryism is its love of order, and the disposition to reverence and personal attachment: the wrong side is the love of power for power's sake, and the determination to maintain it in the teeth of all that is reasonable and humane."

The inevitable tendency of our late war—and one which the writer thinks has not yet been duly estimated—is to bring the state of parties in this country nearer to what it is in England, and to express our political life on all sides in more moderate and healthful forms. Among the consequences of the war has been the complete removal of the fundamental dogma which formerly made so great and fierce a division in American politics. Now that State Rights has been utterly removed from the arena; now that slavery has perished and a

perpetual Union of the States reaffirmed; now that the status of the negro has been settled, and all visions of the "war of races" are seen to be merely such; now that there can be no contest of parties as to the integrity and nature of the government itself,—it seems natural and necessary that the contest should decline to such questions as concern matters of administration, as distinguished from those which established two distinct and opposite schools in political science—such questions as expenditure, taxes, tariffs, etc., coming after those of secession, slavery and the very integrity of the government itself. The great change which has taken place in the political questions of our country must necessarily produce effects in the spirit of our party life, and effects of the happiest sort, in which it will be quite impossible to return to our old and violent animosities.

This great revolution in the condition of political parties is, the writer firmly believes, steadily manifesting itself in the South, and destined to an important development there. The superficial conflict as it is going on is the crucial question, "Under which king, Bezonian?"—an attempt by inquisitorial newspapers to extort the declaration whether one shall be a Democrat or a Republican. The question is put as a necessary alternative—*nullum est tertium*; and there is enough of plausibility in the statement to induce many to believe that it is an interrogatory that has to be answered, necessarily and unequivocally. But those who insist upon this question are shallow persons, who have wholly failed to perceive the profound change that has taken place in American politics, and who, in the conceit of their inquisitorial office, have not the least conception of the principle of accommodation which has necessarily been introduced into the state of parties since the war, and which is, indeed, one of the greatest results of the political revolution which that war accomplished. As has been already suggested, the state of parties in America is nearly approaching what it has long been in England—

a difference as to measures rather than as to principles; and to such a condition it is quite impossible or inadmissible to apply the stereotyped judgments which belong to our political traditions before the war, when parties were divided, on radical grounds, on questions inhering in the very form of the government itself, and when "Democrat" and "Whig," "Pro-slavery" and "Anti-slavery," were antipodes intelligible to every one.

The proposition of some Southern journals that the South shall refuse to declare openly for either party, Democratic or Republican—that, eschewing Federal politics to attend to her material interests, she shall postpone her adhesion to either national party until the issues of the next Presidential election have necessarily to be answered—does not express fully the true significance of the present political condition of the South. It is a halting expression, conveying something of the true sentiment of this section, so far as it disregards the former obligations of service in distinct, antipodal parties; but it proposes an impossible *status*, and it is simply a taking refuge in the weakness of equivocation. The true and full significance of the political sentiment of the South that dictates these half expressions, these weak expedencies, is that, however the reconstructed States may have to be classified, and inevitably so, in those current and unavoidable divisions of party common to the whole country, yet the old severity with which these party distinctions were formerly regarded is completely gone, and that a spirit of accommodation is to be admitted into our future political life to which we were formerly strangers. This is the real meaning of what is now taking place in our Southern political arena, and what has obtained such feeble interpretations from its press.

In the South of to-day a man who was a Democrat before the war may announce himself, in the changed circumstances of affairs, "a moderate Republican" without risking personal obloquy. And in this simple fact, falling under our

daily observation (in regard to which the writer, however, may say, in parenthesis, he has no personal experience, being a Democrat now, as before the war), there is to be perceived a deep significance—one that involves a more liberal state of parties in our country, and wherein the South is now taking a conspicuous and powerful lead. The history of the present political *status* of the South, which has baffled so many attempts at explanation, and which is a stumbling-block to our ancient politicians, is that she has almost wholly rejected the attempt to fasten upon her the severity of old political distinctions, and that she is giving an example to the whole nation of a higher and more healthful political life, and one of far greater faculty of adaptation, than it has known in the past.

This view leads to reflections which involve the whole politics of America (and that in a sense utterly beyond the narrow interests of partisans), which are essentially historical, and which might be pursued through many pages. But the writer must recognize the obligations of space in this article, satisfied if he has suggested to readers what their own thoughts may seize and improve. In the South he sees causes at work which must powerfully impress the history of our country for the next few years. The surprising ease with which she has accommodated herself to the loss of slavery, the experience of a growing prosperity throughout her borders, have made her best minds suspect the preference which they formerly yielded to old political theories, and have disposed them to take a placable view of the situation, which argues the best results for the future political life of the nation and the complete "victory of peace." The South naturally distrusts the old politicians who had told her that negro emancipation and negro suffrage would be ruin and perdition; she has plucked from her breast the dogma and the passion of State Rights; and she has, among her sober and intelligent population, but little sympathy with the self-constituted leaders who are carrying

through the country the unburied corpse of slavery, or who bear in their hands a defaced and frightful image of "reconstruction," to excite old animosities and to rekindle the expiring embers of party strife. She has the misfortune just now of being badly represented by a weak press, and by factions in which personal ambition and "carpet-bag" jobs furnish the predominant motives. But the diligent, reflecting observer who looks beyond these thin and clamorous representations will find in the South a peace, a quiet, unimpassioned life, satisfied with its present prosperity, done with the old pragmatisms of Federal politics, and keeping the even tenor of its way in the midst of partisan alarms and despite the gongs of personal factions—a life so utterly devoid

of all its old forms and passions, and so disposed to "make the best of things," as to show how deep and healthful has been the change wrought upon the whole body of society. If the ancient and affectionate friendship of the American Union is to be restored; if a truly national spirit, unencumbered by parties, save as they may serve the practical interests of the day, is to be cultivated; if there is to be a solid and enduring reconciliation,—then the war was not fought in vain, and on the fresh grave of negro slavery Southern hands will unite in writing not only the epitaph of resignation, but the triumphant legend of a resurrection in which the whole nation may hope and rejoice—We have had war: now "let us have peace."

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

## CHIT-CHAT FROM ANDALUSIA.

A COUPLE of springs ago, business compelling some friends of mine to cross over into Spain, I gladly accepted the cordial invitation they extended to me to visit with them that "splendid realm of old romance."

Our destination was Utrera, a small town situated between Seville and Xeres, and lying in the midst of those vast plains so often mentioned in the *Conquest of Granada*.

I confess that I was rather disappointed to find how hurriedly we passed through Madrid and Seville, and I longed to be permitted to linger for a little space within their walls; but ours was not entirely a party of pleasure, and a diversion was soon created in my thoughts by our arrival at Utrera, which, from a distance, presented a most Oriental appearance. The houses, many of which are built in the Moorish fashion and dazzlingly white, stand out clearly defined against the deep blue southern sky; the tall tower of Santi-

ago, with little perhaps but its unusual height to recommend it to a stranger's notice, has nevertheless an imposing appearance; and even a palm tree, which, solitary and alone, rears its stately head in the centre of the town, puts in its claim for adding in no small degree to the effect of the whole picture. Notwithstanding, with all the combined advantages of white houses, tall towers, solitary palm trees and romantic situations, I would advise no one who is not a traveler at heart or intent upon his worldly profit to fix his residence in this primitive little Andalusian town.

We first took up our quarters at the posada, with the intention of remaining there during our stay, but were soon obliged to abandon the idea, for, though the best inn in Utrera, it was most uncomfortable, and noisy beyond description.

We began to look about us, therefore, and were soon installed in a small but beautifully clean and cool-looking house

in a street leading out of the plaza, and found no reason to be discontented with our abode. It boasted of a pleasant patio (or inner courtyard) and a wide verandah or gallery, into which our rooms opened. As the days grew warmer (and very warm indeed they grew after a while) this patio was our greatest comfort; for, following the example of our neighbors, we had it covered with an awning, and spent the greater part of the day, seated with our books or work, beside its mimic fountain. But if we gained in material comfort by exchanging the noisy and dirty posada for apartments of our own, we had also drawn down upon ourselves the burden of housekeeping, which we found in Spain to be no sinecure. Some friends who had resided a few months in the town, and acquired a fair knowledge of the language, manners and customs of the natives of Utrera, volunteered to send us a maid, warranted honest and a tolerable proficient in the art of cookery. But she proved a care-full blessing. To give her her due, she possessed one good quality, and we found by experience that it was about the only one she or her sisterhood could boast of: she was very fond of water. The floors of our new house were formed of stone, partially covered by strips of matting which were easily removed; and we soon lived in a perpetual swamp. Antonia was always both ready and willing to "clean up," and never seemed happier than when dashing water in all directions, or brushing away vigorously at the matting with her little short-handled broom.

By the way, I wonder why Spanish women prefer to bend double over their sweeping, instead of adopting our easier method of performing the same operation? In vain did I strive to convince Antonia of the advantages attendant on the use of a broom with a long handle: she only smiled, shook her head and went obstinately on her weary way.

The water for our own consumption was drawn daily from the Moorish aqueduct just outside the town, and brought to us by the aguador, an old

fellow who wore a rusty black velvet turban hat stuck full of cigarettes, besides having one always in his mouth. He would pour the water from his wooden barrels into a large butt which stood in the kitchen, but as we discovered that he (together with all who felt so inclined) dipped his glass, with the fingers that held it, into the reservoir whenever he wished to quench his thirst, we speedily invested in a filter.

We soon found that it was utterly impossible to infuse any ideas of cookery or housework into the head of the fair Antonia. If we showed her how to lay the table-cloth and place the dishes, she eyed us with surprise, bordering on contempt, that ladies should perform such menial offices; and the next day all our instructions were as though they had never been. It was the same with everything, until we decided that it was far less trouble to wait on ourselves, and our life at Utrera resolved itself into a pic-nic without an end.

Nevertheless, when we arose one morning to find that Antonia (wearing perhaps of English suggestions) had quietly walked off and left us to shift entirely for ourselves, we felt inclined to think that we had undervalued her. But she had received her wages on the day before, and we learned afterward that under those circumstances it is a common thing for Spanish servants to quit their places without any warning, and return home for a while to live at their ease on the produce of their labor.

Our next attendant was Pepa, a bright, dark-eyed girl, who always looked so picturesque, with a spray of starry jessamine or scarlet verbena coquettishly placed in her black hair, that it was impossible not to overlook her misdemeanors. She had such an arch way of tossing her head and shaking her long gold earrings that there was no resisting her; and indeed Pepa was but too well aware of the fact herself, and made the best use of her knowledge.

But the dinners were still our *bêtes noires*, and in these, notwithstanding all her prettiness, she could help us little better than her predecessor. The meat



which we procured was simply uneatable, but happily animal food is little needed in those southern climes, and we had plenty of game. Hares, partridges and wild ducks were most abundant; and a woman used constantly to call on us with live quails for sale, which she would despatch by sticking one of their own feathers into their brains.

Of course, everything was more or less spoiled which we entrusted to the tender mercies of our handmaid; but fortunately there were no epicures amongst us, and we generally received the goods the gods provided with contentment if not gratitude, and had many resources to turn to in order to eke out a distasteful meal. The bread was excellent, and we always had an abundance of oranges, chestnuts, melons and pomegranates; so that under the circumstances we were not to be pitied.

But one day, Pepa, disheartened by her repeated failures, begged to be allowed to serve us a Spanish dinner, after tasting which, she affirmed, we should never desire to eat any other; and having received the permission of her mistress, she set to work, and at the usual hour triumphantly placed the national dish of "puchero" upon the table. We gathered round it rather doubtfully, but after the first timid trial pronounced it "not so bad, though rather rich." It seemed to contain a little of everything—beef, lard, garlic, garbanzos (or small, hard beans), lettuce, pepper, potatoes, and I know not what besides; and the mixture had been kept simmering in an earthenware pot for hours. The next dish served by Pepa was "gaspacho," or a Spanish salad, which is mixed quite differently from an English one, and to most tastes not so palatable. And then she placed before us a large dish of rice profusely sprinkled with cinnamon, and various small cakes fried in oil; and Pepa's Spanish dinner (which, by the way, was only a sample, I suppose, of the most ordinary national fare) was concluded.

We were thankful that it had been sufficiently good to enable us to praise

it enough to give her satisfaction, though we were compelled to adopt more than one ruse in order, without hurting her feelings, to escape having the same feast repeated every day.

There are not many "lions" in Utrera, but, such as they are, of course we visited them. The principal one perhaps is in the vaults beneath the Church of Santiago, but we were scarcely prepared for the ghastly spectacle which met our gaze there. It appears that many years ago, while digging for some purpose round the church, the workmen found several bodies, which, owing to some peculiar quality of the soil in which they had been buried, were in a wonderful state of preservation; and by order of the authorities they were placed in upright positions against the walls of the church vaults. The old sacristan, who acted as our cicerone, pointed out the bodies to us with his lighted torch, and directed our attention especially to one, evidently that of a very stout woman, which had still a jacket and skirt clinging to it. Strange to say, the bodies were all clothed, although in most cases it had become difficult to distinguish the garments from the remains, for all seemed to partake of the same hue and texture. It is a humbling sight to look upon the dead after they have turned again to their dust, and with but a semblance of the human frame left clinging to them, as though in mockery of our mortality. We could not bear to see the idlers who had followed our party down into the vaults jeering at the appearance of these poor carcasses, and touching them in a careless and irreverent manner. Had we had our way, they should all have been tenderly consigned again to the bosom of their mother earth, and we experienced a strange sensation of relief as we turned our backs upon them and emerged once more into the open air.

The principal object of a stroll in Utrera is a visit to the Church of Consolation, which stands on the outskirts of the town, at the end of a long walk bordered with lines of olive trees. At intervals along the way benches are



placed, and here on Sundays and feast-days the inhabitants congregate as they come to and from the church. The latter is an interesting edifice, though its architecture is unpretending enough.

Its nave is lofty, and on the white-washed walls hang hundreds of little waxen and silver limbs and effigies, with articles of children's clothing and an endless assortment of plaited tails of hair. These are all offerings made to "Our Lady of Consolation" in fulfillment of vows or as tokens of thanksgiving for recovery from sickness; and however much we who have been taught otherwise may pity the superstition which prompts the bestowal of such gifts, there is something very touching in the idea of these women giving up their most cherished possessions (for every one knows how justly proud the Spanish are of their magnificent hair) as tributes of gratitude to her from whom they believe themselves to have received the favors. Those tiny infants' frocks too, and the baby effigies against the wall, seemed to tell many a tale of mother's love and anxiety—of mothers who are not permitted to believe that He who laid His hands on little children, and rebuked those who would have interposed themselves between Himself and them, is willing at this hour to hear the prayers and grant the desires of His suffering creatures, without the intervention of any human being, however holy or sanctified by connection with Himself.

The walls near the western door of the Church of Consolation are hung with innumerable pictures, each bearing so strong a resemblance to the other, both in style and subject, that they might have been drawn by the same hand. As works of art they are valueless, for even the rules of perspective are ignored in a most comical manner, and with slight variations they all represent the same subject. On one hand is an invalid man, woman or child, as the case may be, and on the other a kneeling figure imploring aid for them of the "Virgin of Consolation," who is also portrayed appearing to the

suppliant and encircled by a golden halo. Beneath the painting is inscribed the name of the patient, the nature of his disease and the date of his recovery, which is attributed to a vow having been made to the mother of God by some member of the sufferer's family.

At the back of the church is a large garden belonging to one of the richest proprietors in the neighborhood of Utrera, and as the mid-day heat became more oppressive it was a favorite haunt of ours during the cool of the evening, when the air was laden with the perfume of orange blossoms and other sweet-smelling flowers. The inhabitants of the garden were permitted to grow wild, but that circumstance only enhanced its beauty. The orange trees were laden with golden fruit, of which we were courteously invited to gather as much as we pleased. But our visits to this charming retreat were necessarily short, for, as in most southern latitudes, there was scarcely any twilight in Utrera, and it always seemed as though the ringing of the Angelus were a signal for the nights immediately to set in. But what glorious nights they were! The dingy oil-lamps in the streets (for gas is an innovation which had not yet found its way there) were little needed, as the sky always seemed to be one bright blaze of beautiful stars.

The cemetery at Utrera is a quiet spot, surrounded by a high white wall and thickly planted with cypress trees, which give it a most solemn and melancholy appearance. They have the custom there (I am not sure it is not prevalent in other parts of Spain) of burying the dead in recesses in the walls, which are built expressly of an immense thickness: the coffins are shoved into these large pigeon-holes, and the opening is closed with a marble slab, which bears the inscription usual in such cases, somewhat after the fashion of open-air catacombs. But little respect seemed to be shown to the dead.

One day I met some children bearing a bier, upon which was stretched the corpse of a little girl clothed in white garments and with a wreath of flowers

placed upon the placid brow. The children, apparently quite unaware of the reverence due to their sacred burden, carelessly laughed and chatted as they bore it along the highway, sometimes sitting down to rest, and then hurrying forward with unseemly haste, as though to make up for lost time. A tall man, wrapped in a huge cloak, and who evidently belonged to the little *cortège*, followed at a distance, but he too performed the duty at his leisure, and seemed to find nothing extraordinary or out of the way in the children's want of decorum.

With the exception of periodical visits to the Church of Consolation before mentioned, the people of Utrera rarely seemed to leave their houses. To walk for the sake of walking is an idea which finds little favor with a Spanish lady, and my friends and myself were looked upon as very strange beings for taking so much exercise and caring to explore the surrounding country.

But to our English taste it was pleasant to stroll up the Cadiz road until we reached a small mound situated thereon, which was belted with shady trees and amply provided with stone seats. This elevation commanded the view of a vast extent of country, with the grand frowning hills of the Sierra Nevada in the far distance, which the gorgeous sunsets always invested with a strange, unearthly beauty. The intense solitude of the scene, too, was not without its own peculiar charm. At intervals the silence would be broken by the approach of a picturesque-looking peasant bestriding a mule, the silvery jangle of whose bells had been heard in the calm atmosphere for some time before he made his personal appearance. These muleteers never failed to interrupt the monotonous chants they are so fond of singing, to wish us a friendly "*Buenas tardes*" ("*Good-evening*") while proceeding on their way, and then we would

listen to the sound of the mule's bells and the low rich voice of his master until both died away in the distance, and the scene resumed its normal condition of undisturbed tranquillity.

We made an expedition once, by the new railroad, to Moron, a very old town perched on an almost perpendicular rock and visible for miles distant. The heat was intense, but we toiled manfully up the steep and execrably-paved street from the station, and, weary and footsore, were thankful to find ourselves within the cool walls of the fine old church. It possesses some valuable *Murillos*—one of which, representing the head of our Blessed Lord, is especially beautiful. The altar-rails, screen and *reredos* are all richly gilt, and the sacristan, taking us into the vestry, unlocked several massively carved chests, which disclosed some valuable plate and precious stones; referring to which, he boasted, with pardonable pride, that Utrera could not produce anything half so handsome. And indeed the inhabitants of Moron may well congratulate themselves on these treasures having escaped the grasp of the French during the war, for the sacristan related to us how everything had been hidden away and miraculously preserved from the hands of the spoiler.

But my *chit-chat* is drawing to a close. It was not without a certain regret that we bade farewell to Utrera, for during the whole of our stay there we had experienced nothing but kindness from all with whom we had come in contact, and the memory of our sojourn in that little, out-of-the-way Andalusian town, if not fraught with brilliant recollections, will, at all events, take its rank with that portion of the past which has been too peaceful to rise up again to trouble us. And it were well if we could say the same for every part of our storm-ridden lives.

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

## I R E N E .

## PART I.

## CHAPTER VII.

EMMA RAIMAN was my first visitor after my return home. Mr. Pennington had returned to his allegiance, and, having made a proper acknowledgment of his fault, had been restored to favor. The wedding-day was fixed at no great interval, and she was too busy to stay long with me. She had scarcely gone when Will Maury entered.

"We have had grand times," he burst out. "The way those two doctors have quarreled! ditto Mr. and Mrs. Charlton; and I'm in for it too. Laura says if Henry will give up all claim to her, she'll marry me."

"Henry! What has he to do with her?"

"Don't know, but if he persists I'll run away with her."

"Suppose I prevent that?"

"Now, Cousin Katherine, you know you never tell tales, and you are determined, I can see, that he sha'n't marry a Charlton: she knows it, too, and says that is why she is so willing to play quits."

"You are disgusting!"

"Oh, nonsense! Come, let me tell you a thing or two."

"Talk of yourself and I'll listen."

"That's what I want to do. You know what a poor devil I am: I have been cheated out of my rights ever since I was born. Went to college, studied the flesh off my bones (almost), but some upstart or other got ahead of me, and the old man sent me adrift, because I came out second best in the classical race."

"Tenth or twelfth, if I remember right."

"Well, you don't remember right, but I don't care if it was the fiftieth. Then, every time I get ahead in my business, there's a smash-up, while I've

only to go to see a girl three times for some imp to step in and pop the question, and I am overboard again. Just so soon as I started to see Laura, Henry, who until then was satisfied with Miss Fannie, had to walk in, and I was about gone when, luckily for me, he leaves town. 'Make hay while the sun shines,' say I, and I went to work. She's a regular tramp, and I'm determined to win her."

"What did you do then, madcap?"

"Well! I remembered to have read somewhere of a fellow who got a girl into a wagon and went flying over roads and stumps like a message on the telegraph wire, and so scared her into marrying him. Acting on the idea, I got a buggy and pair and started out with Miss Laura over the roughest roads in the country. We went like mad, but it didn't scare her the least. At last we came to the top of a hill which I was positively afraid to drive down. 'Give me the ribbons,' she said, and she snatched them before I had time to remonstrate, and drove down straight as an arrow, and so fast that we were three miles from the foot of the hill before I could rein in the horses. I can tell you I felt cheap: I turned and drove home without a word. I found out that wasn't the way to win Miss Laura; so I cursed the fellow that wrote the story, and tried something else. I gave her a hint about a lady whom Henry had gone to see. If jealousy don't rouse a woman, there is no love in the case."

"Did she tell you she would marry you if Henry gave up his claim?"

"Not in so many words, but she implied as much."

"Would you, Will, marry a girl you caught fibbing?"

"About flirting and beaux? Yes, because if I were to put in a proviso on that point, I should never find a bride."

"Look here, boy, go home: I can't stand your disrespect."

"I know what you are hinting at: you don't like Laura, but I do. I know she fobs, for she flirts (it comes to the same thing), but I'll marry her if I can get her. But what I want to know is, will you settle with Henry, or shall I?"

"Do it all yourself, but let me know the result."

Time passed rapidly, and I heard nothing further from Will Maury. I busied myself assisting Emma with her wedding preparations. Fannie Charlton became very sociable, and was often over at my house during the day, where she helped to make cakes and jellies. Laura never came. "Busy making her bridemaid's dress," said the servant when I asked for her on one occasion; and as she was not congenial to me, I didn't care how much she kept out of my sight. Her cold beauty was very captivating, but to me her selfish heart made her very unlovable. Half the men in town were charmed, and she never moved in public without being followed by a throng.

One morning I received a visit from Mr. Charlton. He was elegantly dressed, and rose with much dignity as I entered the parlor:

"Good-morning, madam. I have called—as I should have done long since—for three reasons: first, to pay you the courtesy due you as our nearest neighbor; second, to thank you for your kindness and attention to my family; and lastly, to ask if you would be so good as to relate to me how it happened that there were two physicians to attend my children?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Charlton," I replied, "if I tell you I think it very strange you should ask such an explanation from me."

"Only, madam, because an outsider is better able to give a clear account of what happens in cases of this kind than one so much interested and excited as my wife has been."

I still hesitated, but afterward, when he assured me it would not affect his

conduct toward either of the doctors, I related as nearly as I could remember all that took place during the illness of his children. He listened in silence, never making any comment, and when I finished thanked me and turned the conversation.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

At last the morning dawned of Emma's wedding-day. It was as bright as she could have wished it—a day of wintry splendor. It made us all light-hearted, for we put faith in the old adage, "Blessed is the bride on whom the sun shines." About ten o'clock I was called home by a message from Henry, whom I found in great anxiety on account of a despatch relating to his brother. Decatur was very ill, and Henry had been sent for by the president of the college.

"I cannot go," he said: "I have a case I cannot leave. Will you go?"

"Of course. I will start to-day."

"As it is now nearly ten, you will have to hurry: the train leaves at two. I will come back to take you to the station: I will be here at one o'clock, as I have something particular to tell you; so do get rid of all your young friends by that time."

His communication was what I had long dreaded: he was about to propose to Laura Charlton.

"But," he said, "I should like to have your approbation before taking the final step."

"Then, Henry, I cannot give what you want."

"Why do you dislike her so much?"

I evaded the question. "You certainly cannot believe," I replied, "that I have any but unselfish motives in opposing this match. You are, it is true, more to me than any one else, and I have never sought an alliance for you. At the same time, I have no wish that you should remain single: indeed, I believe you would be happier well married. But there is only one kind of a woman that can be to you a wife and companion: such a woman Laura is

not. Besides, you know nothing of the family or their connections. Promise me at least to await my return."

"And then, if you cannot bring forward any weighty objections, will you give your consent and endeavor to like her?"

"I will not be unreasonable, but in all things sincere."

I started on my journey with a heavy heart. Home looked gloomy: there was but one ray to my fancied troubles: that was the hope of gaining Decatur's love. I feared Henry's marriage was about to separate us.

Decatur was much younger than his brother. As he had been away from home most of his life, I had never had an opportunity of winning his affections. He was a little child when I married, but had shown such an aversion to me as his step-mother that I had persuaded his father to allow him to remain with an aunt who had taken care of him after his mother's death. From her house he went to school, and thence to college, sometimes, though rarely, coming home during vacation. I had always been anxious to give him the opportunity of knowing me better, and I had looked forward to his return after graduating with mingled feelings of hope and doubt.

I reached the college in R—the second night, to find him unconscious and in great danger. He had taken a heavy cold during the holidays, while out hunting. Boy-like, he was heedless, and a severe fever had set in. He had good medical attendance, and I was forced to be patient. I never left him except when compelled by fatigue, but it was many days before he recognized me. At length one morning he looked up brightly, and said, "I'm glad you came: I'll never forget it."

When he became convalescent we went some twenty miles into the pine country, and remained three weeks. He regained his strength rapidly, grew gentle and sociable with me, and when we parted I felt that the intercourse of the last six weeks would not be fruitless of happy results. When I said "Good-

bye" he kissed me voluntarily for the first time, and remarked, "I shall look forward to going home next summer with real pleasure."

I returned home about the middle of March, on a rainy, gloomy day. Henry met me a few stations below our little city, looking pale and haggard. He said he had had a great deal of work during the last court session, which was just over.

In the afternoon I had my usual visitors, notwithstanding the rain continued. Emma looked happy and joyous, and gave me a long account of her wedding and of several parties her friends had given her. At last, about dark, they were all gone, and I had an opportunity to notice how fatigued Henry really appeared, and to ask the cause.

"Mother," he began, "the young ladies have given you descriptions of our old friend's wedding—of the dressing, gayety and show, all of which were fine and in good taste; but it has been left to me to finish the account of that night, and break to you some bad news. Your valued physician, Dr. Cartwright, is no more: he was found murdered in his bed at four o'clock the following morning."

"That is terrible news, but give me some particulars."

"Some one came for him at that hour to attend a patient: it was fortunately a gentleman, who, after ringing the night-bell and not being answered, knocked at the door until he attracted the attention of a watchman, who came up and said he could wake the servant. 'Be quick, if you please,' said the gentleman: 'my child is very ill.' The man went round the house, and very soon the servant opened the hall door on his way up stairs. Two minutes later a terrific shriek was heard, and the gentleman and watchman ran up the steps, reaching the doctor's room about the same time. There stood the servant horror-struck, holding up the bed-curtains and exposing to view the poor old man, ghastly and quite stiff.



"The alarm was given and the house searched, but no trace could be discovered. No knife had been used, nor pistol: some one's strong fingers had clutched the throat and caused suffocation. Many believe it was the doctor's own hands."

"The position of the hands must have settled that point."

"The watchman's evidence was that the hands were doubled up on the chest: the servant, however, thinks that he himself pulled them down from about the face in the first moment of surprise, when he found his master did not answer his call. From the most careful examination no suspicions have been aroused that the parties discovering the murder were in any way implicated."

"The authorities offered a liberal reward for the guilty, and I was employed to examine the evidence against any one that should be suspected. In this work I have been assisted by a Mr. Cardman, an old friend of Dr. Cartwright's, who solicited the trust and was very efficient. I had had no previous acquaintance with him, but he proved to be both a gentleman and a man of sense."

"On returning home quite late one night, I found him waiting for me. He had had a visit from Mr. Charlton, who suggested Dr. Pennant as the probable perpetrator of the crime. I inquired on what Mr. Charlton grounded his suspicions. 'On some conversation, he says, which his daughter overheard. But unless there are other witnesses we need not trouble ourselves about Dr. Pennant. I have been personally acquainted with the Charltons for many years, and know the ladies are useless as legal witnesses.' 'Why?' He told me their secret: it was like a deathblow to me. I shuddered and sank into a chair: I saw in a moment the explanation of their before unaccountable want of feeling. I felt it was a barrier between Laura and myself stronger than iron. It is only at moments like these that we can measure the strength of our feelings, and I was surprised to find how deeply mine had been enlisted. I understood

now your instinctive dislike of her, and was thankful I had given you my promise not to propose until after your return. I have withdrawn from the list of her admirers, and am supposed to have been dismissed. A common greeting is, 'What! let Will Maury cut you out? I'm surprised!'"

"Has Will really engaged himself to her?"

"Yes."

"Could you not have prevented it by telling him this?"

"No: he would listen to nothing—says nothing but her own act can induce him to give her up. But I have another piece of news to relate. Mr. Cardman stands in nearly the same relation to the Charltons as we: his only brother is engaged to Miss Fannie. He hates the thoughts of it, but can do nothing. That was the reason he was so cautious in regard to Dr. Pennant, for fear of their secret becoming known here."

"How did you convince yourselves of Dr. Pennant's innocence?"

"We called on him (of course we were obliged to be very circumspect, for fear our intentions should be discovered). He seemed at first disconcerted by our visit. When we told him that unless he could give an account of every hour of that night he might get into trouble, he complied willingly. It was as good as a farce to hear him, but as you can imagine his foolish gestures and idiotic looks while relating the particulars, I will pass them over. His loquacity is truly wonderful, and, could it be guided by common sense, would make him interesting. He gave a clear history of the night, with good references: he satisfied us both at the time, and if he is playing the knave he certainly acts his part well."

"You feel assured he is innocent?"

"I do; but why do you ask so earnestly, mother? Did anything that passed during those children's illness recur to your mind?"

"Oh no: I was not aware I had spoken very earnestly: indeed, I know nothing."



## CHAPTER IX.

"GOOD-MORNING, Miss Katherine. Do not let me interrupt you. I have come down this cold morning to enjoy a chat with you. I have been so accustomed to gossip over the affairs of our circle with you that it has seemed odd not to do so."

"I am glad to see you, Emma, but acknowledge I have made no effort to keep up our intimacy, for when a woman marries, such things generally end."

"Why?"

"Her husband is her true confidant, and he is jealous of any one who takes his place."

"My case is an exception: Mr. Pennington knows how much you have guided and advised me, and is perfectly willing you should continue to do so. But curiosity has had a share in bringing me here: do tell me if Laura is engaged to Will Maury?"

"I suppose so. Will told me so, and I called on her formally as my future cousin."

"Laura came to see me last evening, and, as Mr. Pennington was out of town, and Louise had not come, according to promise, to be with me last night, I persuaded her to remain. I led her on to speak of her approaching marriage, and finally told her how much I had been surprised when I heard of her choice. 'I surprised myself,' she answered: 'I like two others better.' 'You do?' I said: 'who?' 'Henry Stone and Edgar Rushton.' I hinted that I thought they had both been at her disposal. 'Yes,' she replied, as indifferently as possible, 'but to take Mr. Stone was to take Mrs. Stone too, and I hate her. As for Edgar, he is poor, and I have no admiration for love in a cottage.' 'As to that, Laura, Will is not rich.' 'No, but he is lucky: then mother likes him, and says she will give me immediate possession of my property, which she wouldn't do if I married Edgar.' Now, tell me, Mrs. Stone, did you ever hear of such a girl?"

"Never," I answered; "and I am afraid she will get herself into trouble,

marrying with such views. Why does she hate me?"

"She wouldn't say, and I don't believe she knows herself. I can't tell you half the nonsense she told me, and I would not tell any one else, for endless mischief might come from it. She said Mr. Stone called her his 'stately camellia' and his 'enchanted rose.' Edgar calls her the 'star of destiny,' but to Will she is 'Beauty.'"

"And I suppose he is the Beast? Poor Will! I fear he is to be rudely awakened from his dream of bliss. She ought to marry a man not very sensitive, but upright and commanding, who could keep her in check and exact respect. She will wind Will around her finger, for he adores her, and if she were to say black was white, he'd say so too."

"I declare I'm sorry. Will is such a jovial, light-hearted fellow, I would like to see him do well."

"Yes, Emma, he is merry-making and fun-loving, but merry-making is not the only business of life: he never thinks seriously two minutes at a time: you could not reason with him on any subject. Such dispositions need to meet with a disaster to balance their exuberance of spirits. Such a ballast, I believe, he will find in Laura. I only hope it may not prove too much for him."

Henry and myself spent the evening alone together, forming some plans for the future. He told me he should make arrangements to go to Europe with his brother some time during the following summer.

"To stay the eighteen months he expects to be absent?" I asked.

"Yes, if I go. There is one drawback: what shall I do with Irene? She graduates a year from next June: then she must have a home."

"That is very easily settled. If you are married, she will go to your house: if you are not, she will come here to me, when I must have the pleasure of taking her into society."

"No arrangement could be more

pleasant, and I thank you for proposing it. Do you know I have an idea of making a match for her with Decatur? Then she will be one of us, and I need never marry, having always her here to pet."

"Nonsense! Let them both alone, and never mention such a thing to either."

"Yes—best to let such things take their own way."

"People are kind enough to say I influence you and keep you single."

"I am sorry you ever think twice of such idle remarks. What the wiseacres say never affects me; but, mother, don't you think I got over that last affair of mine very quickly? By the way: I meant to have told you a piece of news. Edgar Rushton was in my office to-day, and asked me if I was at Mrs. Charlton's last night. 'No,' I said: 'why?' 'I went there,' he answered, 'to see Miss Laura, but she refused to see me. Miss Fannie, I know, was in the parlor, but as I came out I am sure I saw two persons on the gallery. One was tall, so I thought it must be you.' 'More probably it was Will Maury, as she is engaged to him.' Edgar laughed: 'So she is to me, and I don't fear him, but I do you.' 'You are mistaken, sir: I have no claims on the lady.' He looked astonished, so I added, 'She is engaged, positively, to my cousin: indeed, will be married in Easter-week; so, my dear fellow, if you fancy her, you had better remove before it is too late.' 'I will not,' he exclaimed, vehemently. 'She has given me every reason to believe I was preferred, and I'll fight before she shall jilt me.' 'Who will you fight? Certainly not the lady, and who else can you blame? Will surely had the same right to contend for the prize which you acknowledge you strove for, and hinted that I did. The least said about such things the better.' 'Don't you mind being jilted?' 'I deny having been.' 'You are not going to say you are engaged to her now?' 'No, and never have been. I would not say so much to any one else, but as your sincere friend, believing you are deeply

interested, I desire to save you further distress. I advise you never to see Laura Charlton again.' 'Be my friend, Mr. Stone, and let me tell you how I stand?' 'Certainly, and anything I can do I will.' 'I first proposed to her the night of our masquerade. This was her answer: "I will not trifle with you, but my hand and heart must be free a while longer, for I am determined to have that proud Henry Stone at my feet." Her great partiality for you soon made me jealous: several times I remonstrated, when her usual answer was—"You are in my confidence: be patient;" and whether I was patient or not, I got no other answer, while she avoided having interviews with me. When you were out of town, and Mr. Maury was driving her out so frequently, I went there one night. She was playing for some friends to dance: I leaned over the piano and asked her to come out on the gallery. She refused. I accused her of flirting with me, while Will was really her favorite. I can't repeat all she said, but she allayed my fears: she hinted she was tired of you, and that as for Will, he was not a person to create jealousy in any one. I left her in perfect faith that her promise to me would be kept; only there was a lingering dread of you.'"

"Why, Henry," I interrupted, "it was strange Edgar Rushton should come to you!"

"Yes, but when he began, I don't think he intended to be so confidential: he was led on by his feelings, and though his communication was not flattering to me, yet I felt sorry for his distress."

"At what conclusion did he arrive?"

"Never to go to the house again, except by invitation, but to attend the wedding by way of showing his indifference."

"She is a great young lady!"

"About the smartest I ever met: she can flirt to perfection. I used to wonder how she could keep straight with so many admirers, but at that time I didn't believe she would tell downright untruths. It seems she does. I must

say, I never knew her to tell one, but then I never went so far as to ask her if she had a heart."

#### CHAPTER X.

EASTER passed away with all its glorious fulfilled promises. But soon our exalted thoughts were drawn earthward, and Laura's wedding-day dawned amidst the showers of April.

At breakfast Will came to us and asked Henry's advice and mine on some points of etiquette and dress. He was nervous, in great haste to get away, and we did not attempt to detain him.

In the afternoon I went over to Mrs. Charlton's. The confusion in every part of the house beggars description. Mrs. Charlton could not see why *she* should be put out of the way, even if there was to be a wedding. Laura was taking it more coolly, surrounded by the contents of two wardrobes (in addition to her new finery) heaped promiscuously on bed, chairs and tables, presenting a most incongruous mass.

After various delays, and with some trouble, we finally got down stairs, and the ceremony, according to the rites of the Church of England, commenced. I looked at Henry and Edgar, who were standing together very near the bride, as the minister said, "If any man can show just cause why these may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak," etc.

Edgar turned pale and bit his lips, while his eyes, like Henry's, never moved from Laura's face; but she was perfectly composed, and looked straight into the face of the clergyman. Neither the solemn charge, nor the steady gaze of the two men at her side (she had glanced up once and knew they were there), nor even Will's nervousness, which was apparent to every one in the room, had the effect of bringing even a blush to her cheek; while around me I heard whispered in admiring tones, "How beautiful!" "What wonderful self-possession!" For my

own part, I turned with disgust from so heartless, so selfish a woman, and did not recover my equanimity until the ceremony was over.

Then Will was himself again, the gayest of the gay—laughing with and bantering all around him. It had come to be understood that he had achieved a victory in obtaining the hand of Miss Charlton, and for once he was a hero.

When I went up to congratulate Laura, I found her rallying Henry (who sat beside her on the sofa) for having kissed her before Will; and I thought it very impertinent of him to tell her he had taken what was his by right.

"It might have been," was her cool reply.

Edgar left the room soon after the ceremony, and was gone some time, but returned and congratulated Will and Laura very gracefully. Afterward I heard him say to Laura, "Do you know, Miss Laura, I came here with the intention of stopping the ceremony?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes: what would you have done?"

"I never expected anything else than that you would prevent the completion of the rites."

Here a roar of laughter overwhelmed him, and he turned away in confusion. I felt sure that such an interruption would not have displeased her, and I was not quite certain she would have had the ceremony continued. Henry, however, would not listen to such suspicions. He had a full conviction that Laura was now in earnest. His comment on her when we reached home that night was—"She is a noble woman, only a trifle too much of a politician."

As for myself, I gave up all idea of ever being able to comprehend my new cousin. During the two weeks she remained at home after the marriage she was devoted to Will, would neither receive nor return visits, could not bear him to be out of her sight; and it may be easily imagined how delighted he was, for her cold manners beforehand had more than once, he now acknowledged, made him doubt whether she loved him as he did her. It was

this that had caused his agitation ; for I now learned that Will could think seriously when he chose, and had not gone through with the ceremony in as careless a frame of mind as steadier people sometimes betray.

But here ends my part of this story. It is no fiction ; the characters and events are real ; and I have but recalled them from the storehouse of memory, leaving the conclusion to be given by another pen.

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TO-DAY.

O H linger, sweet To-day,  
And hasten not away :  
Let kindly eyes still shine,  
The same old friends be mine,  
The joys which, being thine,  
Shall pass with thee away :  
Oh leave them, kind To-day !

Oh hasten, drear To-day !  
Oh hasten fast away ;  
For thou sad tears hast brought,  
And hours with sorrow fraught,  
Fair hopes that came to naught :  
Take, take them all away,  
And linger not, To-day !

O infinite To-day,  
That shalt not pass away !  
Out of the shadowy night  
Into thy heavenly light,  
Under His watchful sight,  
We fain would haste away,  
And call earth Yesterday.

M. H. K.

## THE GEYSERS OF CALIFORNIA.

TO the Geysers, Yosemite and the "Big Trees" are the trio of trips which travelers wish to make, and which all Californians say must be made in order fully to appreciate the wonders which Nature has wrought here. Many more go to the Geysers than to either of the other resorts, because the journey thither is less wearisome and requires less than half the time and money. Three days from San Francisco and return is enough for them, while a week should be given to the Big Trees, and ten days to the Yosemite Valley. They are situated in Sonoma county, about a hundred miles north of San Francisco, and fifty from the shores of the Pacific.

About mid-afternoon of a beautiful July day, 1870, we embarked, at one of the San Francisco piers, on the steamer *New World* for Vallejo, distant about two hours' steaming. The course is north by east through the upper portion of the Bay of San Francisco, thence through San Pablo Bay. There is nothing special to mark the dividing line between the bays, and the stranger would naturally suppose they have the same name. We have said that the day was beautiful: so in California is every day from March to November. The only difference between one and another consists in slight variations in temperature. Even with an overcoat on, it was too chilly for comfort on the exposed portions of the boat; but the overcoat is quickly doffed when we arrive at Vallejo, where the cars are waiting to convey us to Calistoga, the terminus of one of the branches of the California Pacific Railway. The bay at this point is over a mile in width to the shore of Mare Island, where is located the United States Navy-yard. The island seems to form the farther shore, but beyond it is a narrow stretch of tide-water. The island is two miles long, and half a mile in average width, with shores sloping

gently up to a broadly curving ridge in the centre. Around the coasts of the main land are hills with gracefully sweeping slopes and mountain summits jutting sharply skyward. The village lies at the head of the bay, on a plain which inclines just enough to show to advantage the buildings and give good drainage for the streets. The government workshops are on the island opposite the town, while the magazines are farther down, in the coves and nooks of the shore.

The sun was just sinking below the mountain-ridged horizon, and throwing over the scene the most gorgeous coloring, suffusing water, sky, village, hill and peak with tints of more than Italian brilliancy. While we are wishing that we might linger till the whole fades into twilight, the ding-dong of the engine-bell gives warning of the "all aboard." Soon we are passing swiftly along the Napa Valley. The surface is mostly as level as a prairie, dotted here and there with evergreen oaks, standing sometimes alone, more often in clumps of from five to twenty. The fields are everywhere of a pale straw-color, with no emerald in sight save the oak-leaf foliage, which is tinted of the deepest green. This is the hue of field, forest and pasture from early June, when the harvest begins, until the November rains start them into life. The novelty of the contrast is pleasing, but an Eastern eye, accustomed to the living green from April to frost-time, is dissatisfied with the change. Still, Nature has her compensations in California. While New England and the Middle States are robed in snow and ice the Pacific slope wears its most beautiful garments. Then we may call it, justly, the Emerald Shore, for all over the valleys is the greenest verdure and the finest wild flowers, decking vale and hill with the most delicate hues. Roses bloom in San Francisco the year round.

No need of hothouses and conservatories: every garden here can easily outdo them.

The railway passes through several towns and villages. The principal one is Napa City, now having ten or fifteen thousand people. As we near the terminus, the valley grows narrower and the hills more broken, the trees smaller and more scraggy. About nine in the evening we reach Calistoga—termed, by hyperbole, the Saratoga of the Pacific Coast. Sulphur seems to be the predominant element in the springs. There are several baths, of all temperatures, from the hot steam bath to the tepid and the cold. A large swimming tank has been constructed and roofed in. The water is tepid, and leaves the skin as soft and velvety as that of a babe, but the general effect is tonic and invigorating. The hotel is built on one side of a large square, neatly laid out, and on the other sides are ranged the cottages and bathhouses. The hotel itself is a small two-story wooden structure, and the guests are quartered in the various cottages, each family or company by itself. It is an interesting and lovely spot, and, when this western slope counts its millions of population, will undoubtedly rival in exterior appearance the hotels and accompaniments of its prototype in the Empire State.

Early in the morning we are ready for the world-renowned stage-ride to the Geysers. Punctually at seven, Foss, the proprietor of the stage line, and his assistant, Albertson, are at the hotel door. As promptly as a conductor on a leading railway, Foss shouts out his "All aboard!" and is impatient of delay. As the hand passes seven, the hour for starting, away we go, in two large open wagons, each drawn by four strong and spirited horses, who are familiar with every rod of the twenty-eight miles between us and the Geyser Hotel.

The first ten miles pass along a narrow valley dotted occasionally with farmhouses. Thus far the road is nearly level, but now the valley ceases abruptly, and the ascent of the mountains

begins. The horses are changed, and after a few minutes' rest we take a fresh start. The country is wild and broken, no habitations in sight—nothing but Nature as it came from the hand of its Creator. We look ahead in the direction in which the road we are on seems to lead, and endeavor to descry its course, but it is like trying to see through the perspective of a labyrinth. So we content ourselves with snatching occasional glimpses as some ascent, descent or sharp turn brings a portion into view.

The track is just wide enough for a single carriage. In many places, where it has been blasted out of solid rock, there are not six inches of leeway. The hubs of the right-hand wheels revolve close to the perpendicular banks, and the others almost jut out over the edge of the precipices, some of which go down nearly straight from one thousand to three thousand feet. After a ten-mile drive the summit is reached. It offers one of the grandest views of mountain scenery which the globe affords. As far as the eye can see (and the vision sweeps many times farther in this clear atmosphere of the Pacific shore than anywhere east of the Mississippi) mountains succeed mountains, peaks are piled on peaks, gorges, ravines, cañons divide them, serving to throw into shadow the steep slopes as the fleecy clouds go scudding athwart the bluest of heavens. Gazing away for scores of miles, the earth's surface seems nothing but mountains. We wonder where the plains are, the fields waving with grain, the vineclad hills, the orchards, the villages and towns. Apparently we are in an endless region of mountain waste, and doubt if it will be possible to find our way back again to civilization, even with a compass, unless it be by the skill of this daring champion reinsman of the world, Foss. He was born amid the granite hills of New Hampshire, and there doubtless imbibed some of the spirit which led him, nine years ago, to open up this wild yet charming route to the Boiling Springs. How delicious to linger on this summit!



The breezes, tempering to an agreeable point the fierce rays of the sun, sweep not too roughly, clear and bracing over these topmost heights. It is a mountain paradise. How we long to tarry here for days, and get new strength and fresher inspiration from this wellnigh aerial spot!

As the stages wound their way up the steeps we met a carriage coming in the opposite direction. At first the thought came that one or the other must back to some spot where the way broadened, that we might pass each other. But, by unusual good luck, we chanced to be in a portion of the road where we could see ahead several rods, and between the approaching vehicles the track widened out a little, pieces of blasted rock and earth having lodged on a portion of the bank. By all of one party alighting, and the carriage being drawn out to the very verge of the precipice and kept in place by several strong arms, skillful driving managed to get us by safely. As there is only one line of stages running over this route, and private carriages very rarely travel it, little difficulty is experienced in meeting and passing.

After lingering a while on the top of the mountain ridge, the eight-mile descent down the other side begins. The horses snuff the air and prick up their ears, preparing for the downward course. Evidently they are glad they are up, and relish the prospect of going down, as easier and more exciting. The driver cracks his long whip forward over the leaders, and, familiar with the signal, away they prance, and are soon in a ten-mile gait. In the whole eight miles there is not a single quarter which is straight. The road winds constantly, turning and meandering the entire distance. Sometimes there are short, sharp, elbow-like turns, almost in ox-bow form. Except at places widely separated, the track is of uniform width, leaving only about six inches between the line where the outer wheels roll along and the edge of the declivities, which shoot down one thousand, two thousand, even three thousand, feet to

the bottom, where the boiling, tumbling brooks course along over their rocky, shrub-bordered beds. The sides are rough with projecting rocks and scrubby trees, mostly oaks and madrones. A tripping horse, a sudden lurch of the vehicles to the outer side or a broken axle would, in all human probability, throw the load into the abysses. And yet, during nine years' driving, no harm has ever come to any one. The utmost care is used in keeping wagons and harness in excellent order. If one can control his nerves, keep cool and enjoy the majestic scenery, the sure and nimble movements of the trained horses, the perilous points and the skill and daring of the driver, there is not a pleasanter ride on the continent. As the leaders pass the ox-bow turns, they seem to be plunging head-foremost against the thither bank, but as their noses almost touch it they spring quickly and with certain bound to the centre: round come the wheel-horses in fine style, and the carriage follows as smoothly and easily as on the best race-track. The driver's face occasionally wears a conquering smile, and he says, with a slight impatience at our timidity, and an assuring tone and manner, "Perfectly safe—driven here nine years, and no accident has happened. I guess *you* will get there all right."

In less than an hour the Geyser Hotel appears. About a mile off we could distinctly hear the whistle from one of the geysers. It sounded in tone very much like an engine-whistle, but softer and more melodious. So clear and mellow were the first faint sounds that they resembled long-drawn strains from a bugle. The effect was pleasing as this weird music of Nature came floating up through the deep cañons and over the steep, craggy mountain sides.

We arrived at the Geyser Hotel about mid-day, and after the appetizing drive its *cuisine* was the great object of interest as soon as a general look at the surrounding country had gratified the first longings of curiosity. Dear reader, please not forget that this is the only

human habitation we have seen in the last twenty miles; that it is situated in a remote and lonely mountain district, where agriculture is an impossible calling; that all the provisions consumed under its roof must be brought twenty-eight miles, by expensive teams, over the highway we have just given you a glimpse of. Hence, we ought not to expect too much, nor very low prices. Yet, notwithstanding all the difficulties besetting its management, we gladly say, in justice, that its proprietor—a genial German—knows how to “keep a hotel.” There are many more pretentious inns in our cities where the guests fare no better than at this resort on the oak-shaded bank of Pluton Cañon.

Usually, visitors go out to examine the springs in the early morning. This is by far the best time to stroll through the cañons and over the bluffs, as far as comfort is concerned. But mid-day, when the sun pours his rays straight into the bottom of the cañon, is the most favorable time to examine the formation of the ground, the size of the springs and their character, because then the sun’s heat dissipates almost entirely the steam into thin air, so that a clear, unobstructed view is obtained of everything. In the morning, till as late as eight o’clock, the steam nearly fills the entire cañon, hanging in a dense cloud between the banks, similar to the rolling clouds that mark the course of a locomotive in cool weather.

So we concluded to investigate immediately after lunch, about one in the afternoon. In our company was one of the most eminent chemists and geologists in the country. Ere we step into the Geyser Cañon, gaze with us, kind reader, from the verandah of the inn out over the near-by country, that you may the more clearly see the configuration of the surface, and understand the general appearance and situation. Pluton Cañon runs at right angles to the Geyser Cañon, and is much longer. It sustains the same relation to it that a main stream does to a tributary—the Mississippi to the Missouri. Our standing-place is as though we were on one

side of a principal street, and were looking up another that entered it at right angles, as we look from the verandah up through the ravine where a large proportion of the springs are. To the right and left stretches the cañon named after Pluto, the mythological ruler of the infernal regions. Were it possible to convey to the reader the brimstone odor which exists here, he would agree with us that the name is both pertinent and *pungent* in its application. In many cases the sides are precipitous—as straight as the wall of a building. We take the path leading to the Geyser Cañon, which winds down, in very circuitous directions, Pluton’s banks to the base, then cross the brook, in whose waters are swimming numerous mountain trout, and soon are at the entrance where the springs begin.

The Geyser Cañon is half a mile long, the bottom from one to two rods in width, and the banks shoot up fourteen hundred feet at an angle of forty-five degrees. Their surface in most places is whitish, covered with the residuum of extinct geysers (composed of almost every substance known in chemistry), which has been bleached by the suns and rains of scores of summers and winters. Here and there, at wide intervals, are small jets of steam from springs which are yet bubbling and hissing. Large spots are completely honeycombed with these faintly-working relics of a once thickly-boiling section. As we walk over them the ground occasionally gives way beneath our tread, and we sink shoe-deep into the chemical deposits.

The first spring we meet going up the ravine is the “Alum and Iron Spring,” which has a temperature of ninety-seven degrees. Incrustations of iron form around it in a single night. A few feet farther on is the “Medicated Geyser Bath,” having a temperature a few degrees less. It contains Epsom salts, magnesia, sulphur, iron and other minerals, forming a highly medicated compound. Epsom salts crystallize in beautiful formations near it, and are found two inches in length. Next is the “Boil-

ing Alum and Sulphur Spring," with a temperature of over a hundred and fifty degrees. Close by is the "Black Sulphur," which has about the same degree of heat. Beyond these are the "Epsom Salts Spring" and the "Boiling Black Sulphur," which boil, bubble and roar constantly. The largest of all is the "Witches' Caldron," whose diameter exceeds seven feet, and is tossing continually with ebullition. When we saw it the water was thrown up four or five inches, but we are assured that sometimes it is thrown up two feet. The temperature is one hundred and ninety-five degrees. It is large enough to boil an ox, and the bottom is of an unknown depth. Large volumes of steam rise from it, as visible as the puffs from the smokestack of a locomotive. Twelve feet away is the "Intermittent Scalding Spring," which sends forth jets of water of a temperature of one hundred and seventy-five degrees. They sometimes rise to a height of fifteen feet, but the pressure varies at different times. It is the same with nearly all the springs, and what is seen by one may be very different from what is seen by another. At no time, however, do the jets cease entirely: As the degree of pressure and the height to which the water is thrown vary, so does the sound. There are periods when it is heard at a considerable distance, and again the ear must be near by to distinguish it.

The most wonderful and interesting of all the springs is the "Steamboat Geyser," the play of which resembles exactly the "blowing off steam" in a high-pressure steamboat. A little beyond this singular spring the cañon divides or forks, smaller ones branching off to the right and left. Just at the fork a bold, lofty bluff rises up, which is surmounted by a tapering rock named "The Pulpit." From the peak a white flag was flying, indicating, I suppose, that Nature had lost her hope of making a successful defence, and was willing to treat for a surrender, though she still kept her batteries in operation. From the Pulpit a full, fine view is obtained of the entire cañon and the im-

mediate surroundings. Besides the springs we have named, which are the largest and most valuable for medicinal purposes, there are numerous smaller ones, numbering, all counted, about a hundred. Among them is the "Devil's Inkstand," a small spring, whose product is as black as ink, and serves very well as a substitute for that article. Some accounts of the Geysers have been written with it, but my sample is so small that I prefer to keep it as a curiosity and a memento of the place. Probably several gallons a day could be obtained which now run to waste, mingling with the products of all the springs as they flow into the small stream coursing along the centre of the Geyser Cañon. It would require a close analysis to resolve all the elements composing this medicated brooklet. If the contents of an apothecary-shop were mingled in a single tub, the compound would not be unlike this composite current.

Passing up the bank which forms the upper right-hand end of the cañon, and taking position on a knoll, we get the best view of the larger springs and their operation. About two hundred feet below us is the Witches' Caldron, black as ink, tossing and steaming: farther down are the minor ones sending up into the scorching sunlight their gossamer vapors. We hear distinctly the Steamboat Geyser. It seems as if we were on the brink of Tartarus itself, while all around, on the sides and summits, excepting in the spots covered with the chemicals from extinct geysers, are wild oats growing abundantly, beautiful flowers, and widespreading oaks, under whose deep green shade grows luxuriantly a peculiar mountain grass. All this vegetation borders closely on the most barren of all wastes.

From this resting-place we pass over the "Mountain of Fire," a section filled with scores of orifices, and encrusted with alum, magnesia, tartaric acid, Epsom salts, ammonia, nitre, iron, sulphur, etc. Then comes the "Alkali Lake," followed by other springs of boiling water impregnated with numberless

chemicals. One is a white sulphur spring, the water of which is of an amber purity. Another is the "Boiling Eye-water Spring," which has effected remarkable cures of weak and inflamed eyes. One of the guides, a very intelligent German, has put up ten different specimens of the most interesting and valuable chemicals and spring waters in small vials, for the convenience of visitors, that they may have in compact and portable form apt tokens of remembrance of one of earth's marvels. Near the hotel, in Pluton Cañon, is the "Acid Spring." Its water is used with much efficacy in the treatment of cutaneous diseases, some of the most obstinate cases having been cured very rapidly. Sweetened with sugar, it makes a palatable lemonade. About a mile and a half from the inn is the "Indian Spring," so called because the Indians for many years carried their sick there to be healed. It is a chalybeate, the water being of inky blackness. In the summer of 1869, Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, after using its waters internally very freely and bathing daily in them, was completely cured of an obstinate rheumatism. Steam or vapor baths have been constructed by building sheds over the springs, so as to imprison the steam long enough to be used for sanitary and pleasure purposes. The principal one is in the bottom of Pluton Cañon, near the fresh-water brook, so that after the warm douche and the vapor bath the bather goes a few steps and finds a plunge bath of the most sparkling mountain water, in an artificial reservoir so arranged that the contents are constantly renewed. Here he can splash in company with the trout, and when dressed can go outside, take a ten-foot pole, catch one, and, without changing his standing-place, swing his pole around in the opposite direction and cook his dangling victim.

If bathing, and minerals used both internally and externally, can bring flesh and strength to the emaciated and weakened frame, this surely seems the best place on the face of the globe to accomplish it. In this lonely and vast

solitude, where man will *never* densely, or even sparsely, inhabit, save for health and recreation, are the medicinal and curative properties of Saratoga, Baden-Baden and Aix-la-Chapelle combined. Nature has made it next to impossible for man to build large towns and populous cities in this vicinity: they must be located, if at all, twenty miles away. No hot and dusty streets, no stifling alleys, will ever mar the beauties and advantages of this wild, weird, lovely and enchanting spot. This was reserved in the deed by the Creator to the human race as for evermore an easement, a *common*, for the sick and weary of the human family—those who love creation as it comes from the hand of the great Artificer. Through the limitless ages the pure, uncontaminated breezes of heaven, just as they come from the fleecy clouds that float around or from the clear ether above, will blow over these peaks.

Every one is beginning to philosophize and speculate as to the causes of these phenomena. Are these springs the external indications of slumbering volcanoes far beneath the surface, or are they the results of chemical action? The latter theory has certain plausible indications in its favor, but they will not bear examination. The mixing of certain substances will produce results resembling the appearances here, but there is not power enough in the combination to keep that Witches' Caldron boiling at a temperature sufficient to cook an egg; to throw up the jets of the Intermittent Spring fifteen feet; to keep the Steamboat Geyser blowing off steam the year round; to keep the Calliope playing its flute-like whistle without cessation. There must be a force behind, beneath, and greater than that of chemical compounds; and that force is, from the best scientific and most reasonable and consistent data, volcanic. This is the power behind the throne. The source of the intense heat must be the ever-burning fires of volcanoes beneath the Pacific Ocean, which, heating the water of internal streams and springs, produce an evapo-

ration that acts on chemical deposits between them and the earth's surface, and causes the emission of the magnesia and alum-water, the eye-water and the ink, the sulphur fumes and the hissing music.

Besides the springs, the general configuration of the country, the sky-piercing summits, the abyss-like gorges, the gold and silver deposits, the vast beds of asphaltum, and the occasional earthquakes which at present rock every part of the Pacific Coast,—all tend to produce a conviction that the volcanic theory is correct—the only tenable one in the light of facts and of the deductions of science.

A few days before our journey a petrified forest was discovered about five miles distant from the Calistoga Springs Hotel. The trees are numerous, and

cover several square miles of territory. They are all prostrate and converted into solid stone. Some portions are perfectly crystallized, so as to be nearly transparent, and sections of the bark sparkle with specks of the crystal that glisten and gleam like the diamond. Many of the trunks are on the surface, showing by this, and the perpendicular fractures of the entire body in numerous places, that they must have been changed to rock ere they fell. The most probable and consistent theory is, that the roots, when the trees attained a certain growth, penetrated a stratum largely composed of silica, the petrifying element, and then absorbed it, gradually drawing it up with the sap until it penetrated all the pores and fibres and wrought this complete transformation.

J. F. MANNING.

## CACOETHES SCRIBENDI;

### AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MISS LUCIA LAMMERMOOR was a rather nice girl, who lived in a little village in the depths of Vermont called Topknot. There was nothing in the early part of her career leading her friends to suppose she would ever be otherwise than all that was estimable and proper to the end of her days. It is true, one thing was seriously against her at the outset. She was the oldest child, the first grandchild, and hence very remarkable as an infant. It was universally conceded—at least by all her grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, and the more polite of the neighbors—that so precocious, so wonderful a child was never seen. Her parents endeavored to bear themselves meekly before an envious world, but it was a struggle. At the age of four months she pointed at the fire! When only ten months and two weeks old

she distinctly said "Da-da" and "Goo-goo!" She stood alone when Mrs. Briggs' Tommy next door, two weeks older, was still ignominiously creeping. We spare the reader many equally wonderful testimonies to her early prowess which might be recounted, being all perfectly fresh in Mrs. Lammermoor's mind to this day.

Never did poor child have fairer prospects of being spoiled than Lucia. But the speedy arrival on this mundane sphere of Willie Lammermoor, followed in due time by that of Susan, Mary, Toppy and Poppy the twins, and James Adolphus, served to consign her to a wholesome state of partial neglect and let-aloneness.

After having exhausted the resources of the Topknot district school and academy, she was sent for the finishing, ornamental touches to a boarding-school



in Montpelier, whence, after undergoing the regular course in manners and morals, French and music, she was launched on an admiring world, warranted to "elevate and adorn any circle to which Providence in its wisdom should call her," as per accompanying certificate tied with blue ribbon.

For a while her life was as harmless—and, to tell the truth, useless—as could have been desired. She made tatting and tidies, loaded her friends with gratitude and embroidered pin-cushions, waged the battles of her younger sisters against Will, the common enemy, corresponded vigorously with ten of her most intimate boarding-school friends—was, in brief, quite a model nineteenth-century young lady. All might have been well, but for one of those crises in the money market which now and then literally try men's souls. Money suddenly grew very tight. Banks and business-men hauled in all extra canvas and lay-to, prepared for squalls. Cashiers frowned on even the best paper. Flocks of "lame ducks," like seagulls in a storm, were flying madly around, offering the wildest kind of per cent. in vain. Cottons went down, down, and with them Mr. Lammermoor's funds and spirits. The strictest economy was enjoined on his family. One day this edict fell like a thunderbolt on their devoted heads: "No new bonnets this year, girls."

The girls stared at him aghast. Then, in chorus: "You can't be serious, father: you're joking now—aren't you?"

"I wish I were," grimly responded Mr. Lammermoor, usually the most easily wheedled of fathers where his three daughters were concerned. "Why, I see in to-day's *Tribune* that Overall, Sheeting and Co. have just failed for half a million, and cottons are quoted 'Unsteady, with strong downward tendency.' New bonnets, indeed! We may be thankful if we manage to keep out of the poorhouse!" and Mr. Lammermoor stalked gloomily off to put his factory running on half time.

"Oh, Lucia, what *shall* we do?" quoth Sue in accents of despair.

"Like the First Witch in Macbeth, 'I'll do, and I'll do, and I'll do;' only I'm not quite certain what, yet!" replied Lucia.

"Perhaps our old ones may be made respectable?" suggested Sue.

"Respectable!" said Lucia, with infinite scorn. "I've no taste for being merely respectable. The bonnet makes the woman, or at least her looks, which is the same thing."

Here Will entered from the post-office with the last number of the *Wind-boro' Family Chronicle*. The girls fell on it at once, hoping for light from its New York correspondent, whose high-toned dicta on the fashions were regarded as indisputable. Skimming rapidly down the dissertations of this authority, their eyes fell on this blasting paragraph:

"Bonnets will be worn much larger the coming winter. While the crowns are entirely different in shape from those of last season, and the capes much deeper, the distinguishing and most *recherché* feature of the latest importations from Paris is the front, which is worn very high and projecting over the forehead, imparting a truly *distingué* air to the fair wearer."

A solemn silence followed this destruction of their last hope, broken by Lucia. "Girls, mark me!" said she in tragic accents befitting the occasion. "For the present, I adopt as my aim in life the old man's advice to his son: 'Git money—honestly, if you can—but, anyhow, git money.'"

It has been suggested that the often-quoted passage from St. Paul should read, "The want of money is the root of all evil." Certain it is, an empty purse was the sole cause of our heroine's misdoing. "Be good and you will be happy," has become an axiom. "Be rich and you will be good," might almost be another.

"Gold doth lure,  
Gold doth secure  
All things. Alas the poor!"

Three ways of earning money are open to women who lack strength or inclination for housework—viz.: teach-



ing, sewing, writing. The last seemed the most feasible to Lucia. Her head was slightly turned with certain marvelous stories in circulation of the immense pecuniary successes achieved in this line. She thought of Fanny Burney and her *Evelina*, of Miss Phelps and *Gates Ajar*, of Mrs. Stowe and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Why should not she also go where glory waited her? Why longer be a mute, inglorious Milton? She remembered that at school she was supposed to excel in "compos.", as the girls dubbed them. Did she not, by the pathos of her last great valedictory effort, bring out the handkerchiefs of all the girls and an audible sniff from one of the audience? The die was cast. She too would become an authoress, and earn, if not fame, at least money and a new bonnet.

To work she went, with a touching ignorance of any possible disagreeable consequences that should have disarmed all cavaliers. At first, she tried the high and mighty style. She shed much ink, and some real tears, over a tale of tragedy and trap-doors, called "Beauty and Booty; or, The Brigand's Bride." As the scene was laid in Italy, and her whole life had been spent in Topknot, Vermont, where brigands are by no means so plenty as blackberries, the result was not, even to her partial mind, a success. Finally, this great effort was abandoned, and she decided to perpetrate a sketch of Yankee life and character, called "Our Donation Party."

And now McGregor's foot was on his native heath. All went on charmingly. As every one, no matter of what age, sex or position, enjoys a love-story, a thread of this essential ingredient was carefully worked in. Red-haired heroes not being so common as the other well-known varieties, her hero had red hair. Tall, of course: heroes must be tall. To make a proper contrast the heroine was endowed with black eyes. All the characters expressed themselves in that Yankee vernacular—ha-ow, wa'al, dun'no, guess so, etc.—so universally spoken throughout New England, as witness the Biglow Papers, Josh Bil-

lings, Widow Bedott, the traditional stage Yankee and popular opinion generally—outside of New England. Long before her story was finished she arrived at the conclusion that money is not to be earned, even by writing stories, without some hard work. But all things come to an end, and so finally did Lucia's story, and it was furtively dropped into the post-office, addressed to her favorite magazine, *The Tin Trumpet*.

After two days had passed she visited the post-office daily, and made her father's and Will's lives burdens to them by her persistent determination that they *must* have a letter for her concealed in some forgotten pocket. One day, after she had lapsed into utter despair, the postmaster surprised her by handing out a letter, which Lucia felt instinctively was no common letter—was, in short, *the* letter on which hung her fate and her new bonnet. She blushed guiltily beneath the postmaster's eyes: she wondered if he mistrusted. Young people always fancy the world at large feels the same vivid interest in their affairs which they themselves do. Only by hard experiences do they learn at last the insignificance of any one person in this world of ours. As for the postmaster, who handled daily letters that meant success or failure, joy or despair, sin or salvation, life or death to some one, Lucia's little hopes and fears were of the smallest moment to him.

She hurried home, regarding the fateful missive with a queer countenance, expressive of the most mingled emotions. Once safely in a side street, curiosity triumphed over apprehension, and she tore it open, thinking, "Of course it's rejected, and I may as well get over the worst before I reach home." But what was this? Could she credit the evidence of her own eyes? Certainly this was a check, for the incredible sum of twenty-five dollars!

She walked home on air, with a beaming face that seemed to diffuse several square feet of happiness around her into the "circumambient air." She

burst wildly into the house, joyfully proclaimed the great news, and then gave vent to the exuberance of her feelings by whirling Sue with her in a waltz of triumph around the sitting-room, to the accompaniment of loud wails from James Adolphus, too young to appreciate the glory that had befallen the family. This money seemed to Lucia rather too remarkable to be expended like common greenbacks. She overcame her reluctance, however, so far as to procure for the exterior of the head whose interior had furnished the wherewithal, one of the pokiest of those poke bonnets in which the heart of woman rejoiced only a few years ago.

And here, one would suppose, the story might end. Alas! this was but the beginning. Lucia was to learn that everything has its price. Success can be achieved in any pursuit if you are willing to pay the price. The sorrows of rejected authors have long formed a favorite theme of story-writers. No one thinks of the accepted's trials, all the harder because his lot is popularly supposed to be one of unmingled felicity. Take even the mildest form of success, that of Lucia's, for instance. In the first place, there was the long waiting for the article to appear. When, finally, it did appear, she was exceedingly ashamed of it, it read so differently in print. She assured her mother confidentially: "It is the last story I ever should have read if written by any one else. How could I be guilty of such namby-pambyism? However, there's one comfort—no one knows it is mine."

Alas for the vanity of human hopes! Somehow it had leaked out in Topknot that Lucia Lammernoor had written a story for the *Trumpet*, to appear in the March number. All Topknot was at once on the *qui vive*, and an immense number of *Trumpets* for March was sold. The other short stories in this number being a seafaring tale and a thrilling episode in high life at Saratoga, "Our Donation Party" was easily identified as the fatal article.

It became at once the sensation of the day in Topknot. Lucia could not

call anywhere without seeing the *Trumpet's* green cover peering out from under a newspaper. People who usually did not condescend to read stories read this, even sarcastic Dr. Paine and the Rev. Mr. Graves, Lucia's minister. Lucia writhed in spirit as she pictured to herself these venerable men sitting solemnly down, deliberately donning their spectacles and gravely bringing their great minds to bear on her poor little nonsense. Then every one was determined she should "mean some one" by her characters. All in vain were her assurances that these were mere puppets of her imagination, pieces of mechanical work made to suit the market. Topknot was not to be hoodwinked by any such easily-seen-through evasion. Had there not once been a tall, red-haired young man attentive to Lucia, and were not her eyes black? How very improper to describe her own charms so fluently! At least six persons in Topknot were convinced they were "shown up" in "Our Donation Party," and accordingly treated Lucia "civilly" for ever after. And then the grammar the Topknotians considered themselves as represented to use was deeply resented. Lucia was regarded as a highly dangerous character, who might break out any day in a new spot.

In short, as Topknot was a small country town, where not more than three events happened in a year—as, moreover, differing herein from most New England villages, it had never experienced a live authoress in its midst before—Lucia found she had, with the most harmless intentions imaginable, succeeded in raising a very respectable tempest in a teapot. There is nothing like your good intentions for raising a thorough breeze.

Anna Sweet gave a little evening-party to exhibit her "perfectly splendid" young gentleman cousin from New York, of which fascinating being the Topknot girls had often heard glowing accounts, but for a sight of whom they had hitherto pined in vain. Early in the evening, Lucia had the pleasure of catching the following fragment of a

dialogue in one of those sudden lulls that leave the unwary talking confidentially in a shout.

*Miss Sweet*: "Introduce you? She writes for the *Trumpet*!"

*P. S. Y. G. C.*: "No, thank you. I've a horror of blues."

And the guest of the evening betook himself and his moustaches over to Celestia Smiler, whereat Lucia tasted the sweets of revenge, knowing but too well how Celestia would respond, "Yeth. No. I gueth tho," and nothing else, to his most brilliant efforts, when the deluded mortal might have been entertained, as she could not secretly help knowing he would have been, by one of her own funniest, brightest talks.

Lucia was seized with a sudden compassion for the wall-flowers, on whom, with the usual selfishness of prosperity, she had not ordinarily bestowed many thoughts. In a certain hopeless corner were five amiable girls trying to smile and act as if, in the language of the immortal Toots, it was of "no consequence." Lucia joined them. Virtue is, indeed, its own reward. They immediately selected the "Donation Party" as the topic most agreeable to Lucia, little knowing how thoroughly sick she was of the very name of the thing.

Lilly Lambkin said, "Tee, he, he! I'm really afraid of you, Lucia. Positively, I expect to see every word I say in some of your stories."

And again: "Is Sarah Sharp really yourself? Every one says so."

As the shipwrecked mariner is not usually over-particular about the barque that rescues him from his desert island just as he has eaten his last shoe, so Lucia now hailed with joy the advent of an individual not ordinarily as welcome as flowers in May. This was Mr. Webster Bolus, an exceedingly profound—not to say heavy—young man, studying medicine with Dr. Paine; a youth so weighed down with a sense of the importance of the science of medicine, and himself as a disciple of that science, that he never descended to those trivialities in which common minds delight.

He never unbent—was improving to the last. Born in Boston, he trembled not even before a woman who wrote. On the contrary, he evidently regarded Lucia as a kindred spirit, and attached himself to her for the rest of the evening, entertaining her with well-worn platitudes on woman's rights, the conservation and correlation of forces, Confucius, the subjective Me, and other light topics suitable to evening-parties.

Lucia cast agonizing glances of appeal at Tom Briggs. Why didn't he come to her rescue? Did he not know how she detested Bolus?

But Tom, usually Lucia's specialty, was, for some unaccountable reason, obstinately blind to all hints—in fact, decidedly shy of her—and at the close of the evening actually went home with Celestia Smiler, leaving Lucia to the tender mercies of Bolus.

Lucia went to bed a miserable being, feeling that she should soon be able to depict a broken heart, with full particulars, from her own experience. "Un-easy lies the head that wears a crown," even if it be only imitation laurel. Lucia said to Sue the next morning, "You didn't lose much by your cold. It was, without exception, the stupidest party I ever attended."

Odd how people's opinions differ! For instance, Miss Smiler's verdict on this same party was exactly the reverse of Lucia's—nothing short of "Thplen-did!" in fact.

The very last of the winter—to be exact, the third week in March, when winter begins to show some signs of yielding, even in Vermont—the event of the season occurred in the shape of a grand sleigh-ride. All Lucia's set went. She did not, because she scorned going with Bolus, and no one else invited her. From behind the parlor blind her feelings were still further harrowed by seeing Tom Briggs dash by with Celestia Smiler, who wore a provokingly becoming new hood, and whom—such is the strength of human nature, even in authoresses—she instantly hated.

A long standing neighborhood-and-school-day flirtation had been waxing,

of late, into something suspiciously more tender, when Lucia's story, like a bombshell, burst in on Topknot, shaking that quiet village to its centre, and rudely dissipating Love's young dream. Tom's ideas of literary women were the usual vague but damaging ones of inky fingers, untidy hair, neglected families and henpecked husbands. Besides, supposing he so far forgot himself as, for instance, to tenderly press Lucia's hand, how did he know it might not all figure in her next story? "They" said she went deliberately around experiencing things as so much raw material for stories, even the calamities of her best friends being not wholly unwelcome from this point of view.

In short, he was rather afraid of Lucia, and took refuge in Celestia Smiler's society as a sort of antidote. Celestia might be dull, but she was at least perfectly safe. One might be quite sure she would never, under any possible combination of circumstances, do anything out of the commonplace. She would never give way to impulses, because she never had any. Because her temperament was of this dull, lethargic order, leading her to talk little but smile a great deal, displaying thereby some not unpleasant dimples, Tom, with the fine discrimination of his sex, pronounced her "a womanly woman: nothing strong-minded and unfeminine about *her*." Which dictum having been uttered one evening in Mr. Briggs' store, where a group of young men were amusing themselves by discussing the girls with their cigars, Will brought it home as something likely to interest Lucia.

"That's all young men know about women," said Lucia. "We girls all know that Celestia lies in bed till noon, that her room generally looks as if there had been a small hurricane in it, and her stockings always have holes in the heels. I wish you could see some of her sewing. But of course we cannot speak of these things. It would be considered all our jealousy."

"And not far from right, I imagine: hey, Lu?" said this aggravating Will,

who, being a man and a brother, could not resist teasing his sister a little now and then.

"I don't understand your allusion in the least. I'm sure Celestia Smiler is nothing to me—or Tom Briggs, either, for that matter."

With which highly veracious and logical remark, and, as the novelists say, a "haughty mien," Lucia swept out of the room in a high tragedy manner not unworthy of Mrs. Siddons' best days, injuring the effect somewhat, perhaps, by the slight bang of the door in which her wounded feelings found vent.

There was nothing remarkable about Tom Briggs. He was eminently one of those fish of whom there are plenty more, equally desirable, still swimming in the sea. But hearts are such queer, contrary, perverse pieces of property! They never feel as they ought to. Here was Lucia's blindly fastened on this undeserving Thomas. Other men might be as virtuous and agreeable, but she would have none of them. He was practically, for her, the only man the sun shone on, or, as Mrs. Browning puts it,

"All other men were to her but as shadows."

She might have fame, wealth, everything the world could offer, and still be unsatisfied so long as this one Mordecai of a denied and wasted love sat in the gateway of her life.

Authors and authoresses are very much like the rest of the world, after all. They can no more "feed upon the empty wind" than other people. If you tickle them, they laugh; if you poison them, they die; they are fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, warmed by the same summer and cooled by the same winter, that other Christians are. Their fame, the world's applause or blame, is all something extrinsic, outside of their real life. In the privacy of their homes, in the secrecy of their own souls, they must still share all human weaknesses, feel all human wants.

Things drifted along without much change until summer—Lucia still writ-

ing for the magazines, miserable in private, defiantly gay in public; Tom flirting spasmodically with Celestia, but subject to relapses, during which he drove past Mr. Lammermoor's door altogether an unnecessary number of times in a day, and might have been detected in church gazing pensively across at the crown of a certain poke bonnet gracing the Lammermoor pew—when finally a pink lawn dress brought matters to a crisis. On such slight threads are the Fates pleased to hang mortal destinies.

Young ladies with black eyes look well in pink lawn. Lucia did—uncommonly well. Tom thought so; only, being merely an ignorant man-creature, he didn't know it was the pink lawn. He simply felt the effects, the deadly effects. It was at singing-school. At the close, when the girls began to stroll homeward in a markedly unconscious manner, as if they did not dream of any one's accompanying them, acci-

dentally—such accidents will happen so long as "all the world and love is young"—Tom found himself in his old place by Lucia's side, with her hand—the wicked little hand that wrote the stories that made all the trouble—resting on his arm. And then, somehow, whether it was the moonlight, or the pink lawn, or the shy way in which Lucia wouldn't look at him, the question, the momentous, the dreadful question, popped itself!

As for Lucia, she blushed and fluttered, and stammered out her "Yes" just like any ordinary woman.

And so they were married, and Lucia darned Tom's stockings and sewed on his shirt-buttons, and never, never wrote for the magazines any more, and they lived happily for ever afterward. But it was a very narrow escape for her, and her example should none the less serve "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

P. THORNE.

## EXPANSION OR CONTRACTION?

**F**IVE months have nearly elapsed since Congress last adjourned, during which time it has been a matter of frequent discussion in private circles, as well as public journals, whether its legislation upon monetary and financial affairs will, when carried into practical effect, actually expand or contract the currency. On one hand it is maintained that expansion must be the inevitable effect of the Currency Act, while on the other it is insisted that its influence will rather be in the direction of contraction.

This great discordance of opinion is certainly remarkable, when the question must, in its very nature, be one of mere fact and figures, but the difference doubtless arises mainly from the complex character of the currency enact-

ment and the variety of points it embraces.

We propose at this time to examine the measure about which there is so much dispute, and to determine, if we can, the question whether expansion or contraction will be the natural result of its operation.

In the first place, the Act provides for "the issue of fifty-four millions" (in addition to "the three hundred millions before authorized") to new banks in those States not having their proper share of the previous issue. Here, then, beyond question, is a direct expansion of fifty-four millions. But it is argued in reply to this that the Act requires at the same time the withdrawal of the three per cent. certificates which the banks hold as a reserve, so that, as they will



be obliged to keep on hand an equal amount of greenbacks, there will be no actual increase in the circulation. But, in the first place, the banks, as appears from the Comptroller's report of last June, hold only twenty-five millions of three per cent. certificates, so that if these were all withdrawn it would still leave an increase of twenty-nine millions. As a matter of fact, however, the banks have hitherto held an excess of reserve over what the law required, because the certificates were drawing interest, and now, when these are taken away, they will still have a sufficient reserve, and will feel no occasion to retain greenbacks in their place; in which case the fifty-four millions of the new issue will expand the currency to that amount. This, however, is not all. The banks, as is well known, not only issue their notes, but give credits in the shape of what are called deposits to an extent equal, usually, to one hundred and sixty-seven per cent. on their issues. The increased circulation, then, of fifty-four millions will give ninety millions of these additional bank credits, which expand the currency as truly and effectually as the notes themselves; and therefore the actual expansion will be fifty-four plus ninety, equal to one hundred and forty-four millions. As the present circulation of the National banks is two hundred and ninety-two millions plus five hundred and sixteen millions of deposits—equal in all to eight hundred and eight millions—the expansion will be equivalent to 17.7 per cent., or something over one-sixth.

This will certainly be sufficient to produce a perceptible effect upon the monetary affairs of the country, and increase the difficulty of restoring specie payment.

But this is not all the Currency Act accomplishes. The sixth section provides that twenty-five millions shall be redistributed; that is, existing banks in those States which already have more than their share of the circulation shall surrender a portion of it, and the amount shall be "issued to banking associations in States and Territories having less than

their proper share." This provision, when carried into effect, will temporarily expand the currency, because the notes in the new banks are to be issued at once, while those to be taken from the old banks are to be withdrawn only during the year. This may create a temporary expansion of twenty-five millions, but not a permanent increase of the circulation.

There is still another idea in regard to banking incorporated in the new bill, viz.: that banks may be removed from States having an excess of circulation to those States and Territories having less than their share. This novel measure is perhaps of no great importance, yet so far as it has any influence it must temporarily cause disturbance, both in those States from which these banks remove and in those to which they are taken. It seems to be a sort of "carpet-bag" arrangement growing out of the abnormal condition of the country, and the desire of Congress, like the man in the fable, to please everybody. The scheme may never be carried into effect, but should it be it will probably be managed as a speculation by selling the franchise in one place to be used in another.

#### COIN BANKS.

WE have designedly passed over the third and fourth sections of the Currency Act, because they establish a new variety of banking institutions, that needs to be separately considered.

These sections authorize the Comptroller of the Currency to issue to any association making a deposit of bonds, as security, "notes of different denominations, not less than five dollars," to an extent not exceeding eighty per cent. of the par value of the bonds deposited; with the condition that these "associations shall keep on hand not less than twenty-five per centum of their outstanding circulation in gold coin of the United States."

The sections which create this new description of currency seem to have attracted but little attention in Con-



gress; yet they form by far the most important part of the Act, and establish institutions of a kind of banking hitherto unknown in this or any other country.

#### CHARACTER OF THE COIN CURRENCY.

1. The coin banks are founded upon the *free-banking* principle. There is no restriction whatever as to the formation of these "associations." Any persons in any place may form them, and upon the deposit of United States bonds the Comptroller is authorized to issue notes for circulation. This, so far as we are informed, is a new experiment. No national government has ever before authorized a system of free banking, and guaranteed the payment of its notes.

2. The issues of these coin banks are unlimited by any provision of law. They may be enlarged to any amount, and that they will be extended as far as practicable is certain, because the profits of this kind of banking will greatly depend upon the quantity of notes that can be kept in circulation.

3. These so-called coin notes will in fact form a *mixed currency*, because the banks that issue them are required to hold but twenty-five per cent. of specie upon the amount of their notes. If, then, for every four dollars put out, only one dollar of coin is held for their redemption, they will constitute a mixed currency, in that respect precisely like the currency which existed prior to the war. For every dollar of such a currency presented for payment in coin, four dollars must be withdrawn from circulation. This introduces that element of fluctuation, of constant expansion and contraction, which has always been found so deleterious to the interests of the business classes.

But these coin bank notes will not only form a mixed currency, but a mixed currency acting in connection with four other currencies already in use—viz.: the specie of the country, the gold notes of the Treasury, the legal-tender notes of the government and the National bank notes. Differing widely in character from either of these, the

coin bank notes will disturb the natural action of all of them. The gold and gold notes will form a currency of inflexible value, incapable of contraction or expansion. The greenbacks and National bank notes do not fluctuate in quantity to any appreciable extent, since both are limited in amount by law, and are practically irredeemable. But the coin notes, being legally redeemable in specie, will form a currency more fluctuating and unreliable even than our former mixed currency, because, gold being at a premium and constantly varying in value, these notes are certain to be withdrawn from circulation whenever there is any special demand for coin. The fluctuations which will be thus occasioned are likely to be sudden and violent, disturbing the whole monetary system of the country.

4. An additional feature peculiar to these banks is, that they are only required to keep a certain amount of specie proportionate to their *circulation*, while all other banks are obliged to keep an amount proportionate to their *circulation and deposits*. This is an important exemption in favor of the coin banks. They may extend their liabilities as far as they please in the way of deposits, without the least obligation to keep any specie for their redemption; yet are they not liable to be called upon for the specie for their deposits as certainly as for their notes?

Suppose, for example, a coin bank has

A circulation of . . . .	\$100,000
Deposits of . . . . .	150,000
Total, . . . . .	<hr/> \$250,000

yet it is required to keep only twenty-five thousand dollars in specie. What must be the condition of such a bank if suddenly called upon for specie for its deposits as well as its notes?

5. Another thing to be noticed in regard to this currency is, that the government of the United States, while it only guarantees that the notes of the National banks shall be paid in lawful money—that is, greenbacks—comes under obligation to redeem the notes

of these banks in gold, while at the same time, as we have seen, it neglects to make any provision for their redemption, except that the banks must keep twenty-five per cent. upon their circulation. Once out of the banks with such an endorsement, what prevents these notes from having a wide circulation, especially when we take into consideration the important fact that no provision is made by law for a place of general redemption? Therefore, like the notes of the National banks, they will be practically irredeemable, except when there shall be an actual "run" for gold; and then, in each case, the holder must demand payment of the particular bank that issued the note, whether it be in New York, St. Louis or San Francisco.

We cannot give a full view of this subject without referring to that section of the Funding Bill which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to receive deposits of coin and give certificates bearing two and a half per cent. interest therefor, payable after thirty days, with ten days' previous notice. Of the amount so received the Secretary of the Treasury must retain twenty-five per cent., and with the balance he may pay off the government bonds.

This, we believe, completes the statement in regard to the legislation of the last session in relation to the currency, and now we are prepared to inquire as to the wisdom and utility of the measures enacted.

1. In the first place, was it desirable that the limit of three hundred millions of National bank circulation should be extended and the currency further expanded? Does any sensible man suppose that with a circulation of two hundred and seven millions previous to the war, and a present circulation of seven hundred millions, it would be for the best interests of the nation that a fresh amount of irredeemable currency should be issued, still further to disturb the standard of value and postpone to a more distant future the resumption of specie payments? And if it were desirable to permit further expansion,

ought not greenbacks to be issued, upon which the people gain the interest, rather than notes upon which they pay the banks the usual rates?

These are pertinent questions, that ought to receive a candid answer. If this expansion in the form proposed, or in any other form, is for the public good, it ought to be shown, so that the people may see the propriety of the measure.

2. The redistribution of twenty-five millions of the circulation is another feature of the Currency Bill that deserves attention. Why was any redistribution demanded? Evidently from the fact that the National Bank Law was enacted in 1863, when certain States were in rebellion against the General Government, and did not want any part of the amount proposed; while in still other States the pecuniary disturbances occasioned by the great conflict made it impracticable for them to take their proportion, and of necessity the amount was mostly divided amongst the Middle and Northern States. Peace being restored, both South and West ask for their share of banking privileges. The obvious course would have been to make a new division, giving to each State its proportion. By this arrangement the equilibrium would have been restored, while the currency would have been neither expanded nor contracted. Instead of this, twenty-five millions only are redistributed, and fifty-four millions of additional issue authorized.

3. As we have before intimated, the creation of the coin banks must be regarded as by far the most important feature of the Currency Bill. It is of course impossible to foresee to what extent these banks will be formed or how far they will extend their operations. They are unlimited as to number, capital or issues—may be established anywhere by anybody who can furnish the requisite bonds.

The manner, too, in which these banks will conduct their operations is yet to be shown, and the effects that may be expected to result from the use of this new currency can only be conjectured, since no experiment of the

kind has ever been made before. The most we can do is to anticipate their future course and influence from the possibilities and probabilities which the power conferred upon them by Congress will enable them to accomplish.

Suppose that one of these "associations" be formed with a capital of one million dollars in United States Fifty-two bonds. These are deposited with Mr. Boutwell, who, as in duty bound, will furnish eight hundred thousand dollars in notes at the public expense. With two hundred thousand dollars of these notes an equal amount of coin is purchased, and the bank has six hundred thousand dollars left with which to operate. These notes it may loan on ten, twenty, thirty or sixty days, according to circumstances, and draw interest upon the amount, while at the same time it will be receiving interest upon its bonds deposited in the Treasury, and also upon such loans made upon deposits as the bank managers may deem it prudent to grant.

And here we may well inquire as to the demand for such a currency. The gold notes furnished by the National Treasury to all who deposit specie form a circulation perfectly adapted to all the wants of legitimate commerce, combining the convenience of paper with the security of coin, and may be issued to any extent required. They constitute an inflexible standard of value and a reliable instrument of exchange, without which justice between man and man in pecuniary transactions is impossible. They form, in fact, a model currency; and with such a currency already provided, what occasion was there for the institution of coin banks? What great industrial or commercial interest asked for them? What boards of trade or other mercantile bodies ever made any move in favor of such banks? What petitions were ever sent to Congress, or what delegations ever appeared before the Currency Committee, to show the necessity for creating coin banks? We have yet to learn that any efforts were made by the representatives of any trading or manufacturing

interest in behalf of this new experiment in banking. Why, then, was it made? Was it the brilliant conception of some distinguished financier at Washington?

This magnificent scheme—for in its proportions it is magnificent—never originated, we may be certain, with the business-men of the nation. The *New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle*—than which there is no more reliable or impartial authority—says, September 10: "The issue of these gold notes must at present be regarded as an experiment. The people did not demand it. The present wants of business did not enforce it." That the Currency Committee was requested to introduce the measure we do not doubt, but it could have originated only amongst that class of men who are to be especially benefited by its operation.

To the same source should we attribute the fifth section of the Funding Bill, already referred to, which provides that the Secretary of the Treasury may pay two and a half per cent. on all gold deposited with him. Who asked for this provision? Business-men? Of what use can it be to them? Evidently it can be of no advantage to any one except those who wish to hold gold for a rise. To such persons it will be very convenient and profitable. To receive two and a half per cent. interest while holding for an advance will greatly encourage the gold operator, and it is certainly very kind in the government to give him such facilities; but the fact does not seem to have been noticed that the people must lose what the speculator gains. It is true that the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized, as we have seen, to purchase United States bonds with these funds, but how can he safely do it when liable to be called on at ten days' notice for the amount? Nothing could be more perilous than such a course on the part of the National Treasury, or give greater power to those who would influence the gold market. Besides all this, these certificates will form still another description of currency, and, so far as they are

issued, will produce inflation as truly as greenbacks or bank notes.

If the facts we have presented in our brief review of the action of Congress at its last session upon the subject of the currency are correct, and the conclusions we have drawn from them just, we are prepared to answer, without hesitation or reserve, the question whether expansion or contraction will be the natural and necessary result. We have seen that, whether deliberately intended or not, every measure adopted gives license to additional issues of currency in one form or another—that the expansion thus permitted is limited only by the amount of bonds that may be deposited with the Secretary of the Treasury for the purpose of procuring notes, and thus, so far as the law is concerned, may be carried to any extent—that in fact two new kinds of currency have been authorized, coin bank notes and Treasury gold certificates bearing interest, thus furnishing the country in all with *six* varieties of circulation, and creating the most complicated and incongruous monetary system ever known.

There is one other important consideration in regard to the legislation of the last session—viz.: that it seems to settle the national policy in regard to the resumption of specie payments. Up to last December it was confidently expected that measures would be taken by Congress to secure the gradual but certain restoration of the currency to par with gold, and as that is only possible by a contraction of the existing volume of circulation, it was hoped that such enactments would be made as would secure that object. But the action of Congress was in the opposite direction, and resumption by the government and banks must now be considered as *indefinitely postponed*, because it is obvi-

ous that there was no existing obstacle whatever to a gradual withdrawal of the greenbacks, since the government had a surplus revenue sufficient to redeem the whole of them within three years, or might issue five per cent. bonds, which would be readily taken at par in exchange for its notes. There could be, therefore, no excuse whatever for neglecting to secure a restoration of the standard of value; and the only reason why it was not done was, that Congress did not see fit to do it. In saying this we do not accuse the members of our National Legislature of any lack of fidelity to what they regarded as the general welfare; but by such a course of procedure will not the public at home and abroad understand the government to say that it has no wish for the resumption of specie payments, and is content that the United States should take her place, financially, by the side of Austria and Russia, the chronic bankruptcy of whose currency has been their disgrace for half a century? That there was any deliberate intention on the part of Congress to say or do this we do not believe, yet will not such be the practical result?

While saying this, however, we do not admit for a moment that the people of this country acquiesce in such a decision of the great question. Special interests have hitherto interposed their influence, and prevented all measures tending to a restoration of the currency; but the voice of the American people will eventually, and at no distant day, be heard, the general welfare will be secured and the honor of the nation vindicated by such legislation as will assure a gradual but certain resumption of specie payments by the National Treasury and the National banks.

AMASA WALKER.

## SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

GEORGE HOTSPUR YIELDS.

ON the morning of Cousin George's fourth day at Humblethwaite there came a letter for Sir Harry. The post reached the Hall about an hour before the time at which the family met for prayers, and the letters were taken into Sir Harry's room. The special letter of which mention is here made shall be given to the reader entire :

"—, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, 24th Nov., 186—.

"MY DEAR SIR HARRY HOTSPUR :

"I have received your letter in reference to Captain Hotspur's debts, and have also received a letter from him, and a list of what he says he owes. Of course there can be no difficulty in paying all debts which he acknowledges, if you think proper to do so. So far as I am able to judge at present, the amount would be between twenty-five and thirty thousand pounds. I should say nearer the former than the latter sum, did I not know that the amount in such matters always goes on increasing. You must also understand that I cannot guarantee the correctness of this statement.

"But I feel myself bound in my duty to go farther than this, even though it may be at the risk of your displeasure. I presume from what you tell me that you are contemplating a marriage between George Hotspur and your daughter; and I now repeat to you, in the most solemn words that I can use, my assurance that the marriage is one which you should not countenance. Captain Hotspur is not fit to marry your daughter."

When Sir Harry had read so far he had become very angry, but his anger was now directed against his lawyer. Had he not told Mr. Boltby that he had changed his mind? and what business

had the lawyer to interfere with him farther? But he read the letter on to its bitter end:

"Since you were in London the following facts have become known to me: On the second of last month Mr. George Hotspur met two men, named Walker and Bullbean, in the lodgings of the former at about nine in the evening, and remained there during the greater part of the night playing cards. Bullbean is a man well known to the police as a card-sharper. He once moved in the world as a gentleman. His trade is now to tout and find prey for gamblers. Walker is a young man in a low rank of life, who had some money. George Hotspur on that night won between three and four hundred pounds of Walker's money, and Bullbean, over and above this, got for himself some considerable amount of plunder. Walker is now prepared and very urgent to bring the circumstances of this case before a magistrate, having found out or been informed that some practice of cheating was used against him; and Bullbean is ready to give evidence as to George Hotspur's foul play. They have hitherto been restrained by Hart, the Jew whom you met. Hart fears that were the whole thing made public his bills would not be taken up by you.

"I think that I know all this to be true. If you conceive that I am acting in a manner inimical to your family, you had better come up to London and put yourself into the hands of some other lawyer. If you feel that you can still trust me, I will do the best I can for you. I should recommend you to bring Captain Hotspur with you—if he will come.

"I grieve to write as I have done, but it seems to me that no sacrifice is too great to make with the object of averting the fate to which, as I fear, Miss



Hotspur is bringing herself. My dear Sir Harry Hotspur, I am very faithfully yours,  
JOHN BOLTBY."

It was a terrible letter! Gradually, as he read it and re-read it, there came upon Sir Harry the feeling that he might owe, that he did owe, that he certainly would owe, to Mr. Boltby a very heavy debt of gratitude. Gradually the thin glazing of hope with which he had managed to daub over and partly to hide his own settled convictions as to his cousin's character fell away, and he saw the man as he had seen him during his interview with Captain Stubber and Mr. Hart. It must be so. Let the consequences be what they might, his daughter must be told. Were she to be killed by the telling, it would be better than that she should be handed over to such a man as this. The misfortune which had come upon them might be the death of him and of her, but better that than the other. He sat in his chair till the gong sounded through the house, for prayers: then he rang his bell and sent in word to Lady Elizabeth that she should read them in his absence. When they were over, word was brought that he would breakfast alone in his own room. On receiving that message both his wife and daughter went to him, but as yet he could tell them nothing. Tidings had come which would make it necessary that he should go at once to London. As soon as breakfast should be over he would see George Hotspur. They both knew from the tone in which the name was pronounced that the "tidings" were of their nature bad, and that they had reference to the sins of their guest.

"You had better read that letter," he said as soon as George was in the room. As he spoke his face was toward the fire, and in that position he remained. The letter had been in his hand, and he only half turned round to give it. George read the letter slowly, and when he had got through it, only half understanding the words, but still knowing well the charge which it contained, stood silent, utterly conquered. "I suppose it is

true?" said Sir Harry in a low voice, facing his enemy.

"I did win some money," said Cousin George.

"And you cheated?"

"Oh dear! no—nothing of the sort." But his confession was written in his face, and was heard in his voice, and peeped out through every motion of his limbs. He was a cur, and denied the accusation in a currish manner, hardly intended to create belief.

"He must be paid back his money," said Sir Harry.

"I had promised that," said Cousin George.

"Has it been your practice, sir, when gambling, to pay back money that you have won? You are a scoundrel—a heartless scoundrel—to try and make your way into my house when I had made such liberal offers to buy your absence." To this Cousin George made no sort of answer. The game was up. And had he not already told himself that it was a game that he should never have attempted to play? "We will leave this house if you please, both of us, at eleven. We will go to town together. The carriage will be ready at eleven. You had better see to the packing of your things, with the servant."

"Shall I not say a word of adieu to Lady Elizabeth?"

"No, sir! You shall never speak to a female in my house again."

The two were driven over to Penrith together, and went up to London in the same carriage, Sir Harry paying for all expenses without a word. Sir Harry before he left his house saw his wife for a moment, but he did not see his daughter. "Tell her," said he, "that it must be—must be all over." The decision was told to Emily, but she simply refused to accept it. "It shall not be so," said she, flashing out. Lady Elizabeth endeavored to show her that her father had done all he could to further her views—had been ready to sacrifice to her all his own wishes and convictions.

"Why is he so changed? He has heard of some new debt. Of course



there are debts. We did not suppose that it could be done all at once and so easily." She refused to be comforted, and refused to believe. She sat alone, weeping in her own room, and swore, when her mother came to her, that no consideration, no tidings as to George's past misconduct, should induce her to break her faith to the man to whom her word had been given—"My word, and papa's, and yours," said Emily, pleading her cause with majesty through her tears.

On the day but one following there came a letter from Sir Harry to Lady Elizabeth, very short, but telling her the whole truth: "He has cheated, like a common, low swindler as he is, with studied tricks at cards, robbing a poor man, altogether beneath him in station, of hundreds of pounds. There is no doubt about it. It is uncertain even yet whether he will not be tried before a jury. He hardly even denies it. A creature viler, more cowardly, worse, the mind of man cannot conceive. My broken-hearted, dearest, best darling must be told all this. Tell her that I know what she will suffer. Tell her that I shall be as crushed by it as she. But anything is better than degradation such as this. Tell her specially that I have not decided without absolute knowledge." Emily was told. The letter was read to her and by her till she knew it almost by heart. There came upon her a wan look of abject agony that seemed to rob her at once of her youth and beauty, but even now she would not yield. She did no longer affect to disbelieve the tidings, but said that no man, let him do what he might, could be too far gone for repentance and forgiveness. She would wait. She had talked of waiting two years. She would be content to wait ten. What though he had cheated at cards? Had she not once told her mother that should it turn out that he had been a murderer, then she would become a murderer's wife? She did not know that cheating at cards was worse than betting at horse-races. It was all bad, very bad. It was the kind of life into which men were led by

the fault of those who should have taught them better. No, she would not marry him without her father's leave, but she would never own that her engagement was broken, let them affix what most opprobrious name to him they might choose. To her, card-sharpers seemed to be no worse than gamblers. She was quite sure that Christ had come to save men who cheat at cards as well as others.

As Sir Harry and his cousin entered the London station late at night—it was past midnight—Sir Harry bade his companion meet him the next morning at Mr. Boltby's chambers at eleven. Cousin George had had ample time for meditation, and had considered that it might be best for him to "cut up a little rough."

"Mr. Boltby is my enemy," he said, "and I don't know what I am to get by going there."

"If you don't, sir, I'll not pay one shilling for you."

"I have your promise, Sir Harry."

"If you are not there at the time I fix I will pay nothing, and the name may go to the dogs."

Then they both went to the station hotel—not together, but the younger following the elder's feet—and slept, for the last time in their lives, under one roof.

Cousin George did not show himself at Mr. Boltby's, being still in his bed at the station hotel at the time named, but at three o'clock he was with Mrs. Morton.

For the present we will go back to Sir Harry. He was at the lawyer's chambers at the time named, and Mr. Boltby smiled when told of the summons which had been given to Cousin George. By this time Sir Harry had acknowledged his gratitude to Mr. Boltby over and over again, and Mr. Boltby perhaps, having no daughter, thought that the evil had been cured. He was almost inclined to be jocular, and did laugh at Sir Harry in a mild way when told of the threat.

"We must pay his debts, Sir Harry, I think."

"I don't see it at all. I would rather

face everything. And I told him that I would pay nothing."

"Ah, but you had told him that you would! And then those cormorants have been told so also. We had better build a bridge of gold for a fallen enemy. Stick to your former proposition, without any reference to a legacy, and make him write the letter. My clerk shall find him to-morrow."

Sir Harry at last gave way: the lucky Walker received back his full money, Bullbean's wages of iniquity and all, and Sir Harry returned to Humblethwaite.

Cousin George was sitting in Mrs. Morton's room with a very bad headache five days after his arrival in London, and she was reading over a manuscript which she had just written. "That will do, I think," she said.

"Just the thing," said he, without raising his head.

"Will you copy it now, George?" she asked.

"Not just now, I am so seedy. I'll take it and do it at the club."

"No, I will not have that. The draft would certainly be left out on the club table, and you would go to billiards, and the letter never would be written."

"I'll come back and do it after dinner."

"I shall be at the theatre then, and I won't have you here in my absence. Rouse yourself and do it now. Don't be such a poor thing."

"That's all very well, Lucy, but if you had a sick headache you wouldn't like to have to write a d—d letter like that."

Then she rose up to scold him, being determined that the letter should be written then and there: "Why, what a coward you are!—what a feckless, useless creature! Do you think that I have never to go for hours on the stage, with the gas in a blaze around me, and my head ready to split? And what is this? A paper to write that will take you ten minutes. The truth is, you don't like to give up the girl!" Could she believe it of him after knowing him

so well? could she think that there was so much of good in him?

"You say that to annoy me. You know I never cared for her."

"You would marry her now if they would let you."

"No, by George! I've had enough of that. You're wide awake enough to understand, Lucy, that a fellow situated as I am, over head and ears in debt and heir to an old title, should struggle to keep the things together. Families and names don't matter much, I suppose, but, after all, one does care for them. But I've had enough of that. As for Cousin Emily—you know, Lucy, I never loved any woman but you in my life."

He was a brute, unredeemed by any one manly gift—idle, self-indulgent, false and without a principle. She was a woman greatly gifted, with many virtues, capable of self-sacrifice, industrious, affectionate, and loving truth if not always true herself. And yet such a word as that from this brute sufficed to please her for the moment. She got up and kissed his forehead, and dropped for him some strong spirit in a glass, which she mixed with water, and cooled his brow with eau de cologne. "Try to write it, dearest. It should be written at once if it is to be written." Then he turned himself wearily to her writing-desk, and copied the words which she had prepared for him.

The letter was addressed to Mr. Boltby, and purported to be a renunciation of all claim to Miss Hotspur's hand, on the understanding that his debts were paid for him to the extent of twenty-five thousand pounds, and that an allowance were made to him of five hundred a year, settled on him as an annuity for life so long as he should live out of England. Mr. Boltby had given him to understand that this clause would not be exacted unless circumstances should arise which should make Sir Harry think it imperative upon him to demand its execution. The discretion must be left absolute with Sir Harry, but, as Mr. Boltby said, Captain Hotspur could trust Sir Harry's word and his honor.

"If I'm to be made to go abroad, what the devil are you to do?" he had said to Mrs. Morton.

"There need be no circumstances," said Mrs. Morton, "to make it necessary."

Of course Captain Hotspur accepted the terms on her advice. He had obeyed Lady Allingham, and had tried to obey Emily, and would now obey Mrs. Morton, because Mrs. Morton was the nearest to him.

The letter which he copied was a well-written letter, put together with much taste, so that the ignoble compact to which it gave assent should seem to be as little ignoble as might be possible. "I entered into the arrangement," the letter said in its last paragraph, "because I thought it right to endeavor to keep the property and the title together; but I am aware now that my position in regard to my debts was of a nature that should have deterred me from the attempt. As I have failed, I sincerely hope that my cousin may be made happy by some such splendid alliance as she is fully entitled to expect." He did not understand all that the words conveyed; but yet he questioned them. He did not perceive that they were intended to imply that the writer had never for a moment loved the girl whom he had proposed to marry. Nevertheless they did convey to him dimly some idea that they might give, not pain—for as to that he would have been indifferent—but offence. "Will there be any good in all that?" he asked.

"Certainly," said she. "You don't mean to whine and talk of your broken heart?"

"Oh dear! no—nothing of that sort."

"This is the manly way to it, regarding the matter simply as an affair of business."

"I believe it is," said he; and then, having picked himself up somewhat by the aid of a glass of sherry, he continued to copy the letter and to direct it.

"I will keep the rough draft," said Mrs. Morton.

"And I must go now, I suppose?" he said.

"You can stay here and see me eat my dinner, if you like. I shall not ask you to share it, because it consists of two small mutton chops, and one wouldn't keep me up through Lady Teazle."

"I've a good mind to come and see you," said he.

"Then you'd better go and eat your own dinner at once."

"I don't care about my dinner. I should have a bit of supper afterward."

Then she preached to him a sermon; not quite such a one as Emily Hotspur had preached, but much more practical and with less reticence. If he went on living as he was living now, he would "come to grief." He was drinking every day, and would some day find that he could not do so with impunity. Did he know what *delirium tremens* was? Did he want to go to the devil altogether? Had he any hope as to his future life?

"Yes," said he, "I hope to make you my wife." She tossed her head, and told him that with all the will in the world to sacrifice herself, such sacrifice could do him no good if he persisted in making himself a drunkard. "But I have been so tried these last two months! If you only knew what Mr. Boltby, and Captain Stubber, and Sir Harry, and Mr. Hart were altogether. Oh, my G—!" But he did not say a word about Messrs. Walker and Bullbean. The poor woman who was helping him knew nothing of Walker and Bullbean. Let us hope that she may remain in that ignorance.

Cousin George, before he left her, swore that he would amend his mode of life, but he did not go to see Lady Teazle that night. There were plenty of men now back in town ready to play pool at the club.

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#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### I SHALL NEVER BE MARRIED.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR returned to Humblethwaite before Cousin George's letter was written, though when he did return all the terms had been arranged and a portion of the money paid. Per-

haps it would have been better that he should have waited and taken the letter with him in his pocket, but in truth he was so wretched that he could not wait. The thing was fixed and done, and he could but hurry home to hide his face among his own people. He felt that the glory of his house was gone from him. He would sit by the hour together thinking of the boy who had died. He had almost, on occasions, allowed himself to forget his boy while hoping that his name and wide domains might be kept together by the girl that was left to him. He was beginning to understand now that she was already but little better than a wreck. Indeed, was not everything shipwreck around him? Was he not going to pieces on the rocks? Did not the lesson of every hour seem to tell him that throughout his long life he had thought too much of his house and his name?

It would have been better that he should have waited till the letter was in his pocket before he returned home, because, when he reached Humblethwaite, the last argument was wanting to him to prove to Emily that her hope was vain. Even after his arrival, when the full story was told to her, she held out in her resolve. She accepted the truth of that scene at Walker's rooms. She acknowledged that her lover had cheated the wretched man at cards. After that all other iniquities were of course as nothing. There was a completeness in that of which she did not fail to accept and to use the benefit. When she had once taken it as true that her lover had robbed his inferior by foul play at cards, there could be no good in alluding to this or that lie, in counting up this or that disreputable debt, in alluding to habits of brandy-drinking, or even in soiling her pure mind with any word as to Mrs. Morton. It was granted that he was as vile as sin could make him. Had not her Saviour come exactly for such as this one, because of His great love for those who were vile? and should not her human love for one enable her to do that which His great heavenly love did always for all men?

Every reader will know how easily answerable was the argument. Most readers will also know how hard it is to win by attacking the reason when the heart is the fortress that is in question. She had accepted his guilt, and why tell her of it any further? Did she not pine over his guilt, and weep for it day and night, and pray that he might yet be made white as snow? But guilty as he was, a poor piece of broken, vilest clay, without the properties even which are useful to the potter, he was as dear to her as when she had leaned against him believing him to be a pillar of gold set about with onyx stones, jaspers and rubies. There was but one sin on his part which could divide them. If, indeed, he should cease to love her, then there would be an end of it! It would have been better that Sir Harry should have remained in London till he could have returned with George's autograph letter in his pocket.

"You must have the letter in his own handwriting," Mr. Boltby had said, cunningly; "only you must return it to me."

Sir Harry had understood, and had promised that the letter should be returned when it had been used for the cruel purpose for which it was to be sent to Humblethwaite. For all Sir Harry's own purposes Mr. Boltby's statements would have quite sufficed.

She was told that her lover would renounce her, but she would not believe what she was told. Of course he would accept the payment of his debts. Of course he would take an income when offered to him. What else was he to do? How was he to live decently without an income? All these evils had happened to him because he had been expected to live as a gentleman without proper means. In fact, he was the person who had been most injured. Her father, in his complete, in his almost abject tenderness toward her, could not say rough words in answer to all these arguments. He could only repeat his assertion over and over again that the man was utterly unworthy of her, and must be discarded. It was all as nothing. The man must discard himself.

"He is false as hell!" said Sir Harry. "And am I to be as false as hell also? Will you love me better when I have consented to be untrue? And even that would be a lie. I do love him—I must love him. I may be more wicked than he is because I do so, but I do."

Poor Lady Elizabeth in these days was worse than useless. Her daughter was so strong that her weakness was as the weakness of water. She was driven hither and thither in a way that she herself felt to be disgraceful. When her husband told her that the cousin, as a matter of course, could never be seen again, she assented. When Emily implored her to act as mediator with her father on behalf of the wicked cousin, she again assented. And then, when she was alone with Sir Harry, the poor mother did not dare to do as she had promised.

"I do think it will kill her," she said to Sir Harry.

"We must all die, but we need not die disgraced," he said.

It was a most solemn answer, and told the thoughts which had been dwelling in his mind. His son had gone from him, and now it might be that his daughter must go too, because she could not survive the disappointment of her young love. He had learned to think that it might be so as he looked at her great grave eyes, and her pale cheeks, and her sorrow-laden mouth. It might be so, but better that for them all than that she should be contaminated by the touch of a thing so vile as this cousin. She was pure as snow, clear as a star, lovely as the opening rosebud. As she was let her go to her grave, if it need be so. For himself, he could die too, or even live if it were required of him. Other fathers, since Jephthah and Agamemnon, have recognized it as true that Heaven has demanded from them their daughters.

The letter came, and was read and re-read by Sir Harry before he showed it to his child. He took it also to his wife, and explained it to her in all its points. "It has more craft," said he, "than I gave him credit for."

"I don't suppose he ever cared for her," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Nor for any human being that ever lived—save himself. I wonder whether he got Boltby to write it for him?"

"Surely Mr. Boltby wouldn't have done that."

"I don't know. I think he would do anything to rid us from what he believed to have been our danger. I don't think it was in George Hotspur to write such a letter out of his own head."

"But does it signify?"

"Not in the least. It is his own handwriting and his signature. Whoever formed the words, it is the same thing. It was needed only to prove to her that he had not even the merit of being true to her."

For a while Sir Harry thought that he would entrust to his wife the duty of showing the letter to Emily. He would so willingly have escaped the task himself! But, as he considered the matter, he feared that Lady Elizabeth might lack the firmness to explain the matter fully to the poor girl. The daughter would be so much stronger than the mother, and thus the thing that must be done would not be effected. At last, on the evening of the day on which the letter had reached him, he sent for her and read it to her. She heard it without a word. Then he put it into her hands, and she read the sentences herself, slowly, one after another, endeavoring as she did so to find arguments by which she might stave off the conclusion to which she knew that her father would attempt to bring her.

"It must be all over now," said he at last.

She did not answer him, but gazed into his face with such a look of woe that his heart was melted. She had found no argument. There had not been in the whole letter one word of love for her.

"My darling, will it not be better that we should meet the blow?"

"I have met it all along. Some day, perhaps, he might be different."



"In what way, dearest? He does not even profess to hope so himself."

"That gentleman in London, papa, would have paid nothing for him unless he wrote like this. He had to do it. Papa, you had better just leave me to myself. I will not trouble you by mentioning his name."

"But, Emily—"

"Well, papa?"

"Mamma and I cannot bear that you should suffer alone."

"I must suffer, and silence is the easiest. I will go now and think about it. Dear papa, I know that you have always done everything for the best."

He did not see her again that evening. Her mother was with her in her own room, and of course they were talking about Cousin George for hours together. It could not be avoided, in spite of what Emily had herself said of the expediency of silence. But she did not once allude to the possibility of a future marriage. As the man was so dear to her, and as he bore their name, and as he must inherit her father's title, could not some almost superhuman exertion be made for his salvation? Surely so much as that might be done if they all made it the work of their lives.

"It must be the work of my life, mamma," she said.

Lady Elizabeth forbore from telling her that there was no side on which she could approach him. The poor girl herself, however, must have felt that it was so. As she thought of it all, she reminded herself that, though they were separated miles asunder, still she could pray for him. We need not doubt this at least—that to him who utters them prayers of intercession are of avail.

On the following morning she was at breakfast, and both her father and mother remarked that something had been changed in her dress. The father only knew that it was so, but the mother could have told of every ribbon that had been dropped and every ornament that had been laid aside. Emily Hotspur had lived a while if not among the gayest of the gay, at least among the brightest of the bright in outside

garniture, and, having been asked to consult no questions of expense, had taught herself to dress as do the gay and bright and rich. Even when George had come on his last wretched visit to Humblethwaite, when she had known that he had been brought there as a blackamoor perhaps just capable of being washed white, she had not thought it necessary to lessen the gauds of her attire. Though she was saddened in her joy by the knowledge of the man's faults, she was still the rich daughter of a very wealthy man, and engaged to marry the future inheritor of all that wealth and riches. There was then no reason why she should lower her flag one inch before the world. But now all was changed with her. During the night she had thought of her apparel, and of what use it might be during her future life. She would never more go bright again, unless some miracle might prevail and he still might be to her that which she had painted him. Neither father nor mother, as she kissed them both, said a word as to her appearance. They must take her away from Humblethwaite, change the scene, try to interest her in new pursuits: that was what they had determined to attempt. For the present, they would let her put on what clothes she pleased, and make no remark.

Early in the day she went out by herself. It was now December, but the weather was fine and dry, and she was for two hours alone, rambling through the park. She had made her attempt in life, and had failed. She owned her failure to herself absolutely. The image had no gold in it—none as yet. But it was not as other images, which, as they are made, so they must remain to the end. The Divine Spirit, which might from the first have breathed into this clay some particle of its own worth, was still efficacious to bestow the gift. Prayer should not be wanting, but the thing as it now was she saw in all its impurity. He had never loved her. Had he loved her he would not have written words such as those she had read. He had pretended to love her in order that he



might have money, that his debts might be paid, that he might not be ruined. "He hoped," he said in his letter—"he hoped that his cousin might be made happy by a splendid alliance." She remembered well the abominable, heartless words. And this was the man who had pledged her to truth and firmness, and whose own truth and firmness she had never doubted for a moment, even when acknowledging to herself the necessity of her pledge to him! He had never loved her; and though she did not say so, did not think so, she felt that of all his sins that sin was the one which could not be forgiven.

What should she now do with herself—how bear herself at this present moment of her life? She did not tell herself now that she would die, though as she looked forward into life all was so dreary to her that she would fain have known that death would give an escape. But there were duties for her still to do. During that winter ramble she owed to herself for the first time that her father had been right in his judgment respecting their cousin, and that she, by her pertinacity, had driven her father on till on her account he had been forced into conduct which was distasteful to him. She must own to her father that he had been right—that the man, though she dearly loved him still, was of such nature that it would be quite unfit that she should marry him. There might still be the miracle: her prayers were still her own to give—of them she would say nothing to her father. She would simply confess to him that he had been right, and then beg of him to pardon her the trouble she had caused him.

"Papa," she said to him the following morning, "may I come to you?" She came in, and on this occasion sat down at his right hand. "Of course you have been right, papa," she said.

"We have both been right, dearest, I hope."

"No, papa: I have been wrong. I thought I knew him, and I did not. I thought when you told me that he was so bad that you were believing false people; and, papa, I know now that I

should not have loved him as I did—so quickly, like that."

"Nobody has blamed you for a moment. Nobody has thought of blaming you."

"I blame myself enough: I can tell you that. I feel as though I had in a way destroyed myself."

"Do not say that, my darling."

"You will let me speak now, will you not, papa? I wish to tell you everything, that you may understand all that I feel. I shall never get over it."

"You will, dearest—you will, indeed!"

"Never! Perhaps I shall live on, but I feel that it has killed me for this world. I don't know how a girl is to get over it when she has said that she has loved any one. If they are married, then she does not want to get over it, but if they are not—if he deserts her or is unworthy, or both—what can she do then but just go on thinking of it till she dies?"

Sir Harry used with her all the old, accustomed arguments to drive such thoughts out of her head. He told her how good was God to His creatures, and, specially, how good in curing by the soft hand of Time such wounds as those from which she was suffering. She should "retrick her beams" and once more "flame in the forehead of the morning sky," if only she would help the work of Time by her own endeavors. "Fight against the feeling, Emily, and try to conquer it, and it will be conquered."

"But, papa, I do not wish to conquer it. I should not tell you of all this, only for one thing."

"What thing, dearest?"

"I am not like other girls, who can just leave themselves alone and be of no trouble. You told me that if I outlived you—"

"The property will be yours, certainly. Of course, it was my hope, and is, that all that shall be settled by your marriage before my death. The trouble and labor are more than a woman should be called on to support alone."

"Just so. And it is because you are

thinking of all this that I feel it right to tell you. Papa, I shall never be married."

"We will leave that for the present, Emily."

"Very well; only if it would make a change in your will, you should make it. You will have to be here, papa, after I am gone, probably."

"No, no, no!"

"But if it were not so I should not know what to do. That is all, papa; only this, that I beg your pardon for all the trouble I have caused you." Then she knelt before him, and he kissed her forehead and blessed her and wept over her.

There was nothing more heard from Cousin George at Humblethwaite, and nothing more heard of him for a long time. Mr. Boltby did pay his debts, having some terribly hard struggles with Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber before the liquidations were satisfactorily effected. It was very hard to make Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber understand that the baronet was paying these debts simply because he had said that he would pay them, once before, under other circumstances, and that no other cause for their actual payment now existed. But the debts were paid, down to the last farthing of which Mr. Boltby could have credible tidings. "Pay everything," Sir Harry had said: "I have promised it." Whereby he was alluding to the promise which he had made to his daughter. Everything was paid, and Cousin George was able to walk in and out of his club a free man, and at times almost happy, with an annuity of five hundred pounds. Nothing more was said to him as to the necessity of expatriation.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### \* THE END.

AMONG playgoing folk, in the following April, there was a great deal of talk about the marriage of that very favorite actress, Mrs. Morton. She appeared in the playbills as Mrs. George Hotspur,

late Mrs. Morton. Very many spoke of her familiarly who knew her only on the stage—as is the custom of men in speaking of actresses—and perhaps some few of those who spoke of her did know her personally. "Poor Lucy!" said one middle-aged gentleman over fifty, who spent four nights of every week at one theatre or another. "When she was little more than a child they married her to that reprobate Morton. Since that she has managed to keep her head above water by hard work; and now she has gone and married another worse than the first!"

"She is older now, and will be able to manage George," said another.

"Manage him! If anybody can manage to keep him out of debt, or from drink either, I'll eat him."

"But he must be Sir George when old Sir Harry dies," said he who was defending the prudence of the marriage.

"Yes, and won't have a penny. Will it help her to be able to put 'Lady Hotspur' on the bills? Not in the least. And the women can't forgive her and visit her. She has not been good enough for that. A grand old family has been disgraced and a good actress destroyed. That's my idea of this marriage."

"I thought George was going to marry his cousin, that awfully proud minx?" said one young fellow.

"When it came to the scratch she would not have him," said another. "But there had been promises, and so, to make it all square, Sir Harry paid his debts."

"I don't believe a bit about his debts being paid," said the middle-aged gentleman who was fond of going to the theatre.

Yes, George Hotspur was married, and, as far as any love went with him, had married the women he liked best. Though the actress was worlds too good for him, there was not about her that air of cleanliness and almost severe purity which had so distressed him while he had been forced to move in the atmosphere of his cousin. After the copying of the letter and the settlement of the bills, Mrs. Morton had

found no difficulty in arranging matters as she pleased. She had known the man better perhaps than any one else had known him, and yet she thought it best to marry him. We must not inquire into her motives, though we may pity her fate.

She did not intend, however, to yield herself as an easy prey to his selfishness. She had also her ideas of reforming him—ideas which, as they were much less grand, might possibly be more serviceable, than those which for a while had filled the mind and heart of Emily Hotspur. "George," she said one day to him, "what do you mean to do?" This was before the marriage was fixed—when nothing more was fixed than that idea of marriage which had long existed between them.

"Of course we shall be spliced now," said he.

"And if so, what then? I shall keep to the stage, of course."

"We couldn't do with the five hundred a year, I suppose, anyhow?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid, seeing that as a habit you eat and drink more than that yourself. But, with all that I can do, there must be a change. I tell you, for your own sake as well as for mine, unless you can drop drinking we had better give it up even yet." After that, for a month or two, under her auspices, he did "drop it," or at least so far dropped it as to induce her to run the risk. In April they were married, and she must be added to the list of women who have sacrificed themselves on behalf of men whom they have known to be worthless. We need not pursue his career farther, but we may be sure that though she watched him very closely, and used a power over him of which he was afraid, still he went gradually from bad to worse, and was found at last to be utterly past redemption. He was one who in early life had never known what it was to take delight in postponing himself to another, and now there was no spark in him of love or gratitude by which fire could be kindled or warmth created. It had come to that with him that to eat and

to drink was all that was left to him; and it was coming to that, too, that the latter of these two pleasant recreations would soon be all that he had within his power of enjoyment. There are such men, and of all human beings they are the most to be pitied. They have intellects; they do think; the hours with them are terribly long; and they have no hope!

The Hotspurs of Humblethwaite remained at home till Christmas was passed, and then at once started for Rome. Sir Harry and Lady Elizabeth both felt that it must be infinitely better for their girl to be away; and then there came the doctor's slow advice. There was nothing radically amiss with Miss Hotspur, the doctor said, but it would be better for her to be taken elsewhere. She, knowing how her father loved his home and the people around him, begged that she might be allowed to stay. Nothing ailed her, she said, save only that ache at the heart which no journey to Rome could cure. "What's the use of it, papa?" she said. "You are unhappy because I'm altered. Would you wish me not to be altered after what has passed? Of course I am altered. Let us take it as it is, and not think about it."

Emily had adopted certain practices in life, however, which Sir Harry was determined to check, at any rate for the time. She spent her days among the poor, and when not with them she was at church. And there was always some dreary book in her hands when they were together in the drawing-room after dinner. Of church-going, and visiting the poor, and of good books Sir Harry approved thoroughly, but even of good things such as these there may be too much. So Sir Harry and Lady Elizabeth got a courier who spoke all languages, and a footman who spoke German, and two maids, of whom one pretended to speak French, and had trunks packed without number, and started for Rome. All that wealth could do was done; but let the horseman be ever so rich, or the horseman's daughter, and the stud be ever so good,

it is seldom they can ride fast enough to shake off their cares.

In Rome they remained till April, and while they were there the name of Cousin George was never once mentioned in the hearing of Sir Harry. Between the mother and daughter no doubt there was speech concerning him. But to Emily's mind he was always present. He was to her as a thing abominable, and yet necessarily tied to her by bonds which she could never burst asunder. She felt like some poor princess in a tale, married to an ogre from whom there was no escape. She had given herself up to one utterly worthless, and she knew it. But yet she had given herself, and could not revoke the gift. There was, indeed, still left to her that possibility of a miracle, but of that she whispered nothing even to her mother. If there were to be a miracle, it must be of God; and at God's throne she made her whispers. In these days she was taken about from sight to sight with apparent willingness. She saw churches, pictures, statues and ruins, and seemed to take an interest in them. She was introduced to the Pope, and allowed herself to be appareled in her very best for that august occasion. But nevertheless the tenor of her way and the fashions of her life, as was her daily dress, were gray and sad and solemn. She lived as one who knew that the backbone of her life was broken. Early in April they left Rome and went north to the Italian lakes, and settled themselves for a while at Lugano. And here the news reached them of the marriage of George Hotspur.

Lady Elizabeth read the marriage among the advertisements in the *Times*, and at once took it to Sir Harry, withdrawing the paper from the room in a manner which made Emily sure that there was something in it which she was not intended to see. But Sir Harry thought that the news should be told to her, and he himself told it.

"Already married!" she said. "And who is the lady?"

"You had better not ask, my dear," he answered.

"Why not ask? I may, at any rate, know her name."

"Mrs. Morton. She was a widow—and an actress."

"Oh yes, I know," said Emily, blushing; for in those days in which it had been sought to wean her from George Hotspur, a word or two about this lady had been said to her by Lady Elizabeth under the instructions of Sir Harry. And there was no more said on that occasion. On that day and on the following her father observed no change in her, and the mother spoke nothing of her fears. But on the next morning Lady Elizabeth said that she was not as she had been. "She is thinking of him still—always," she whispered to her husband. He made no reply, but sat alone out in the garden, with his newspaper before him, reading nothing, but cursing that cousin of his in his heart.

There could be no miracle now for her! Even the thought of that was gone. The man who had made her believe that he loved her, only in the last autumn—though indeed it seemed to her that years had rolled over since, and made her old, worn-out and weary—who had asked for and obtained the one gift she had to give, the bestowal of her very self—who had made her in her baby folly believe that he was almost divine, whereas he was hardly human in his lowness,—this man, whom she still loved in a way which she could not herself understand, loving and despising him utterly at the same time, was now the husband of another woman! Even he, she had felt, would have thought something of her. But she had been nothing to him but the means of escape from disreputable difficulties. She could not sustain her contempt for herself as she remembered this, and yet she showed but little of it in her outward manner.

"I'll go when you like, papa," she said when the days of May had come, "but I'd sooner stay here a little longer if you wouldn't mind." There was no talk of going home. It was only a question whether they should go farther north, to Lucerne, before the warm weather came.

"Of course we will remain : why not?" said Sir Harry. "Mamma and I like Lugano amazingly." Poor Sir Harry! As though he could have liked any place except Humblethwaite!

Our story is over now. They did remain till the scorching July sun had passed over their heads, and August was upon them; and then—they had buried her in the small Protestant cemetery at Lugano, and Sir Harry Hotspur was without a child and without an heir.

He returned home in the early autumn, a gray, worn-out, tottering old man, with large eyes full of sorrow, and a thin mouth that was seldom opened to utter a word. In these days, I think, he recurred to his early sorrow, and

thought almost more of his son than of his daughter. But he had instant, pressing energy left to him for one deed. Were he to die now without a further will, Humblethwaite and Scarrowby would go to the wretch who had destroyed him. What was the title to him now, or even the name? His wife's nephew was an earl with an enormous rent-roll, something so large that Humblethwaite and Scarrowby to him would be but little more than additional labor. But to this young man Humblethwaite and Scarrowby were left, and the glories of the House of Hotspur were at an end.

And so the story of the House of Humblethwaite has been told.

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#### A VISION OF THE HOUR.

UPON a lofty steep, against whose shores  
The billows of Eternity were hurled,  
Two mighty shapes of Empire I beheld,  
Who claimed to rule the world.

One was a splendid, half-barbaric queen,  
Whose glance majestic sought the Eastern skies:  
The other, beauteous sovereign, made earth bright  
With her benignant eyes.

And she, the goddess—grand and seraph-fair—  
Spake thus in tones that rang o'er land and sea:  
"I shape, afar beneath the Western stars,  
The Empire of the Free.

"For love of me, who am so beautiful,  
The nations of the world forsake their lands,  
And come to claim God's noblest gift since Christ—  
Liberty—from my hands.

"I break the captive's galling chain: I give  
The tyrant-trodden and the weary rest:  
Mine is the realm where guards the Evening Star  
The sunset-purpled West."



Then spake the other proud, imperial shape:  
"The Crescent yet shall wane beneath my tread:  
My gaze is fixed where in far Orient skies  
Flameth the morning's red.

"Upon my banner burns the blazoned Cross:  
The Pagan plagues that curse the Land of Day  
Beneath the sweep of my imperial robe  
Shall pass like mists away.

"We are the great co-heiresses of Time  
To that grand heritage, the world to be:  
Tried friends, fond sisters—what shall part us twain?  
Columbia—Muscovy!

"We look not backward to a shadowy Past,  
Where pallid spectres wander and make moan:  
O sister! sovereign of the Sunset Land!  
The Future is our own!"

Unto these twain a third queen sudden came,  
With flashing eyes and wild locks flowing free,  
Who cried aloud, in clarion-sounding tones,  
"Room!—room for Germany!

"Place for me, sisters, on the world's wide throne:  
The stains of War are red upon my hands,  
Won, like the dust that dims my garment's hem,  
In my assailer's lands.

"The Spoiler's steel flashed bright before my breast,  
Earth held her breath to hear my dying groans:  
I hurled him back to gasp his life away  
'Mid wreck of shattered thrones.

"Give place and greeting, sister of the Dawn!  
For mine are empire now, and victory:  
Smile on me, sister of the Sunset Land!  
I too shall yet be free!"

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PROSTRATE, helpless France has been an object less of lively sympathy than of almost stupid wonderment with the world at large. The spectacle of a great nation—one pre-eminent in martial fame and patriotic ardor—so suddenly overthrown and disorganized is something unique in history. France no longer inspired faith or hope, for she gave no sure indications of being animated by such feelings. Her resources were still great, but her vital energies seemed to be paralyzed. Machinery of action she had none, and the ideas, the emblems and the shibboleths which served her so well at former periods had lost their potency and their charm.

Herein, indeed, lay the secret of her weakness. She had fallen behind the age. She had lived upon the recollections of a spirit and a period which belong almost as completely to the past as do feudalism and the Crusades. Revolution is not the watchword of our epoch: nations already have their destinies in their own hands, and governments, whatever their form, subsist only by the will of the governed. What we are now striving for is organization, economical improvement, the application to politics of principles and methods such as have proved fruitful of great results in physical science. Of these ideas Prussia—as a military power at least—appears to be the incarnation. Nothing has been wanting to her combinations, and she has dealt her blows with the regularity, the rapidity and the certainty of mechanism.

Whether the recapture of Orleans, like its successful defence at a period of equal peril, is to be the turning-point in the tide of invasion, remains to be seen. Should it prove so, the coincidence will afford a fruitful theme for theory and speculation. Looked at in a merely military point of view, the situation does not seem to offer grounds for expecting such a result. But remem-

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bering the past history of France, with all its marvelous vicissitudes, we cannot help clinging to the belief expressed in the following remarks, which were written in reference to the great crisis of the fifteenth century: "The vitality of France is indestructible. . . . Its convulsive struggles are the throes not of death, but of regeneration. When torpor seems already to have crept to the vital parts, it rouses from its lethargy. At the moment of its greatest weakness it is suddenly endued with fresh strength, and, rising like a Titan from the earth, it starts forward on a new career."

## PARISIANA.

IN Philadelphia, in days of yore, an eminent physician, sire of a son characteristically *dignus patre*, was called to a patient whose name was Pat, and whose disease was whisky. Water was the immediate prescription—unmitigated water. "Impossible, doctor! it don't agree with me." "Then try milk;" and on that wholesome fluid a compromise was arranged. At the next visit the sick man was in bed. On a table near him was a capacious jug which looked white and innocent to the medical eye, but smelt strongly and wickedly to the medical nose. "What have you got here, Patrick?" was the stern inquiry. "Milk, doctor—just what you told me." "You rascal! there's whisky in the milk." "Well, doctor," was the unblushing response, "there may be whisky in it, but the milk's my object."

A good many people are, like this son of Erin, trying to persuade others, and perhaps themselves, that they are aiming at right whilst indulging in wrong, and that with the milk of human kindness they may mix any amount of selfish spirit, so as to combine the appearance of the former with the taste of the latter. His Excellency Count von Bismarck may be enrolled in that category. He

has the kindest feelings, he tells us, toward the French as well as the Germans: he wants to do them both good—wants to make them fast friends for the future till the crack of doom; and for that holy object alone is he allowing them to murder one another in most affectionate style. But in that salubrious beverage there is no difficulty in perceiving a flavor of the strongest Prussian whisky. King William—or rather Emperor Wilhelm—and his successors are to be the guardians of brotherhood between the two peoples. Their little hands will scratch each other's eyes, poor childish, ignorant creatures that they are! unless the paternal control of their "Sire" by the grace of God shall always be potent to keep the peace. In other words, there is to be but one Providence for Germany, and Bismarck shall be his prophet. There may be whisky in the milk, but the milk is his object. The world, however, to vary the metaphor by appropriating that of an eloquent Kentuckian, begins to smell a rat with an eagle's eye, and it is to be hoped will soon convince the arch-intriguer that he "cannot come it."

To that result the peregrinations of M. Thiers will probably contribute not a little. By no means so successful a manager of men as Bismarck, he is gifted with a tongue which "tells" most marvelously upon those who may be brought within its influence. The conversations he has had with the present masters of Europe must have done much to open their eyes to the probability of their finding a master themselves if they allow France to be crushed; and he may well cry *nunc dimittis* if his curious and complicated career should be crowned by the salvation of the country which he has so long and so brilliantly served. What a retrospect must be his! Over what chances and changes of both private and public life must his vision wander as it looks back to his humble start in Marseilles on the 16th of April, 1797! His father was a blacksmith, but his mother's relatives got him a scholarship

in the Imperial Lyceum of his birth-place, where he went through his studies with splendid success. When eighteen years old he went to Aix to attend the lectures of the faculty of law in that town. There he began to play the rôle of a party-leader among his comrades, haranguing vehemently against the restoration of the Bourbons and in favor of the Bonapartism which his veteran eloquence has since so earnestly denounced. One of his tricks at that period is evidence of how decidedly the child is father of the man; for very tricky indeed has been the *Mirabeau-mouche*, as he was once branded by a distinguished woman. A prize had been offered for the best eulogium on Vauvenargues by the Academy of Aix, a good and peaceful academy, which, to make use of Voltaire's witticism, had always succeeded, like an honest woman, in keeping itself from being talked about. Thiers determined to win the prize, and sent in his manuscript. It was deemed pre-eminent, but, unluckily, the name of the author was either divined or betrayed, and as there was no other candidate who deserved the palm, the worthy members of the Académie, rather than award it to the little Jacobin, put off their decision to the following year. At the appointed time the manuscript of Thiers made its reappearance, but in the interim a production had come from Paris which eclipsed all its competitors, and the judges hastened to crown it, according, however, to the paper presented by Thiers the humble favor of an accessit. The name of the Parisian victor was then unsealed, and great was the consternation of the academicians when it was found to be that of Thiers himself. He had indulged in the malicious pleasure of mystifying the learned gentlemen by treating the subject from a new point of view, causing the composition to be copied in a strange hand, sending it on a journey from Aix to Paris and from Paris to Aix, and thus obtaining both the prize and the accessit. Well if all his tricks had been as innocent and justifiable as this one; but his exclaima-

tion when he was nabbed in his bed by Louis Napoleon, *Ma foi! c'est bien joué*, shows how nice an appreciation he possesses of political gambling—an appreciation which could only have been gained by practical experience. Much cheek must he have needed when he paid his recent visit to the king of that Italy the establishment of which he had so warmly opposed, to beg him to help in saving France from the condition in which he would have kept the classic peninsula for the sake of mistaken French interests. The bluff and not very bright monarch, however, must soon have been nicely lubricated by the oily little gentleman whom De Cormenin has immortalized as a demon of cleverness. He doubtless even hinted approval of the dethronement of the Pope, against which he had hurled so much national thunder.

It is reported that Alexandre Dumas (*the Dumas*) is dying. One can hardly reconcile the idea of death with such exuberant vitality as his. He seemed to have life enough in him for Methuselah. A man who could write a novel in the morning full of delicious impossibilities, then cook his own dinner with a plenitude of skill that might have shamed the *chef* of Lucullus, then eat the same with an appetite and a digestion worthy of a wood-sawyer, and then "make a night of it," no matter how, must have been endowed with capabilities of existence sufficient to frighten off old Death, or at least to give him protracted pause. His was a fortress with too many defences to allow hope of easy success to an assault. Nevertheless, his time seems to have come before the period when he would have fallen as autumn fruit that mellows long, as his compatriot Guizot will do, the man of all others who represents the opposite development of Gallic intellect. The truth is that Alexander has lived too much if not too long. He has abused Nature's permission by recklessness, and she always pays the abuser back with unpleasant interest. The negro blood in his veins produced the negro carelessness and vigor, just as the pre-

ponderance of white blood connected with it engendered the amazing energy of his intellect. He was the very consummation of mulattoism, and many a greater man will be duplicated before he will be so. When this writer saw him first, some thirty years since, he was by no means fat, but his waist, like that of Falstaff, waxed greater as his means became slenderer. Begging his pardon humbly for the comparison, he may be called the Fisk Jr. of literature, with as many irons always in the fire, as much indifference to the injury they might do to others, and the same desperate determination to risk the burning of his fingers for the benefit of his pocket—*quocumque modo, rem*. He is (or was) only one-third black, but his father, a full mulatto, was sufficiently distinguished to prove the vitalizing effects of a white moiety in the veins. If the Southern States had passed a law that all children with one white parent should, *ipso facto*, be free, the odium of slavery would have been vastly diminished. Its only valid excuse, that the negro is mentally unable to take care of himself, was altogether untenable in regard to the mulatto. Civilization was shocked at the chains of men who could run their course unshackled as well almost as their jailers, whilst it might long have shut its eyes to the bondage of those for whom it seemed rather a protection than a hindrance. Besides, the moral results would have been greatly improved, for the owners of slaves would never have encouraged or permitted a multitudinous propagation of colored freedmen. If the infant mulatto had been redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Caucasian blood, his procreation would have been hindered by enactments that might have rejoiced the very soul of Malthus himself. As for Uncle Tom, he is a black swan, a Sto(we)ic philosopher, begotten by Puritanism on Poetry, who, if he had ever really lived, would have proved that slavery is the condition in which a negro can attain the most delectable development, and thereby furnished the strong-

est of arguments against the philanthropy of abolition. The scavenger of Byronism and the canonizer of niggerism is a curious instance of the way in which even a Beecher may be indebted to imagination for facts as well as to memory for jokes.

It must be owing to the illness of Dumas that he has not fulminated o'er the fierce democracy of France like his compeers Victor Hugo and George Sand. Had he been in normal condition, we should doubtless have had whole acres of Dumasian type in dreadful harmony with the outpourings of other illustrious denouncers of Napoleon the Little and William the Ruthless, whose flashes of silence are by no means as numerous and brilliant as those of Prussian thunder. What an immense amount of phrasing the French can tolerate, and even rejoice in! Their heartstrings will never be cut by the silent griefs which are said to be the most perilous. So long as their spokesmen can weep for the press and wipe their eyes with the public, as Lord Byron was wont to do, they will always find solace for their woes. So long as they have any breath they will animate themselves with brag; and fortunately, in spite of their peculiar sense of the ridiculous, said brag does animate them even to the fiercest efforts to be as good as their word. It is impossible not to sympathize with such heroic determination as they evince to abate no jot of heart or hope. It is difficult also to believe that millions of men with such resolve as theirs cannot succeed in saving their native land. "Non, jamais le Prusse ne regnera en France!" is a battle-cry that may be as potent in the present as was the shout in times past that the Englishman should never there hold sway. It would seem as if Bismarck were doing for the French what Napoleon is thought to have done for the Germans—uniting them by external pressure. Had he gone back to Berlin after capturing the emperor, and allowed the different factions in Paris to tear one another to pieces, he might have had things all his own way. Napoleon

might have become an absolute necessity again, and with him he could have treated on a vantage-ground which he probably will now be unable to secure. Or had he even made peace at once, in verification of his programme that he warred on the sovereign and not on the people, he might have linked the latter to his country with hooks of steel. Such glorious magnanimity would have been a far better defence of the German frontier than all the fortresses and provinces of the Rhine. For very shame, if not from gratitude, the French would scarcely again have dared to initiate a war of aggrandizement, whilst now, if they should be compelled to yield any part of their sacred soil, they will always be on the watch for recovery and revenge, and both nations will remain armed to the teeth, instead of making ploughshares of their swords.

The proclamation of Madame Sand is decidedly the finest piece of frenzy which has yet fired the French heart. What curious felicities of phrase are hers! Chateaubriand once told an American resident in Paris that he considered her the greatest master (or mistress) of style alive. By the way, it is much to be wished that she would unhermaphrodite herself and her works, and call herself by her real female name. The confusion between her masculine epithet and feminine gender is a perfect nuisance. It is a pity that she cannot hide her sex altogether, for the comfort at least of those who have to talk about her. Every one cannot make so nice a distinction as that of the soldier on duty at the Chamber of Deputies, who, when she attempted in male integuments to go into the gallery of the men, planted his musket before her with the exclamation, "*Monsieur, les dames ne passent pas par ici!*" Our great English lady novelist is afflicted with the same perversity, calling herself George Elliot, as if her smooth skin could not be easily spied beneath her pasted beard. Of the two Georges, or Georgesses, it may be hoped that the Anglo-Saxon lady will be the longest lived, for she has written nothing which dying she



should wish to blot, whilst the books of the other had better perhaps be blotted out altogether, grand as is her genius.

The death of Prince Demidoff not long ago was followed by a deluge of anecdotes to show that the millionaire was a mere miscreant, a most replenished villain, a biped not only "no better than one of the wicked," but a great deal worse. A friend remembers seeing him many years ago in Florence in a very dilapidated state of body, the result, it was said, of very unscrupulous doings. Paralysis and imbecility were his predominant inconveniences. The fêtes he was wont to give at his unrivalled villa near the city were of the most brilliant description. At one of them, a *bal costumé*, in 1855, the wife of the present protector of Gotham quadrupeds, the benevolent Bergh, made a sensation as an Indian princess, her appearance and toilette combining to render her a *belle sauvage* of the first water. Terrible stories were told in Florence of the prince, but they didn't keep folks from his festivities. So well plated were his sins in gold that all arrows fell harmless from their armor. No one wanted to believe that such an entertaining personage could be guilty of criminal conduct. *Poderoso caballero es Don Dinero*—"A potent knight is Sir Money"—says the Spanish proverb; so he extorted plenary pardon for all his imputed deviltries. There is one sentiment in Shakespeare from which all the world dissents:

"Who steals my purse steals trash."

R. M. W.

#### THE LATE L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

THE personage whose name heads this sketch was so extraordinary a genius in one line, and so clever a man in several other lines, that it has seemed but a just tribute to his worth to lay certain facts regarding his life and intellect before a class of readers who do not generally over-estimate the art of Music or its representatives.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk was—First, a pianist; secondly, a composer; thirdly, a linguist; and fourthly, a *littérateur*.

As a pianist he is best known to the public, and it may be interesting to follow a few of the gradations through which he attained to the extraordinary skill which rendered him famous.

He was born in New Orleans in 1829, and was of Israelitish extraction, his father being a business-man. Several years of young Louis' life were spent at Pass Christian, in those days a favorite summer resort of New Orleans people. Being a dreamy and highly poetical child, he used to wander off in the outskirts of the village for hours in pleasant weather, during which excursions he frequently had no companions but the plantation negroes, always musical in their rude way. It was thus that the sensitive boy became thoroughly imbued with the spirit and grotesqueness of negro melodies in their naturalness and purity, for it must be admitted that the nationality of all music must be maintained or its distinctiveness is lost. This distinctiveness sometimes depends upon the mode, sometimes upon rhythm, sometimes upon melody and progression, but oftenest upon emphasis and accent. Gottschalk's first successes were owing to the presentation of the best of the negro melodies in a setting at once new, fascinating, and marked by a degree of artistic executive finish which dazzled as well as entranced artists themselves.

At twelve years of age he was sent to Paris, and studied under Camille Stamaty, who is still one of the most excellent instructors in that city. When nineteen he gave a soirée at the Salle Pleyel, and it was a favorable *critique* on that concert, written by the famous Hector Berlioz in the *Journal des Débats*, which decided the young artist in his chosen career. About this time his father had the misfortune to fail in business in New Orleans, and Louis Moreau was left mostly to his own resources. At twenty-two he visited Madrid, and was well patronized by the court as well as by the public; but not receiving the appointment of pianist to the Empress Eugénie, an honor he had been led to expect, he came back to America.

Soon after his return he went upon his first concert tour. It is noticeable that he lost thirteen thousand dollars during the first year from the apathy of the public. This was his all, and such hard luck plunged him into the deepest despair. To the firm of William Hall & Son, music publishers of New York, belongs the credit of advancing him money and setting him before the public in a proper light at a time when no managers would touch him. The series of piano concerts given by him subsequently at Dodworth Hall, entirely unassisted by vocalists, will long be remembered.

The names of the most famous pieces based upon negro melodies set by Gottschalk are *La Bamboula*, *Le Bonnanier*, *La Savane* and *The Banjo*. The technical peculiarities of these compositions consist in their *outré* accent, iterative accompaniment and skipping octaves, simple enough in analysis, but inexpressibly attractive in effect. The ordinary embellishments of *arpeggio* and chromatic runs, be it remembered, are but little used in these pieces, and yet these effects are never missed or inquired after by the listener.

The second species of composition in which Gottschalk excelled was the setting of the Creole and Spanish melodies. These are a step or two beyond the negro *motivos*, and admitted of a freer exercise of his peculiar powers. The degree of virtuosity brought to bear upon these transcriptions was tremendous. *La Jota Aragonessa*, *La Gallina* and *Ojos Creollos* are examples, and they are masterpieces in point of design, finish and effect.

The third class of Gottschalk's compositions, very few of which have been published, are his transcriptions of operatic melodies, which are not considered quite equal to the others; partly, as I suppose, from the fact that this field has been overwrought by others, such as Thalberg, Liszt and Prudent.

Gottschalk's fourth style of writing is the highly romantic and delicately poetical, and in this vein were produced some of his most charming gems. *Ri-*

*cordati*, *Marche de Nuit*, *The Last Hope*, *Marche Solennelle*, *Murmures Éoliennes*, *Chant de Soldat* and the ever-exquisite *Pastorella e Cavaliere* are examples; and the bare mention of these delightful inspirations must renew in memory the delicious transports of thousands whose first hearing of them from the witching fingers of the composer himself can never be entirely forgotten.

It would not do to omit mention of Gottschalk's songs, some of which (namely, the *Knight and Shepherdess*, founded upon one of his piano pieces, *The Mountaineer's Song*, and the ever-charming *Lullaby*) are worthy of Abt, Gumbert or Neidermayer; but Gottschalk has, at least publicly, done but little for the lyric school.

Something must now be said of Gottschalk's acquirements as a linguist. He spoke, read and wrote freely English, French, Spanish and Italian, besides having some knowledge of Portuguese, Latin and German. This acquaintance with different tongues was of great assistance to him in his travels, and to it in a large degree was owing the profound knowledge of national characteristics which was turned to such subtle but puissant account in the arrangement of national airs for the piano.

As a *littérateur* it is to be regretted that his opportunities for public appreciation were so limited. He often wrote anonymously, yet in a vigorous and clean-cut style, which compelled the admiration of all readers. The greater part of his contributions to the press were published in Paris, in Escudier's *Gazette Musicale*. They could not fail if collected or published to interest all *dilettantes*, being worthy of a place beside Berlioz's famous *Souvenirs de l'Orchestre* or Chorley's *Thirty Years' Recollections*.

This brief notice of an exceptional man and artist might be much lengthened by recording many personal reminiscences, but I refrain. It would not be just, however, to neglect to mention a few of his most prominent traits.

Of an exceedingly amiable disposi-

tion, with manners polished by contact with persons of the highest social distinction, and with a handsome countenance set off by eyes full of soul and expressive of the slightest change of emotion, Gottschalk was one of the most agreeable of guests, and his company was sought to a degree which would have turned the heads of most artists far inferior to him in talent.

If ever the so-called divine art is to be equally honored here with her sister arts of Poetry, Fiction, Painting and Sculpture, it must be by means of such representatives as the late Chevalier Gottschalk—the friend of art and artists, the cultivated gentleman, the dazzling and entrancing virtuoso and the earnest devotee of the Good, the Beautiful and the True.

J. H.

#### THE DARIEN CANAL.

COMMODORE SELFRIDGE'S recent expedition in quest of such a depression in the Isthmus Cordillera as would render the construction of an interoceanic ship canal practicable, has met with the fate which seems reserved for all those who seek to penetrate the secret of this great geographical problem. The last expedition has encountered the same physical obstacles before which all European and American adventurers, from Vasco Núñez de Balboa down to Provost and Strain, have thus far succumbed, and from facing which even the most hardy and enterprising may well shrink. These are chiefly the humid heat of the climate, the dense primeval forests, and the inaccessible mountain-ranges which Nature has there erected as a barrier to man. Another serious obstacle has in more modern times been superadded to the others, in the utter want of native labor. When Balboa, three and a half centuries ago, discovered the Isthmus, the province of Darien was still well peopled. Now it is a desert. From the mulattoes and Bam-bas on the Gulf of San Miguel can be expected as little effective aid as from the few surviving mountain Indians. The section of country explored by Selfridge's command was found cov-

ered so thickly with wood and undergrowth that the sky was, for the most part, lost from sight, and the survey resulted in showing that a mountain area of ten miles would require to be tunneled. The excavation of such a mass as the dolomitic chain presents could hardly be accomplished in a shorter period of time than thirty years, or at a cost of less than two hundred millions of dollars.

But though this new failure may disappoint the friends of the Darien ship canal scheme, there is no reason to despair of its ultimate success. Some high authorities, it is true, maintain that the whole configuration of the Cordillera west of the Cherera to the boundary of Costa Rica—the Alpine height of whose crest-line can be distinctly traced through the telescope from both oceans—does not much encourage the idea of the existence of a depression of the desired depth; yet in the province of Darien the prospects are rather favorable than otherwise. There the Cordillera, which stretches from east to west, forms a moderate average range, the height of whose crest-line rarely exceeds twenty-six hundred feet, and seems at some points to fall even considerably below this. In fact, there is the concurrent testimony of Indian tradition that a complete break in the dividing ridge exists somewhere in the nearly unknown region of the Sierra de Estat, which lies behind the Gulf of Urraba and the lower Cordillera of Chepo, opposite the Gulf of San Blas. In addition to this, many old residents of Panama, who are perfectly familiar with that part of Darien which is accessible from the Pacific side, and who have spent much money in sending out exploring parties for the re-discovery of the ancient gold-mines of Caña, assert that there is a deep depression in latitude  $8^{\circ}40'$ , though they have never had the enterprise to test the truth of the story. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the experiences of Messrs. Cullen and Gisborne, which led the late Lord Palmerston to pooh-pooh the Panama Canal, as he had repeatedly ridiculed

the idea of the Suez Canal, tend to a directly opposite conclusion. It should, however, be borne in mind that those gentlemen never crossed the forests which clothe the dividing ridge. Their opinion, like that of Cardozzi, was founded not on barometric measurements of the range, but partly on triangulations of the coast and partly on ocular estimates, which are proverbially deceptive in all regions destitute of elevated points of observation. The accidental discovery of the depression in the Obispo Valley on the Isthmus of Panama, which had eluded the observations of Colonel Lloyd, of M. Morel, and even of Napoleon Garella, the French engineer, whose retinue of mestizoes and negroes had for months roamed about in that district, should be a warning to those who jump so rashly at conclusions. This example is particularly calculated to show how extremely likely it is that a similar, perhaps still more favorable, spot may be met with between the central course of the Rio Chucumaque and Caledonia Bay. The fatal termination of Provost and Strain's attempts in 1853 and 1854, and the sufferings and the difficulties they encountered, have naturally exerted a depressing effect, but the question can by no means be regarded as settled. These parties crossed the dividing ridge in a transversal direction only once, and even then they could nowhere find a point whence a view of the lateral profile was to be obtained.

Commodore Selfridge's official report leads us to infer that it is the intention of the government to have the southern part of the Isthmus, up the valley of the Tuyra, across the divide to the Carica Lake, not far from the mouth of the Atrato, thoroughly explored. Whether an accurate and complete hygrometrical survey of the lateral profile from the Atrato valley to the Isthmus of Panama would result in a complete destruction of our hopes, at least in the narrowest part of Central America, is therefore still an open question. Perhaps we shall discover, after all, that the speediest solution of the problem

will be to adopt the advice of the late Alexander von Humboldt. Some thirty-odd years ago the Geographical Society of North America applied to him for his views on the practicability of an interoceanic ship canal, and especially as to which part of Central America he considered most favorable for its construction. The great physicist, though he had never visited the Isthmus of Panama or the province of Darien, showed his usual wisdom by returning perhaps the best answer it was possible to give under any circumstances. We do not remember the exact words, but the substance of his advice was as follows: Do not waste time and means in running experimental lines across the Isthmus. All transversal crossings of the ridge which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific are mere chances, and it would be a rare piece of good luck if those experiments led to a discovery of the deepest depression in a mountain range nine-tenths of whose area still remains *terra incognita*. Undertake the survey at wholesale from the outset. Send out a party thoroughly equipped, which, keeping along the dividing ridge from the Atrato valley down the whole length of the Isthmus as far as the Cordillera of Veragua, will give you a complete knowledge of the hygrometrical and geological conditions of the dam that obstructs the travel and the commerce of the world.

Michael Chevalier said, twenty years ago, that Panama was the politico-economical rhyme to Suez. The generation which has laid the Atlantic Cable, built the Pacific Railroad, opened the Suez Canal and nearly tunneled Mont Cenis, will surely not rest until it discovers "the keys of the earth," as poor Patterson called that singularly favored region between Caledonia Bay and the Gulf of San Miguel where he founded his ill-fated Scotch colony.

#### A LETTER FROM OUIDA.

"My friend, the author of *The Scapegoat*, is dead. 'Leo'—otherwise Christopher Pemberton, late lieutenant-colonel of the Scots Fusileer Guards—was shot during

the days of Sedan, on the 2d September, 1870.

"To the world of London 'Kit Pemberton' has long been a familiar name. The Brigade held no harder rider, no wittier talker, no cheerier companion. Amongst its brilliant amateurs the Household knew no more graceful and vivacious comedian. In the hunting-field and at the dinner-table, on a yacht deck and by the cover-side he was as universally popular as in ladies' drawing-rooms. When, with a light and facile pen, he sketched the society which he knew so well, his arrows were so sharply barbed and deftly aimed that many of his enemies winced, and his friends saw in this first imperfect fruit fair promise of good aftergrowth from his bright and satirical intelligence. He was young; he was talented; he was a favorite everywhere; his gay temper gave him a singular enjoyment of all forms of life; a goodly inheritance awaited him; to all circles he was ever the most welcome of guests. Yet in the superb madness of an English gentleman he chose to go 'where most the danger was;' and the end of all this is—a death-shot in a foreign land, a grave God alone knows where.

"It is not yet two months ago that in the pleasant gardens of Henlingham, on the day of the champion match betwixt Lords and Commons, the telegram of 'War declared' fell like a thunderbolt into the midst of our careless gathering. People were only pleasantly excited, and a little anxious lest they should lose their autumn gambling: betting ran high that sunny summer afternoon, and France was backed to win by scores who would have laughed in the beard of any prophet who should have whispered a word of possible defeat for her. Amongst others, Pemberton declared that he would see this war, cost what it might: he has kept his word, and the cost has only been this—his life at two and thirty years of age.

"Riding up, in company with the Crown Prince of Saxony and his staff, to accept the surrender of a regiment which had held out a white handkerchief for parley, he was fired upon: the bullet passed through his head, and he fell from his horse dead.

"Those who knew and loved him—and few men won friends more widely or more deservedly—know how much they have lost in losing for evermore that glad laugh, that quick wit, that keen yet genial temper, that

cool yet rash courage, that bright and mirthful companionship, that kindly, sincere and fearless spirit. Those, on the contrary, to whom his name is as a breath without meaning, will feel no interest in his fate, and possibly little also in his book. That the public of America especially should care anything for the story is scarcely to be for a moment hoped. It treats of a society so unlike their own, of a world so little known by them, and its interest is so entirely centred in a certain limited sphere peculiar to English life, that it can barely be imagined that *The Scapegoat* can ever awake in the States one hundredth part of the lively attention it excited in London. But the last promise that I made my dead friend was to have the tale published across the Atlantic, and I am glad to have fulfilled that promise. In the estimation of a brave and generous nation it may acquire perhaps an interest not intrinsically its own, when it is known that he who wrote it is beyond the reach of either praise or censure, and has died a soldier's death.

"OUIDA.

"TORQUAY, September 17, 1870."

#### IMPROMPTUS BY NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

THE late Nicholas Biddle, amongst his many brilliant gifts, had the happy faculty of expressing his thoughts in verse at a moment's notice. As an evidence we give the following impromptu:

*To Countess Charlotte Surveilliers (daughter of Joseph Bonaparte), on her embarking for Europe, written in her Album on board the Steamboat "Philadelphia," July 11, 1824.*

Go—and if fondest prayers avail,  
Go with calm seas and prospering gale—  
From father's love, from kindred's zeal,  
From friends thy charms have taught to feel:  
The sadness of this parting hour  
Reveals thy worth's endearing power.  
Young exile! of the mourning band  
Who sought the shelter of our land,  
The brave, the desolate, the free  
Have wak'd our tenderest sympathy;  
But thou, so young, so pure, so fair,  
Our blended love and sorrow share—  
Thou born to greatness, thou whose name  
Alone was power and wealth and fame.  
When the wild tempest o'er thee broke,  
Crushing in one resistless stroke  
Thy sire, thy house, thy fortunes, all  
The gifts that common minds enthral,  
It left thee empire's noblest part,  
Th' unchanged dominion of the heart.  
'Tis past; yet on thy placid brow  
No shade of sorrow lingers now.



Taught in misfortune's early school,  
Gentle but wise, thy heart to rule,  
Thou seem'st, the dazzling past forgot,  
Born for thy meek and peaceful lot :  
With genius, taste and power to feel  
Nor fate can change, nor time can steal,  
And formed by virtues all thine own  
To bless a cot or grace a throne.  
Farewell now : many an eye shall strain  
As thy barque lessens on the main,  
And many a heart shall long to hear  
In distant lands thy bright career.

Next comes a lively interchange of verses between Mr. B. and a lady tenant, who complains of the condition of her staircase, and thus addresses him :

O dear Mr. Biddle !  
Oh pray, Mr. Biddle,  
Your carpenter speedily send :  
Our lives are at stake,  
Our necks we shall break,  
If these horrible stairs you don't mend.  
Each day will I call ;  
And that is not all ;  
Your house we will live in *rent free* :  
So a mechanic pray send  
Our ways to amend,  
And regain the the good-will of

M. T.

A reply was improvised, instantler :

Why, dearest Miss Telfair,  
My zeal for your welfare  
Is shocked at the state of your stair,  
Which I'll hasten to mend,  
For fear it should end  
In a false step you ne'er could repair.  
But I'll send, and not go,  
For the danger I know  
In which all who approach you must be ;  
And I'd much rather cease  
To have rent than have peace,  
So my heart, like my house, is *rent free*.

One evening in the family circle the name of a distinguished beauty and charming musician, Mildred Carter, was mentioned, to which he was requested to furnish some poetical allusion. Though engaged at the moment with matters of graver import, he at once laid them aside, took up his pen, and ere we were prepared for a beginning, handed across the table this

#### CHARADE.

The first, ever turning and false as a jilt ;  
The second, awakening no thoughts but of terror ;  
The third, the companion of death and of guilt ;  
And the last, but too easily led into error.  
How strange that the *whole*, from such horrible parts,  
Should delight all our ears and charm all our hearts !

Possessing a keen and ready wit,

though never a punster, he sometimes indulged in an epigrammatic remark. He was called upon one November morning by a Western merchant anxious to acknowledge his obligations to Mr. B. for an accommodation given him, which had saved his property. Of athletic build, all sinew and muscle—in fact, a regular "six-footer"—he was so demonstrative that in the warmth of his feelings the "grip" given his benefactor at parting fairly made the latter wince. As the door closed upon him, Mr. Biddle turned to a friend who had witnessed the interview, and observed, "There, now, is a man in whose hands gratitude becomes a *vice*."

The following, if less glowing and pictorial than many such descriptions, may be accepted, we think, as a faithful account, from personal experience, of the

#### EFFECTS OF HASHEESH.

"I had been ill, and during my convalescence the doctor ordered a few grains of *cannabis indicus* to stimulate my nervous system, which was greatly prostrated. It had the effect desired. Nay, more, it started the desire in me, knowing what it was, to indulge in a hasheesh dream. One afternoon I purchased an ounce of the drug, and took at least half of it. As about two hours are required for it to act, I had taken it so that it should affect me as I went home late in the afternoon from business. I was not disappointed. Scarcely had I got in the car when I began to feel conscious of its influence. First, my head seemed to grow much lighter : then commenced a feeling of receding from the people around me. Sounds grew fainter, distances greater. The car was many yards long, my next passenger separated from me many feet. All the while I retained consciousness of where I was : I was not lost.

"On arriving at my destination and getting out, I was almost afraid to step off, so deep seemed the street. I had a square to walk to get home. I have walked miles that were shorter. Arriving home, the quiet of the room (for the greater the quiet the greater the effect) brought out the full force of the drug. Seated in a chair, all objects around me seemed invested with a misty

light that revolved rapidly. As my wife approached me, I sank into a deeper distance, and she appeared like a photograph painted in brilliant colors. Then commenced a sound of intense sighing that seemed to enter my head, and I felt it revolving faster and faster until I feared it would break from my shoulders. How dim and far away all noises sounded now! The voices in the room were but faintest whispers. Now and then the seeming motion of my head would stop, and a feeling of delicious languor possess me. Then again would commence the sighing, rising occasionally into a roar that was not terrifying, but solemn.

"Suddenly, I felt myself changing into figures. Multitudes of the nine digits began to subtract, add, divide and multiply themselves, and it was irresistibly amusing to me to *feel* a 4 go into an 8, and become a 4, again, and a 2 added to a 2 become a 4: all this with wonderful rapidity and countless changes. At last I had become a column of figures, and as they worked out their problems, from my finger ends would drop the result, to begin anew, building another body beside mine so vast that my *figured* eyes could not reach the top of it. All at once it fell, and the millions of figures changed to water, and the roaring now became terrific, and I was the ocean. A great ship was on my surface ploughing the waves. Up and down my billows she rode, her engines puffing, her wheels lashing me.

"Oh the feeling of *immensity* that I had! Time and space seemed swallowed up, and all the while the mighty ship grew larger and battled with my billows, whilst the roar was terrible. Up and down, up and down, rose and fell the great waves, faster and faster seemed my head to turn round, until I managed to say to my wife, 'Send for the doctor: I am getting out of my head.' Taking my arm, she walked with me up and down the floor, and gradually the effect subsided, but left me very weak and nervous; and my conclusion, when I recovered, was that *hasheesh* dreams were too exhausting to indulge in more than once in a lifetime.

"LOUDON ENGLE."

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

IN the time of Louis XIV. there was an individual named Barbier, who enjoyed, as they say in Ireland, a very bad reputation. Anxious, however, to

stand better with posterity than with his contemporaries, he bequeathed a hundred crowns to the author of the best epitaph for his tomb. The competition was of course lively, and the reward was won by La Monnoye for the following tribute:

Ci git un très grand personnage,  
Qui fut d'un illustre lignage;  
Qui posséda mille vertus;  
Qui ne trompa jammais; qui fut toujours fort sage;  
Je ne'en dirai pas davantage;  
C'est trop mentir pour cent écus.

Which may be thus done into English:

Here lies a mighty personage,  
Who was of lofty lineage;  
Who shone with various virtues bright,  
Deceiving none, e'er acting right.  
No more about him I will say:  
Such lies a hundred crowns don't pay.

. . . Sir Boyle Roche once related the following dream in the following way: "My head was cut off somehow or other, and placed on a table. *Quis separabit?* says the head; *Naboclish*, says I, in the same language."

. . . Tom Moore tells us in his diary that he was dining once at the same table with a conceited fellow named D'Oyley, who said he wished to be called De Oyley; on which a guest cried out, "Mr. De Oyley, will you have some de-umpling?" This is like the answer of the servant of a Mr. Cholmondely (pronounced Chumley), who was asked if his master was at home by an individual who called him Cholmondely. "Don't know, sir: I'll ask some of his pe-o-ple." Why don't the spellers "accordin' to natur," who write *theater* and *plow*, insist upon *people*, too? Its present shape is intolerable—as bad, almost, as *laughter* for *lafter*. Do not those same spellers strain at (g)nats and swallow camels; and ought they not to make a thorough change in our "cackology," if any at all? If a thing is to be done, 'twere well if 'twere well done.

. . . It has been discovered that the Princess Louise of England is "the maiden all *for-Lorn*." No one insinuates that her betrothed is "the man all tattered and torn;" but we suppose there can be no doubt that John Bull is the Jack who will have to build the house for the happy couple to live in.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Mythology of the Aryan Nations. By G. W. Cox, M. A. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

About twenty-five years ago, Dr. Max Müller took in hand the task of editing and printing that venerable monument of the early religion of the Indo-European family, the main source of religious belief among a large portion of mankind—the Rig-veda-Sanhita. It was through the influence of Baron Bunsen, then occupying the post of Prussian ambassador to the court of St. James, that the Honorable East India Company was induced to bear the expense of publishing a work which brings to light the primeval thoughts and belief, the language, the arts and domestic life of the Aryan race while yet it constituted but a small tribe dwelling at the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh mountains. The English translation of the Veda by H. H. Wilson, of which the first volume was published in 1850, likewise at the expense of the East India Company, opened up the sacred hymns of the Brahmins to the ordinary English reader; and the more recent version of Dr. Max Müller, with his learned explanations, leaves nothing to be desired, so far as the text is concerned. As to the inferences to be drawn from its examination, the public were not long left in doubt. In 1856, Dr. Max Müller published in the *Oxford Essays* his paper on Comparative Mythology, since reprinted in *Chips from a German Workshop*, in which some of the results of German investigation into the origin of Greek, Latin, Teutonic and Scandinavian mythology and folk-lore were set forth. In this essay the learned professor pointed out that the mythology of the Veda is to comparative mythology what Sanskrit has been to comparative grammar. He showed that in the Rig-Veda we have the foundation not only of the glowing legends of classic Greece, but of the dark and sombre mythology of Scandinavia and Germany. Both alike have grown up chiefly from names which have been grouped around the sun, the former being mainly grounded on those expressions which describe the recurrence of day and night, and the latter on the great drama of

Nature in the alternation of summer and winter. The mine of literary wealth thus pointed out to English scholars has since been worked to some extent by Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse*; Kelly, *Curiosities of Indo-European Traditions and Folk-lore*; Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*; Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*; and now most thoroughly by the Rev. G. W. Cox, in his *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*.

In this last-named work the outline which had been brilliantly sketched by Dr. Müller in his "Comparative Mythology" is filled up, and for the first time the English reader is put in full possession of the results wrought out by the patient labors of Grimm, Welcker, Preller and other German students of comparative mythology, the author himself adding some suggestions and modifications of decided value. He clearly makes out his case; for example, when he endeavors to prove—in opposition to Müller, who makes him the god of twilight—that Hermes is the god of the moving air, that son of Jupiter who was born early in the morning in a cave, who at noon played softly and sweetly on his harp, and who at eventide stole the cattle of Apollo—in other words, the clouds.

The most original portion, however, of Mr. Cox's work is that in which he shows that not only the Greek epic poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey, but also the Teutonic epics, the Volsung Tales and the Nibelungenlied, together with the Arthurian romances and the Saga literature of Scandinavia, are simply different versions of one and the same story, and that this story also has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world and the course of the day and year. A comparison of the children's tales gathered during the last half century had established the general affinity of the folk-lore of Greece, Italy, Germany and Scandinavia, and the likeness, not less astonishing, which runs through the popular tales of those countries and of India. Moreover, it had been made plain that these household stories are based on the observation of the sky, light, fire, winds, waters, the underworld and darkness. What Mr. Cox

claims is, that he is the first to point out that it is on this widespread folk-lore that the epic poets of Greece and Rome, of Persia and England, of ancient and modern Hindostan, of Germany and Norway, Ireland, Denmark, France and Spain, have raised their magnificent fabrics or their cumbrous structures. The arguments by which this striking conclusion is supported can hardly fail to carry conviction to the reader's mind, and he rises from their consideration impressed anew with the fact of the original unity of the Indo-Germanic family, and with wonder at the remarkable differences in national character which exist to-day between races thus united by common traditions and a common ancestry. Upon reflection, however, these divergences cannot fail to be recognized as being strictly in accordance with the general law of development from the simple to the complex which modern science has shown to pervade the universe.

Of this general law of development an interesting example is the growth among the early Aryans of the idea of a great First Cause. "The history of words," says Mr. Cox, "carries us back to an age in which not a single abstract term existed—in which human speech expressed mere bodily wants and mere sensual notions, while it conveyed no idea either of morality or religion. If every name which throughout the whole world is or has been employed as a name of the One Eternal God, the Maker and Sustainer of all things, was originally a name only for some sensible object or phenomenon, it follows that there was an age, the duration of which we cannot measure, but during which man had not yet risen to any consciousness of his relation to the great Cause of all that he saw and felt around him. If all the words which now denote the most sacred relations of kindred and affinity were at the first names conveying no such special meaning—if the words father, brother, sister, daughter were words denoting merely the power or occupation of the persons spoken of—then there was a time during which the ideas now attached to the words had not yet been developed. But the sensuousness which, in one of its results, produced mythology, could not fail to influence, in whatever degree, the religious growth of mankind. This sensuousness, inevitable in the infancy of the human race, consisted in ascribing to all physical objects the same life of which men

were conscious themselves. They had everything to learn, and no experience to fall back upon, while the very impressions made upon them by the sights and sounds of the outward world were to be made the means of leading them gradually to correct these impressions, and to rise beyond them to facts which they seemed to contradict. Thus, side by side, were growing up a vast mass of names which attributed a conscious life to the hosts of heaven, to the clouds, streams, trees and flowers, and a multitude of crude and undefined feelings, hopes and longings which were surely leading them gradually to the conscious acknowledgment of one Life as the source of all the life which they saw around them."

This theory, however paradoxical in the eyes of some, harmonizes so well with modern science, especially with the deductions flowing from the discovery of fossil man, that it grows in favor with the learned; but, whether this and the other speculations favored by the author be correct or not, it is difficult, in a philosophical point of view, to exaggerate their importance. Unfortunately, the book is more remarkable for erudition than for a popular method of conveying the writer's meaning. It is indeed rather difficult reading, and it cannot be denied that Mr. Cox lacks the felicity of style and splendor of illustration by which Max Müller has rendered attractive subjects which under ordinary treatment are dry and repulsive. Nevertheless, it would be difficult to overrate the importance and utility of this able work to the student. There is no other book in the English language from which the information embraced in it can be obtained.

L. P. S.

The Life and Times of David Zeisberger.

By Edmund de Schweinitz, Bishop of the Moravian Church. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

To the question, Who was Zeisberger, and what has he done that the annals of his life should be thus handed down to posterity? we can find no better answer than the words of his biographer, who has given us this memorial of "The Western Pioneer and Apostle of the Indians":

"Among the philanthropists who dedicated themselves to the work of reclaiming the aborigines of our country and speeding civilization throughout the West, is a man who

has remained comparatively unknown, although he deserves a prominent place in history. His name is David Zeisberger. As a missionary and an Indian linguist he is the peer of John Eliot, while he far outranks him as a herald of the Gospel and a forerunner of the race that has since possessed the land in which he labored."

David Zeisberger was born in the eastern part of Moravia, in the village of Zanchenthal, on Good Friday, the 11th of April, 1721. His parents and ancestors belonged to the Church for which John Huss laid down his life.

At the age of seventeen, Zeisberger came to America, whither his parents had already fled to escape the persecution which had been instituted against their Church in the land of their birth. From an early age, Zeisberger was distinguished for that intrepidity and endurance which never forsook him through his long life of exposure and peril. These qualities, combined with a singular earnestness of purpose and deep trust in the guidance and protection of God, formed a character which even the wild children of the forest paused to contemplate with wonder and admiration.

In the early portions of his work the author gives us an interesting and succinct account of the settlement of New York and Pennsylvania, with many facts respecting the founding of the two great cities that now flourish within their borders. His skillful portrayal of the state of the Colonies about the year 1742, when Count Zinzendorf made a missionary tour through the unexplored country, brings before us with the strong tints of a painting the time when the forests primeval slept a slumber only broken by the foot of the savage, and the habitations and towns of the settlers stood at long intervals, the outposts of a civilization which has since driven the red man to his far Western haunts and filled the world with wonder.

This history grasps within its limits the principal events of nearly a century, and one fraught with deep interest to every American. The author weaves into his narrative an account of the national affairs of the day, the state of the country, politically and geographically considered, with full information regarding the state of the Church. For sixty-two years, Zeisberger labored among the Mohicans, Wampanoags, Nanticokes, Delawares, Shawanese and eight other tribes:

during this period stirring events occurred in America—viz.: the French and Indian war, the Pontiac conspiracy, the Paxton insurrection, Dunmore's war, the war of the Revolution and the wars with the Indians which followed or grew out of it. Zeisberger's life is intimately connected with the history of our country, and especially with our struggle for independence, although the principles of his religion prevented him, or any of his flock, from bearing arms. So great, however, was this good man's influence over many of the Indian tribes that again and again he restrained them from reveling in the carnival of blood in which their savage instincts would have led them to delight, first attacking one side and then the other, moved by the impulse of the moment. How poorly these pacific endeavors were rewarded is proved by the fact that the missionaries and Christian Indians were persecuted in turn by the native tribes, the British forces and the American militia. The recital of the cold-blooded massacre of these Indians by the latter at Gnadenhütten, Ohio, fills us with horror, while the heroic manner in which they met their fate bears witness to the reality of the work wrought by the missionaries among them.

Zeisberger attained an uncommon insight into the life and character of the Indians, and gives us in his journals and writings many new ideas with regard to their dispositions, manners and customs. Their feasts, fasts, burials and strange religious rites are all minutely described. The Indian character is here presented to us divested of the romance and imagery with which Cooper and our native bards have loved to disguise its rudeness and brutality. That the Indian in his original state was barbarous, cruel, vindictive, treacherous, suspicious and immoral, Zeisberger's experience leaves not a shadow of doubt.

To those among the Friends who are interested in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians this book will be particularly welcome, showing as it does, through the whole course of the narrative, the gradual influence gained by the missionaries over the wildest and most cruel of the savages, as the Monseys and Shawanese, through the simple exercise of kindness and the power of the Gospel.

In the compilation of his history the author has enjoyed great advantages from the



possession and use of original manuscripts. The journals of Zeisberger, Mortimer, Mueller and other missionaries have been placed at his disposal, and from them he has gleaned many new and interesting facts with regard to Indian character and life. A. W.

Three Years in the Sixth Corps. By George T. Stevens, Surgeon of the Seventy-seventh New York Volunteers. Second edition. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

The writer of this handsomely-printed volume entered the United States service on the 26th of November, 1861, and having begun his career in the army of McClellan, finished it in the army of Grant. He was a *Potomackite*, therefore, from beginning to end, seeing much hard service and doing much useful work. The monument he has here raised to his comrades, especially to those of the Sixth Corps, to which he belonged, is one for which they have cause to be grateful, as he has emblazoned their exploits in vivid, and doubtless, on the whole, truthful, colors, nothing forgetting and setting down everything in affection. A little fault, perhaps, might be found with the intensity of the roseate hues in which he has dipped his pen, but if any historian be excusable for exaggerating the merits of those whose deeds he narrates, it is certainly one who has shared their danger and participated in their triumph. When, therefore, Dr. Stevens calls the Sixth Corps "that unparalleled body of men," he will not awaken discordant feelings even in the breasts of members of other corps, who may think, with perhaps good reason, that they were not surpassed by the best. It is so natural to all who do big things, *aien aristetein, upereikon emmenai allon* (is that Greek to you, gentle reader, or phonography?), that they must be permitted to consider their big things the biggest of all.

But not so pardonable is our author's studied depreciation of General McClellan. One might infer from these pages that our "Young Napoleon" was almost a coward and quite a donkey—always out of the way when there was fighting, and *in* the way when there was counsel—a perfect incarnation, as it were, of How Not to Do It. Even for the Antietam campaign the author gives him as little praise as possible, and takes much more pleasure in decrying him for not improving

the victory than in extolling him for winning it. Indeed, he hardly admits it was a victory for McClellan, although he is very positive it was a defeat for Lee. Now, it seems hardly possible that a commander should win so much love from his troops as McClellan certainly did, should have been called upon by a frightened government to save it from impending ruin, should have succeeded in saving it by working what may be almost termed a miracle of reorganization and driving back a triumphant chief of eminent genius, if he were such a combination of humbug and poltroonery as Dr. Stevens would seem to consider him. To be sure, the Roman Capitol was saved by a biped not remarkable for valor or intellect, but the *modus operandi* was so different in the two cases that all the hissing must be for those who would place the two heroes of them in the same category.

To our author's praise of Grant there must be a "ditto" from every one who has studied the campaigns of that general. It is useless to attempt, as is often done, to deprive him of his glory by saying that he only gathered the harvest which had been sown by others—that his triumph was owing to the fact that the resources of the North, which he controlled, had been as much augmented as those of the South had been lessened. Such may be the truth, but he knew how to make good use of those resources. Had Grant not been a consummate commander, his very numbers would have been an obstacle to success. A cool, clear head and indomitable heart must be indispensable for the management of such a multitude. Its very vastness would have confused and appalled an inferior general, especially when opposed to such an enemy as Lee—"the prince and chief of many throned powers, who led the embattled seraphim (?) to war." May neither embattled seraphim nor demons ever be led to the same again upon our soil! But, alas! man is an animal voracious, mendacious, pugnacious everywhere. Since the day he was unparadised his career has been a continuous set-to. Take from history the pages written in blood, and the big book will shrink to a petty pamphlet; so that we might almost believe, in spite of good Dr. Watts, that our little hands were made to scratch each other's eyes, as well as to pick pockets and pluck forbidden fruit.

R. M. W.

*Books Received.*

- Introduction to Anglo-Saxon:** An Anglo-Saxon Reader, with Philological Notes, a Brief Grammar and a Vocabulary. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. viii., 166.
- Notes, Historical and Statistical, upon the Projected Routes for an Inter-oceanic Ship Canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.** By S. T. Abert, C. E. Illustrated with Maps. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 87.
- Speeches, Letters and Sayings of Charles Dickens.** To which is added a Sketch of the Author by George Augustus Sala, and Dean Stanley's Sermon. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 147.
- Sermons Preached at Brighton by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, the Incumbent of Trinity Chapel.** New Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 838.
- Charles Dickens: The Story of His Life.** By the author of the "Life of Thackeray." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 110.
- The Princes of Art: Painters, Sculptors and Engravers.** Translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 337.
- Gleanings from the Harvest Fields of Literature.** Collected by C. C. Bombaugh, A. M., M. D. Baltimore: T. Newton Kurtz. 12mo. pp. 548.
- The United States Internal Revenue and Tariff Law.** Composed by Horace E. Dresser. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 99.
- The Vicar of Bullhampton: A Novel.** By Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 300.
- Veronica: A Novel.** By the author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 175.
- Recollections of Eton.** By an Etonian. Illustrated by Sydney P. Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 126.
- Woman: Her Dignity and Sphere.** By a Lady. New York: American Tract Society. 16mo. pp. 303.
- Michael Rudolph.** By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 481.
- Peterson's Preserving, Pickling and Canning Fruit Manual.** By Mrs. M. E. P. Philadelphia: G. Peterson & Co. 16mo. pp. 74.
- Gwendoline's Harvest: A Novel.** By the author of "Carlyon's Year." New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 85.
- Driven to Sea: or, The Adventures of Norrie Seton.** By Mrs. George Couplet. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. 16mo. pp. 332.
- Camors: A Love Story.** From the French of Octave Feuillet. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 388.
- A Memoir of J. D. Paxton, D. D., late of Princeton, Indiana.** Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 358.
- True to Herself: A Romance.** By F. W. Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 173.
- The Hard-scrabble of Elm Island.** By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 320.
- Indiana: A Love Story.** By George Sand. With a Life of the Author. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
- Married in Haste.** By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 383.
- Stern Necessity: A Novel.** By F. W. Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 154.
- The Genial Showman.** By Edward P. Hington. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 155.
- John: A Love Story.** By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 110.
- Consuelo: A Novel.** By George Sand. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 527.
- Both Sides of the Street.** By Mary Spring Walker. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 319.
- Sermons.** By Rev. Octavius Perincheif. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 327.
- The Young Lady's Guide.** New York: American Tract Society. 12mo. pp. 468.
- The Springdale Stories.** Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo.
- Orient Boys.** By S. F. Keen. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 408.
- Bear and Forbear.** By Oliver Optic. Illustrated. 16mo. pp. 311.
- Moth and Rust: A Tale.** Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 394.



